Mothering in Manhattan · Pirro's Husband Problem

Nikki Finke on *Katzenberg* v. *Eisner* · The Hottest Model

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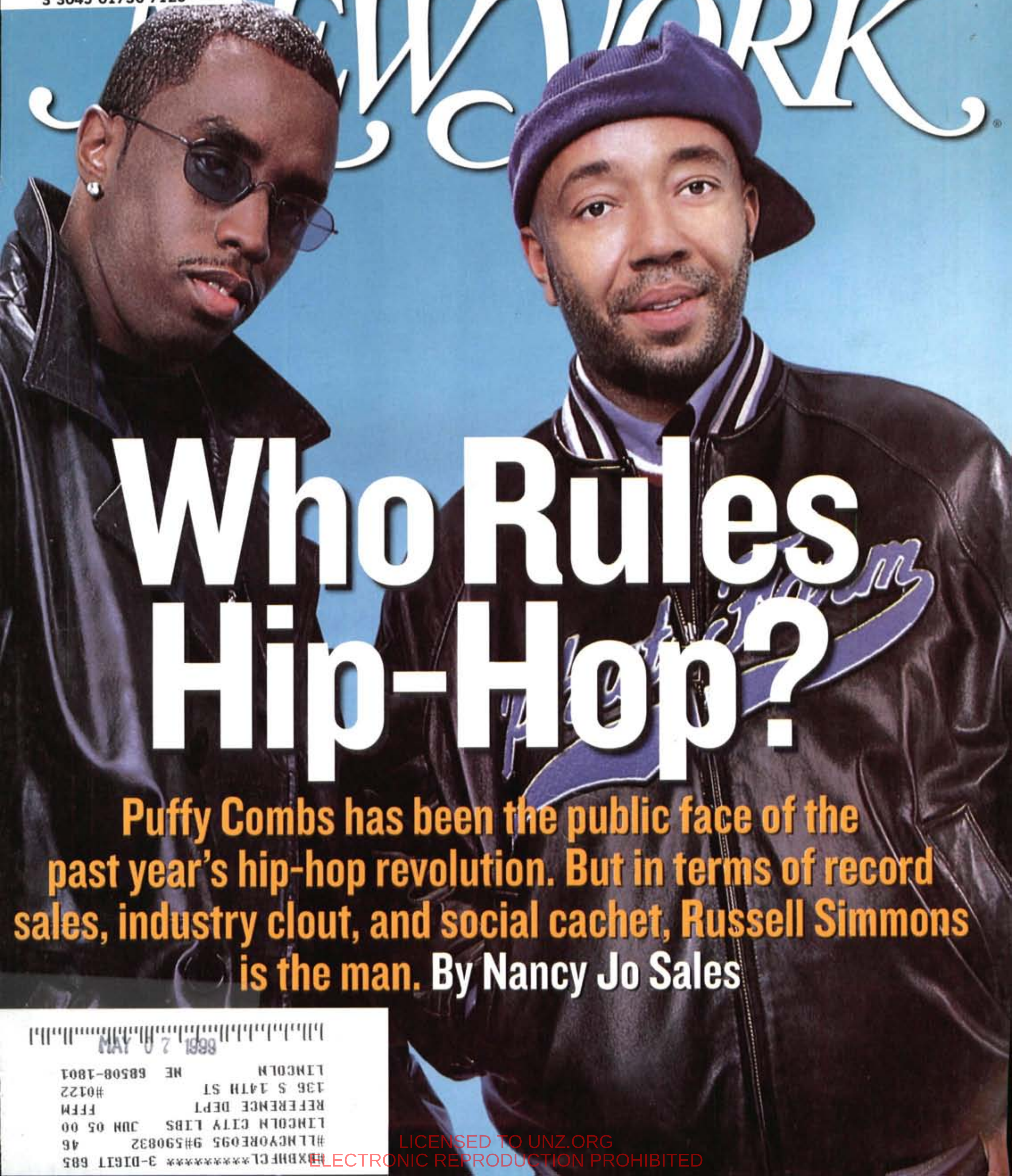

Who Rules Hip-Hop?

Puffy Combs has been the public face of the past year's hip-hop revolution. But in terms of record sales, industry clout, and social cachet, Russell Simmons is the man. **By Nancy Jo Sales**

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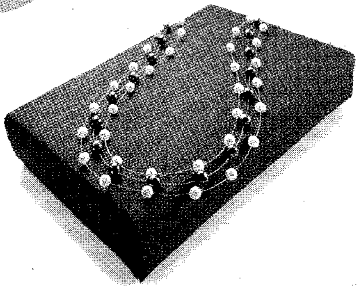

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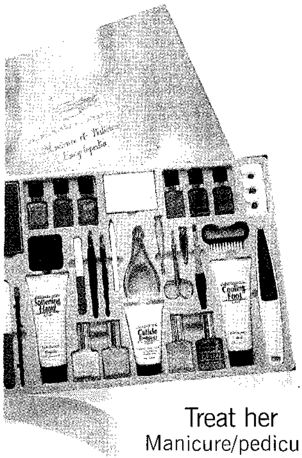

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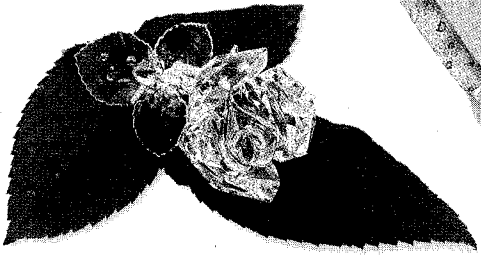

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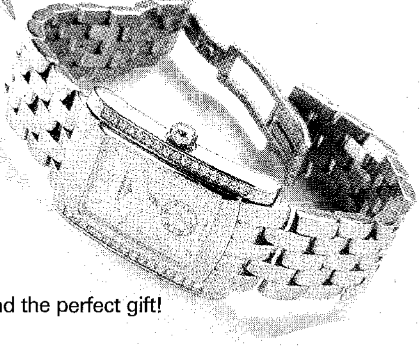

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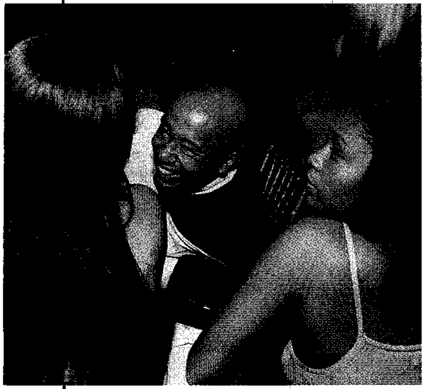
> *"I went to a Phat Farm fashion show. It was very awakening to me, because I saw this is not a niche. You have to say now, Yves Saint Laurent—that's the niche."*
>
> DONALD TRUMP, PAGE 22



22 Hip-Hop Goes Universal

By Nancy Jo Sales

Russell begat Andre begat Puffy. Or was it the other way around? As rap replaces rock and roll and its moguls branch out—into fashion, television, restaurants—the three princes of the city's black entertainment industry are mixing it up with tycoons like Edgar Bronfman Jr. and Donald Trump. From the best table at Moomba, a look at the men behind the merger of hip-hop and high society.

30 Jeanine's Pirro-ette

By Kevin Gray

Jeanine Pirro—crime-fighting Westchester County D.A., pro-choice, pro–gun control, *People* magazine pinup—is an irresistible candidate for Republican stardom. But there's a problem, and you can call him Al. Pirro's husband, a well-connected real-estate lawyer and GOP fund-raiser, has just been indicted on 66 counts of tax fraud. Then there's that nasty paternity suit. Can the spotlight-loving prosecutor get the public to ignore her husband and give Hillary a run for her money? Does the name Geraldine Ferraro ring a bell?

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All you have to do is check out the stroller jams at Zabar's and Starbucks to see that the nineties are the Mom Decade in Manhattan. Women are having babies older—and younger. And they're no longer in a hurry to trade prewar for fake Tudor.

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By Sally Singer

She's Brazilian, freckle-faced, and what *W* calls "sexy and adorable." Now model Gisele Bundchen, who's dominated the splashiest ad campaigns and magazine covers for a year, is appearing, gratis, in an obscure fashion book that promises to "edgify" her wholesome image. Welcome to the fashion world's obsession with authenticity.

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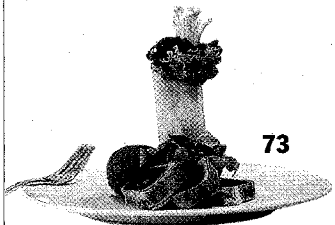

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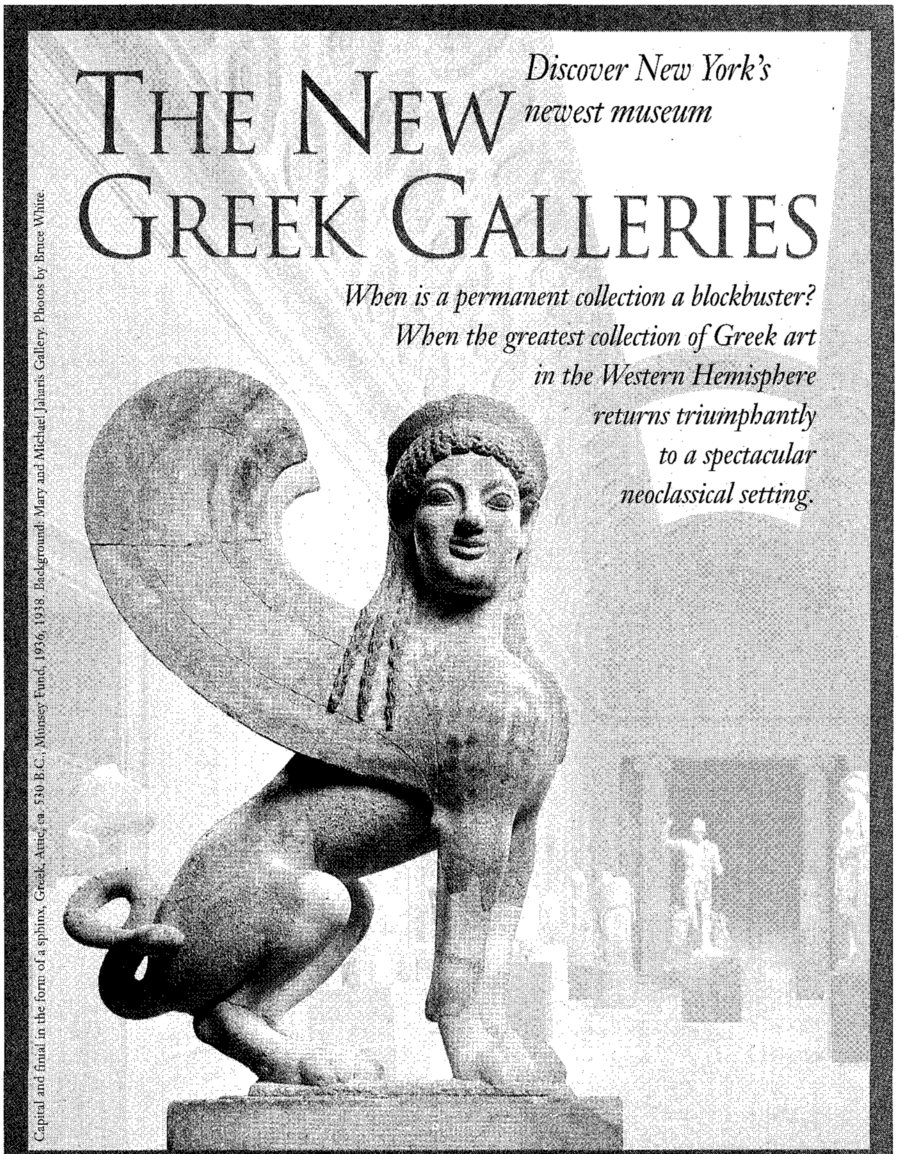
Capital and finial in the form of a sphinx, Greek, Attic, ca. 530 B.C., Munsey Fund, 1936, 1938. Background: Mary and Michael Jaharis Gallery. Photos by Bruce White.

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The Better Borough

Now that Brooklyn's no longer an also-ran, why turn its historic streets into Anytown, USA?; Manhattan neighborhoods still lack a few amenities.

THE BROOKLYN BOOM IS REALLY A bust for many ["Boom Borough," by Alex Williams, April 12]. Wall Street's rally and the real-estate market's rise are wreaking havoc on the lives of many hardworking people throughout the borough. In the name of greed, real-estate brokers and landlords in my Prospect Heights neighborhood (it's really Prospect Park, but the brokers renamed it to justify price hikes) are turning back flips to break leases with long-term tenants. Crowding and prices at neighborhood stores and restaurants are also at record levels. Our once racially and economically diverse neighborhood is seeing a steady exodus of black and Latino residents who are being replaced by white Manhattanites who, Realtors say, come packing lots of cash so that they can quickly produce $250,000 for two-bedroom apartments that sold for $150,000 less than three months ago.

S. A. Lane
BROOKLYN

DESCRIBING HIS PLANS TO CREATE A "whole new mini-city on the river" in DUMBO, David Walentas smugly asserts that he "never owned a neighborhood before." Well, Brooklyn doesn't want this retail wonderland. And Walentas needs to be reminded that he doesn't own the waterfront. Walentas's plans depend on the willingness of the city and state to lease or sell publicly owned land on the Brooklyn waterfront. What does Walentas plan to build on this public land in a borough where green space is in astonishingly short supply? A twelve-screen multiplex, a hotel, at least two parking garages with 2,250 spaces, and a regional shopping mall.

The DUMBO waterfront is part of a community-based plan for development of a mile-long waterfront park extending from Atlantic Avenue past the Brooklyn Bridge to the Manhattan Bridge. This plan had its roots with the Brooklyn Heights Association fifteen years ago. We had a vision for the greening of this waterfront long before Walentas acquired his princely (and misguided) fantasies about creating a kingdom.

Deirdre Carson
President
Brooklyn Heights Association
BROOKLYN

"STILL NO DEAN & DELUCA IN GREENPOINT," but "then again, who needs them?" Who indeed? Greenpoint has the Garden, an unpretentious, reasonably priced health-food store, organic greengrocer, bakery, and deli all rolled into one. And Cobble Hill's Court Street has the cutest fresh-fish market you ever saw. That's the good news. The bad news is that now, since moving to Williamsburg ten years ago, I can no longer afford to move within the neighborhood and have to consider my $700 one-bedroom "a good deal," knowing the going rent's about $900. Pretty sick, if you ask me. But no one *is* asking us, are they?

Carola Burroughs
BROOKLYN

AS A NATIVE BROOKLYNITE, I HAVE BEEN able to keep myself supplied with books, CDs, gourmet coffee, jeans, and housewares for all of my 41 years here, without the help of superstores or retail chains. One of the many great things about Brooklyn is that even in 1999, you can walk into a housewares store with wood floors and be warmly greeted and personally served by the person who's owned it for 40 years instead of an indifferent minimum-wage clerk in the chain store that looks identical to 100 others. In my local bookstores, I can actually discuss books with the sales help. So please, keep your Prada boutiques.

J. Reiss
BROOKLYN

I JUST FINISHED READING "BOOM BOROUGH" and am thoroughly depressed. As I consider moving back from Los Angeles and raising my potential children on my home turf, I realize I truly can't go home again. I can't afford to! And indeed, why would I want to? Walentas and the other developers can't wait to turn Brooklyn into Anytown, Anymall, USA. I might as well stay in Los Angeles, where they pioneered the prefab city. At least we have the weather.

Anastasia Lee
LOS ANGELES

Neighborly Objections

RESIDENTS OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE ARE *dying* for a Starbucks ["Real Estate Mania: Lower East Side," by Allen Salkin, April 12]! How often have I commiserated with other Yuppies that we have to go to Second Avenue to the nearest one. We'll know the Lower East Side has arrived when we finally get a Starbucks on Grand Street! If this area wants more upscale people moving here, the neighborhood must attract them. Starbucks, are you listening? If you build it, we will come!

S. Lefkowitz
MANHATTAN

THE CHARACTERIZATION OF THE FORTUNE Society's plans for the property located at Riverside Drive and 140th Street as something in the category of "bad neighbors" demonstrates a lack of familiarity with our organization ["Real Estate Mania: Harlem," by Pamela Newkirk]. The project that we have undertaken may actually help to *remove* some homeless people from the street. We have been good neighbors at our two locations in Chelsea, and there has never been an incident involving any of our clients there. The site of our Harlem campus has been the scene of drug sales. It has been shown time and time again that having a well-lit area with security systems and personnel is a major deterrent to drug sales, and the Fortune campus will furnish those things. We have served the Harlem community for more than 30 years, and we will continue to do so.

Roland Nicholson Jr.
Chairman, Fortune Society
MANHATTAN

I LIVED ACROSS THE STREET FROM LONDON Terrace for many years and can assure you that it resides on 23rd Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, not Seventh and Eighth ["Real Estate Mania: Chelsea," by Maura Egan].

Beth Levine
STAMFORD, CONN.

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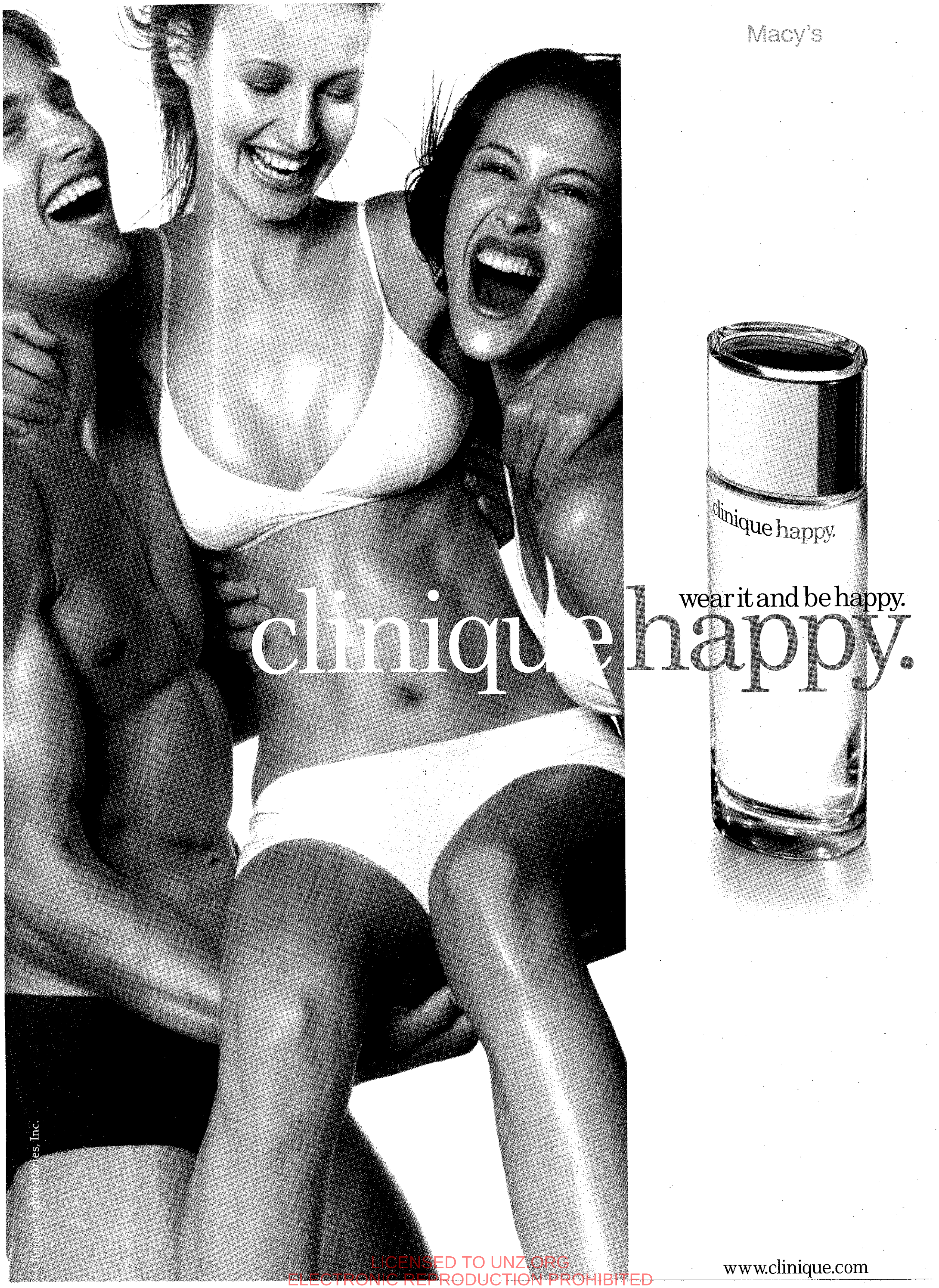
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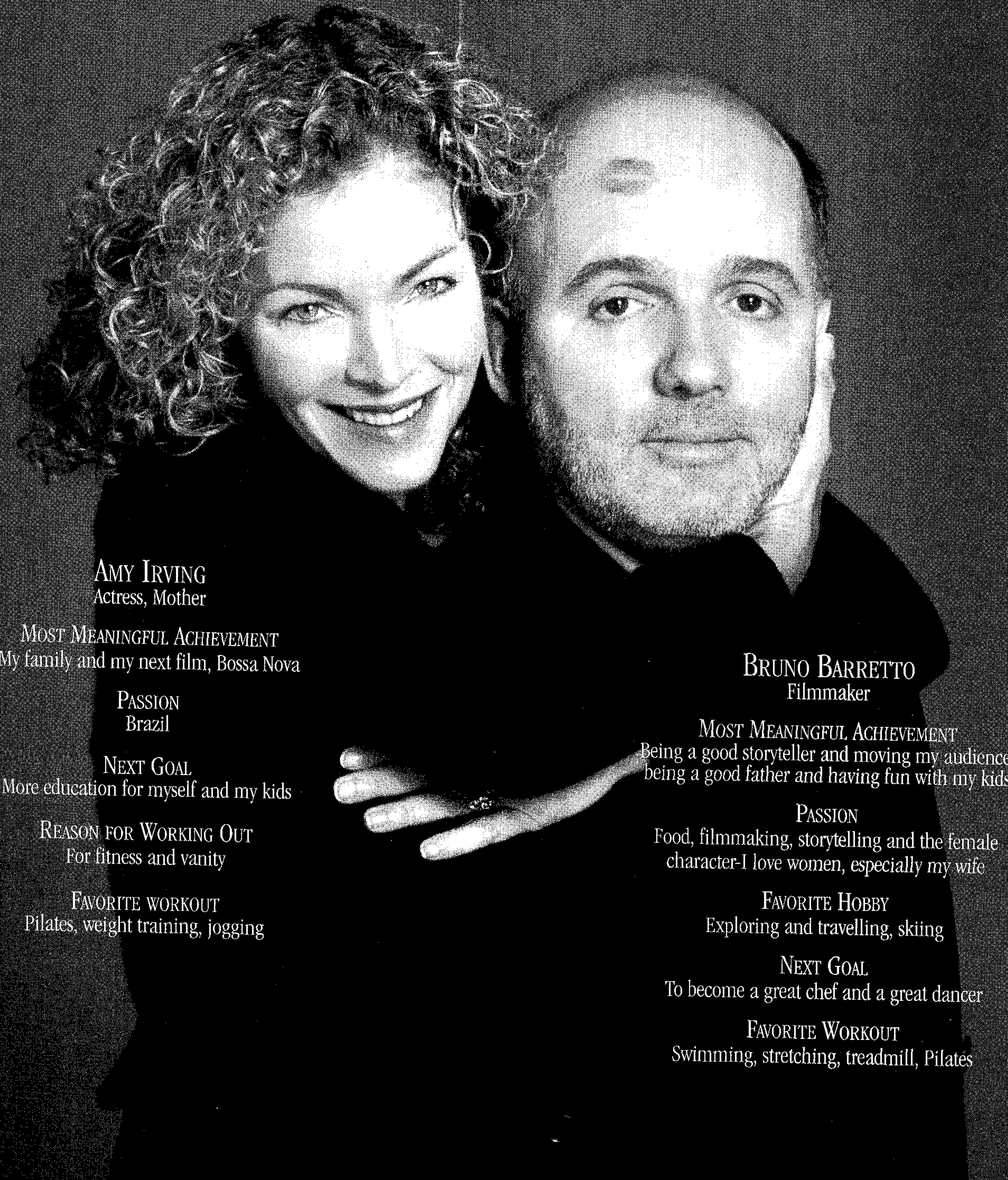

AMY IRVING
Actress, Mother

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
My family and my next film, Bossa Nova

PASSION
Brazil

NEXT GOAL
More education for myself and my kids

REASON FOR WORKING OUT
For fitness and vanity

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Pilates, weight training, jogging

BRUNO BARRETTO
Filmmaker

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
Being a good storyteller and moving my audience;
being a good father and having fun with my kids

PASSION
Food, filmmaking, storytelling and the female
character-I love women, especially my wife

FAVORITE HOBBY
Exploring and travelling, skiing

NEXT GOAL
To become a great chef and a great dancer

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Swimming, stretching, treadmill, Pilates

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

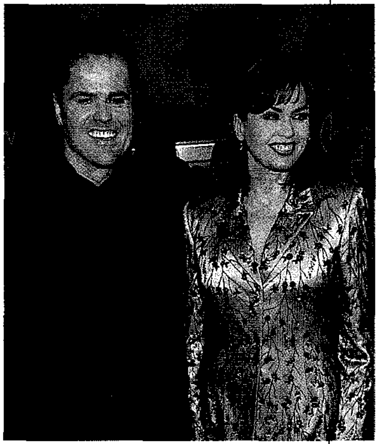
INTELLIGENCER

NBA SAYS RAPPER'S GOT NO GAME

Apparently the league that brought you the likes of **Dennis Rodman** and **Chris Webber** doesn't want to be associated with bad behavior anymore. The NBA has filed a lawsuit against Untertainment, which is distributed by Sony's Epic Records, over a billboard for rap artist **Cam-Ron** that features an apparent rip-off of the NBA logo. The ad, which was posted directly across from a boys' high school in Harlem, replaced the acronym NBA with the more sinister SDE (sex, drugs, and entertainment). Cam-Ron himself appeared with a basketball and a gun. The ad was removed amid pressure from the NBA and from district councilman **Bill Perkins**, fresh from his successful February crusade to remove malt-liquor billboards from the same neighborhood. "I was outraged that they would dare promote gun violence, sex, and drugs as something so positive for young people as basketball," says the councilman. **Jacob York**, president of Untertainment, is also contrite: "We apologize if we caused any harm," he says. "We were just trying to get an image colorful enough to describe Cam-Ron's new album, one that would impact the kids."

A BIG HAND FOR DONNY AND MARIE

Idle Hands is taking on a life of its own at Sony. The tawdry teen-horror flick, about a murderous high-school student who can't control his right hand, was released last Friday. But objections were raised after the Columbine High School tragedy—particularly by cranky conservative film critic **Michael Medved**. "Sony Pictures ought to be ashamed," Medved told **Larry King** last Tuesday night. "They shouldn't release . . . a movie about a demonically possessed high-school killer that's supposed to be a comedy . . . this Friday." Publicly, Sony stood firm. But about the same time that Medved was sounding off to King, a huge ad for the movie on top of Stage 6 on the studio lot was taken down and replaced with a promo for—who could make this up?—*The Donny and Marie Show*. The Osmonds' syndicated talk show was created by a Sony television division, and a studio spokesman insists that the ads were switched in favor of the smiling Mormons "because it's May sweeps. We still have a gigantic movie poster of *Idle Hands* at the entrance to the lot." But Hollywood insiders can't remember when a TV show edged the latest movie out of the prime billboard spot.



Donny and Marie Osmond: Back on the billboard top ten

HARD-LUCK CASES HIT UP EAST SIDE DOC

East Siders may be about to see the most exciting drug yet hit their streets. Last week, urologist **Jed Kaminetsky** discovered that his office had been broken into and that, aside from taking some petty cash, the perp had made off with some 200 sample tablets of Viagra from his desk drawer. At one erection per pill, gasps Dr. Kaminetsky, "there's a hardened criminal on the loose." But Kaminetsky theorizes that the culprit intends to sell the potent tablets, which go for a mere $10 a pop by prescription but are "much more expensive in other countries where Viagra's not allowed. I've also heard it's very popular in prison." Female prisoners, however, are out of luck: The thief/thieves apparently failed to recognize packages of Sildenafil cream as the much rarer, more expensive women's version of Viagra, and left the doctor's stock untouched. "Thank goodness they didn't take those," giggles his office manager, Marti. "We would've cried!"

MANSON'S KNICKERS PROVOKE SNICKERS

New Orleans's four-star International House hotel has more than just first-rate accommodations and an occasional voodoo ceremony in the lobby—now it's featuring rock-star skivvies too. Lucifer's favorite musician, **Marilyn Manson**, left a pair of Calvin Kleins (for men) behind after checking out of the penthouse suite with fiancée **Rose McGowan**. When housekeeping alerted the front desk to the situation, about fifteen curious staff members arrived to view the satanic undergarment. "We thought they'd be leather or something skimpy, but they weren't," reports one disappointed if slightly grossed-out employee. The skivvies were in fact a modest three-quarter-length open-fly style. After some deliberation, the hotel crew decided not to throw out the underwear but to secure them in the lost-and-found—hygenically sealed in a clear plastic bag. Manson did not comment as to whether he'd be swinging by to retrieve his shorts, but a spokesperson for the caderlike rocker says, "It's hard to keep track of his underwear."

RAY'S LEFT OUT; RYAN'S BACK IN

The most notable thing about the list of 129 luminaries hosting **Rudy Giuliani**'s $1,000-a-plate benefit on May 25 is

Photographs: left, F. Trapper/Sygma; right, Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos.

Meg Ryan: You've got sail

who's missing from it: mayoral buddy **Ray Harding**. While Harding's law partners **Richard Fishbein** and **Jonathan Ballan** joined the likes of **Georgette Mosbacher**, **Donald Trump**, **Linda Wachner**, and **Nicole Miller** on the committee that snared Florida governor **Jeb Bush** as the keynote speaker, the Liberal Party's big boss is conspicuously absent. "Inasmuch as this fund-raiser is for Giuliani's federal campaign, I thought it would be appropriate that my name not be on the list," explains Harding, whose party has yet to endorse a candidate for the Senate race. But though the party boss makes it sound like his decision, political insiders speculate that Giuliani is finally bowing to Conservative Party boss **Mike Long**, who insists that his party won't endorse anyone also on the Liberal line. "The issue has never come up at the frequent dinners that the mayor and I have," replies Harding frostily. That doesn't mean that the well-fed non-host intends to skip the May 25 dinner. "Oh, I'll be there," Harding insists.

RYAN'S HOPE: Add another celeb to the list of VIPs who'll be summering in the Hamptons. **Meg Ryan**'s just rented an oceanfront house in East Hampton, but her aim isn't to hobnob with such neighbors as **Steven Spielberg**, **Billy Joel**, and **Martha Stewart**. A source close to Ryan says she took the place to spend some quality time with her son, **Jack Henry**.

BASIL INSTINCT: This summer, Madison Avenue's Chanel swimmers may be coaxed downstream when one of uptown's lone trendy restaurants throws open its doors at 399 Lafayette Street. Serafina Fabulous, with branches at 61st and 79th Streets, is opening a new outpost in July. The downtown space, notable for its cast-iron columns and vintage brick ceilings, wasn't easy to nail. "I hounded the poor landlord for three years," says co-owner **Vittorio Assaf**, "calling him every other day to ask him, 'How are you? How's your wife?' "

THE BLAINE TRUTH: The uncanny powers of mentalist and general freak-out artist **David Blaine** may defy all logic, but they're no match for his agent's sense of humor. During Blaine's alleged weeklong interment in a plastic coffin beneath two tons of water, the magician conserved energy by largely ignoring 85,000 curious New Yorkers, even the nubile young women lifting their shirts. Never one to give up easily, however, superagent prankster **Jonny Podell** wrote up a sign the day before Blaine was to be unearthed, reading I'VE EXTENDED THE STUNT FOR TWO DAYS. HOPE THAT'S O.K. WITH YOU. Blaine broke out laughing, despite the fact that he had allegedly lost twenty pounds, was suffering from hallucinations, and often thought he was going to die. What a card.

WILL ARKIN DO STERN'S BARKIN'?

No wonder some lawyers get upwards of $550 an hour: A simple meeting between pit-bull litigator **Stanley Arkin** and **Édouard Stern**, the son-in-law of Lazard Frères's **Michel David-Weill** (pictured), has been enough to create a constant buzz on Wall Street. The Paris-based Stern met with the lawyer on a Sunday in New York a few months ago, say two informed sources. "I can't confirm I've been retained—nor am I even acknowledging that I *met* with Édouard Stern," says Arkin. Stern and his father-in-law are partners in an investment fund worth just under half a billion dollars—Stern's booby prize after David-Weill forced him out of Lazard Frères in 1997. "Two years ago, when they *really* had differences, they settled [them] without going to court," says one Parisian close to Stern. "I think it's the *threat* of Stanley Arkin, not the reality," adds a New York businessman. Stern has not yet filed a lawsuit against his father-in-law, but he's said to be furious at him, and David-Weill, in turn, is allegedly upset by the tensions as well. But Stern's no stranger to nasty family battles: He first made his mark in international finance as a 22-year-old by forcing his *own* father out of their family bank.

AS *THE GLOBE* TURNS—ONE MORE *TIME*

There are second acts in America these days—at least if you get there in *Time*. Immortalized in **Lawrence Schiller**'s best-selling *Perfect Murder, Perfect Town*, **Jeffrey Shapiro** was the definitive sleazy tabloid reporter on the JonBenét Ramsey story. The *Globe* stringer even went undercover to sit near **John Ramsey** in a Boulder church. But since falling out with his employers in February, the 25-year-old writer has morphed into a fervid anti-tabloid crusader. "I thought there would be some amusing . . . slightly unethical tactics," Shapiro told *48 HRS*. "But I never fathomed that I would ever be part of anything that could be construed as remotely criminal." Shapiro said his *Globe* editors encouraged him to blackmail potential sources, and he played snatches of his editors' calls on tape to prove his point. Now Shapiro is back, this time as a stringer for the eminently respectable *Time* magazine. "Of course, there was some trepidation," says Shapiro's new editor at *Time*, **Howard Chua-Eoan**. "But last week he proved himself to be a very good reporter. He's a young guy, and he's had this misadventure. I said we'd give him a try." *Globe* editor **Tony Frost** isn't so sure. "Everybody who works for *Time* better watch their backs," he says. "Anyone who tape-records their colleagues and bosses cannot be trusted."

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman.

Photographs: left, Brian Hamill/Warner Bros; right, Neco/Sipa Press.

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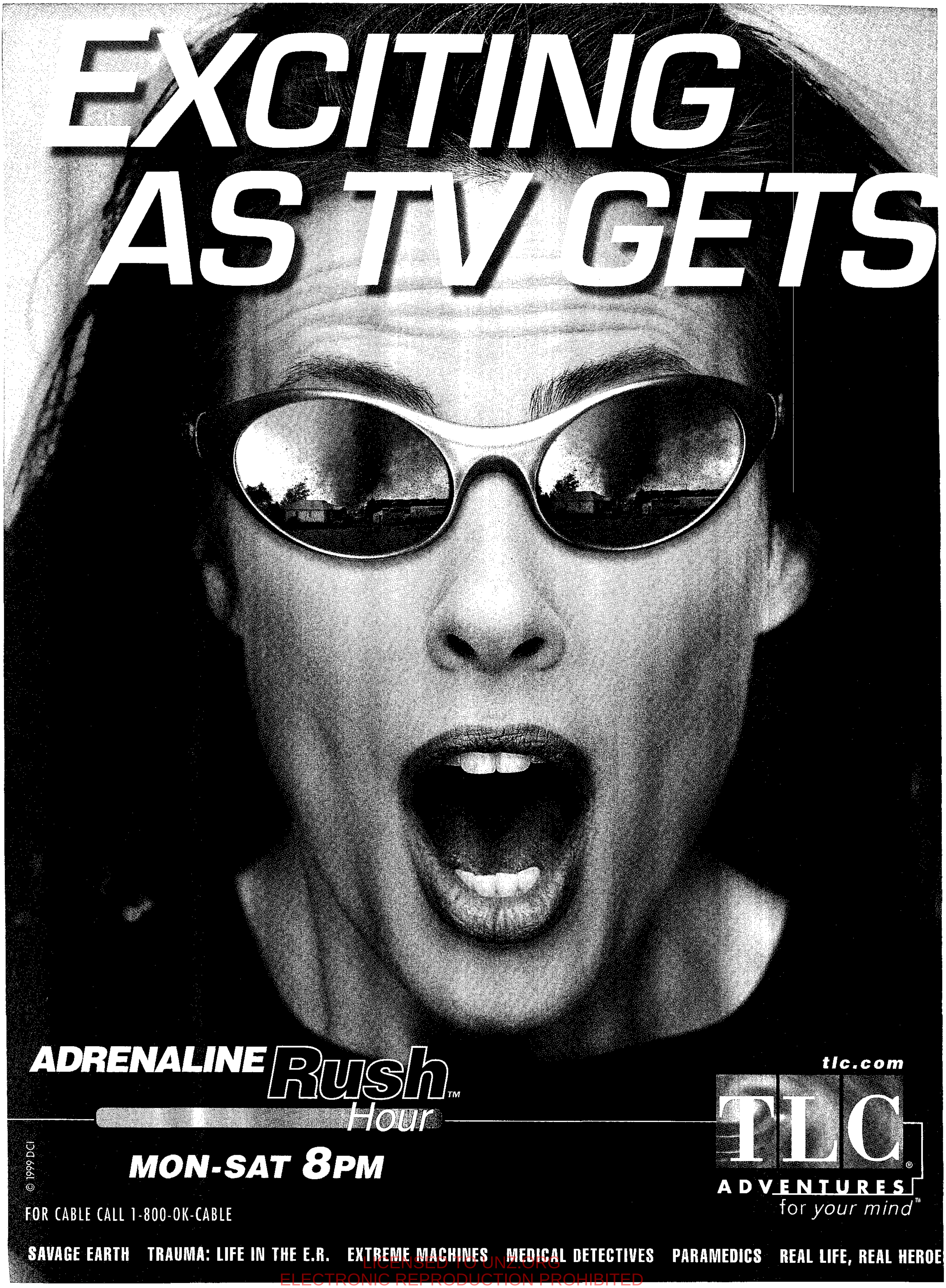

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Material Moms

Prada pregnancies put off the masses.

NOW THAT THE TRIMESTERS of the city's socialites, celebrities, and supermodels have become high-profile events worthy of endless chronicling by *Vogue* and the "Sunday Styles" section, it's no longer acceptable to hide out beneath a muumuu or tote around doughnut-shaped baby bottles in a bulbous mesh catchall. What is required for a premillennium pregnancy is a wardrobe from Liz Lange (nine months' worth of Capris, silk sweater sets, and stretch-cotton-sateen miniskirts comes to roughly $1,500), a Kate Spade gingham diaper bag ($245), a DKNY cashmere pram blanket ($250), and a navy-and-white Lucien Pellat-Finet sailor sweater for your little darling ($255). All of which is causing performance anxiety for the city's hoi polloi, who worry now more than ever that those in the upper echelons of society may be the only ones who can afford to stop taking their birth-control pills.

Amanda Beesley, 31, a writer at work on a book about marriage for Doubleday, finds herself irresistibly drawn to over-the-top maternity merch. "Every time I go to Barneys, it makes me want to have a baby," says Beesley. "But I read something about women getting special elastic put into their Prada pants. That to me is so intimidating. It's no longer cool to be pregnant with black stretch leggings and your husband's shirt. You have to do better than that." "Being pregnant is not an excuse to go around looking like a slob," echoes Julie Sun, 24, who works in advertising.

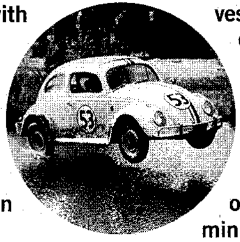
Designers, of course, claim they're simply filling a need, but the mere thought of amassing the requisite accessories is enough to make young potential moms readjust their biological clocks. "Now I have to push back the age when I thought I'd be having kids even further," sighs Jennifer Wilder, 26, an assistant account executive at an advertising agency. Janet Steen, 34, an editor who lives in Park Slope with her husband, admits that shopping for air space, not maternity ensembles, is her biggest childbearing consideration. "The clothes, I know I'm not going to be able to afford. I assume I'll look like the side of a barn no matter what. But when I think 'kid,' I think, 'Where am I going to put it?' " A few side-snap silk kimonos suddenly don't seem so pricey when Antonio Cosentino, a broker at the Corcoran Group, insists that upgrading a Manhattan apartment for a baby will set you back at least half a million. "A couple I'm working with wants to stay in the same building," he says. "It will cost them another $700,000."

Psychiatrist Dr. Pauline McHugh sees deeper meaning behind these conspicuous-consumption binges. "Making a kid into a fashion accessory is a way of masking the anxiety of being a mother," she explains. "People are buying these white fancy baby clothes. Do they know what kids *do*?" But function, of course, is hardly the point. Aiming for the raised bar of urban expectant-motherhood is.

For some, like Wilder, matching the high-society doyennes romper for romper means enlisting friends to do the dirty work. "If and when I decide to have a baby," she asserts, "I couldn't justify buying all that stuff. But let's put it this way: I sure wouldn't return it." "I'd love to have a Prada pregnancy," says a wistful Beesley. "But it looks like it will be more of a Target pregnancy. I just hope nobody notices." SARAH BERNARD

Snow White II: Life of a Coke Dealer

Last week, Disney announced its fourth consecutive poor quarter. A spokesman said the company needs to focus on "freshening our merchandise." We say sure—but with some late-nineties reimagineering:



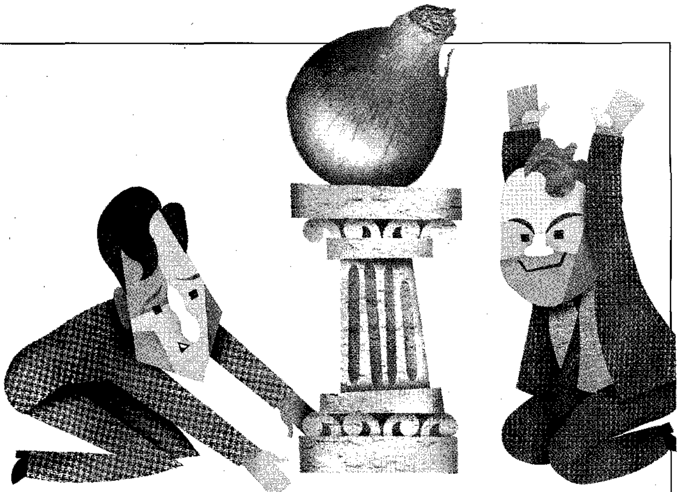
- **Update of 1968 classic *The Love Bug*, featuring new VW Beetle in *The Angst Bug*, in which anthropomorphized coupe, Herbie, backs over pedestrians until its analyst lines oil filter with Zoloft. With John Malkovich in Dean Jones role.**
- ***The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes* remade as *The ISP Wore Nikes*. Slacker college student accidentally downloads all AOL e-mail into his brain, ends up blackmailing politicians and hatching plans of world domination. Starring Macaulay Culkin, with Kurt Russell as investment banker who takes him public.**
- ***Bambi II*: Still traumatized by mother's murder at hands of rifle-toting sociopaths, grown-up Bambi organizes fellow furry forest creatures into all-species, Earth First!–like guerrilla group pledging strikes on logging camps and upriver condominium development. Samuel Jackson provides Bambi's voice; Edward Norton is Thumper. Quentin Tarantino directs.**

MICHAEL TOMASKY AND ALEX WILLIAMS

Illustration by Melinda Beck. Photograph from Photofest.

The *Onion* Ring

A little weekly has some very big admirers.



If you're a lawyer, you know you're making it if you win a lot of cases. If you're a doctor, you know you're making it if you heal a lot of patients. But just about the only way you can be sure you're making it as a humor writer is if people who the world has already decided are funny publicly proclaim your comic worth. So the staff of *The Onion,* the lacerating newspaper parody from Madison, Wisconsin, should have been delighted when Conan O'Brien came up to them at the U.S. Comedy Arts Festival in Aspen this spring and began to praise *The Onion*'s new book, *Our Dumb Century,* a spoof of newspaper front pages.

Instead, the famously sad-sack young humorists were overcome by feelings of mortification and unworthiness. "Conan was really effusive with his compliments," recalls Mike Loew, who creates *The Onion*'s graphic collages (sample: Stephen Hawking's head grafted onto a titanium-clad exoskeleton). "He told us we could die now. He told us *Our Dumb Century* kicked the ass of anything the *Harvard Lampoon* had done and made him feel like a comedy poseur and a network hack. We just kept saying 'Thank you' and felt increasingly uncomfortable." Scott Dikkers, *The Onion*'s editor, says, "Obviously, Conan was mostly joking. We're just a blip in the national culture."

Last week, that blip made No. 1 on the New York *Times* paperback best-seller list, and this Thursday, Dikkers is slated to appear on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*—and still can't figure out why. "I'm not a performer; I want to be the man behind the curtain," he protests. *Our Dumb Century*'s success aside, Dikkers's new TV-worthy status probably has something to do with the fact that *The Onion*'s other fans include Chevy Chase, Douglas Adams (author of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*), and Chris Rock—not to mention Andy Richter, Conan's sidekick. "I think *The Onion*'s the funniest thing in the world," he declares. "It's even funnier than me. They're smart, and they're very naughty."

Last week's lead *Onion* story is typical. Under the headline NYPD APOLOGIZES FOR ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING-CLUBBING-STABBING-FIREBOMBING DEATH, the article describes how 27 policemen attacked an unarmed 38-year-old Jamaican immigrant in a doorway, shot him 175 times, threw phosphorus grenades, opened fire with 12-gauge riot shotguns, and then engaged him in hand-to-hand combat. Lighter features include a report on a new study that finds eggs to be GOOD FOR YOU THIS WEEK, though they "may be unhealthy again as soon as next Monday," and a look at a new Social Security "Early-Death Incentives" plan.

"They're saying things that are so depressing and horrible about life—the godlessness, the pointlessness, the lies that lubricate society—that you have to laugh," says Richter. Still, Dikkers is not cheered. "I guess we're getting to be less of the underdogs now," he grudgingly concedes. "But I still worry about all those people who don't know about us." LIESL SCHILLINGER

THE SMOKING GUN

Courting Trouble

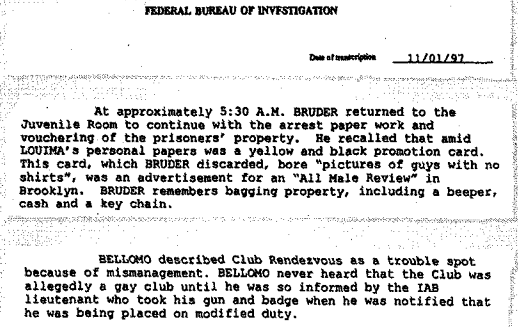
Defense tactics in the Abner Louima trial.

With a contentious jury selection process already setting the stage for a racially charged trial, federal prosecutors suspect that the lawyer for the lead defendant in the Abner Louima torture case is planning a bombshell defense: He intends to argue that the Haitian immigrant suffered severe internal injuries not during a vicious August 1997 assault in a Brooklyn precinct bathroom—but through an act of sodomy.

In a recent letter to government lawyers, attorney Marvyn M. Kornberg, who represents Officer Justin Volpe, stated that three medical experts will testify that Louima's injuries were "inconsistent with the forcible insertion of a blunt object in his rectum." Anticipating Kornberg's trial theory regarding Louima's rectal and bladder injuries, prosecutor Alan Vinegrad wrote in response that a government medical expert will testify that the damage was "not caused by a penis."

Any attempt to claim that Louima, the married father of two young children, was hurt prior to his arrest and detention at the 70th Precinct is likely to make use of FBI records provided to Kornberg and other defense counsel. These bureau documents, which record pre-indictment interviews with Officer Thomas Bruder and Sergeant Michael Bellomo, include claims that Club Rendezvous, the rowdy Flatbush Avenue nightclub Louima visited, was "allegedly a gay club" and that police vouchering Louima's personal belongings discovered a flyer (subsequently discarded) decorated with "pictures of guys with no shirts" that advertised an "All Male Review."

Louima had been arrested for slugging Volpe during a mêlée outside Club Rendezvous, but those charges were dropped. Investigators allege that Volpe, aided by another officer, dragged Louima into a stationhouse bathroom and shoved a stick into the suspect's rectum and then into his mouth. Bruder is facing charges that he beat Louima in a patrol car en route to the 70th Precinct, while Bellomo has been indicted for allegedly trying to cover up the assaults.



FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Date of transcription 11/01/97

At approximately 5:30 A.M. BRUDER returned to the Juvenile Room to continue with the arrest paper work and vouchering of the prisoners' property. He recalled that amid LOUIMA's personal papers was a yellow and black promotion card. This card, which BRUDER discarded, bore "pictures of guys with no shirts", was an advertisement for an "All Male Review" in Brooklyn. BRUDER remembers bagging property, including a beeper, cash and a key chain.

BELLOMO described Club Rendezvous as a trouble spot because of mismanagement. BELLOMO never heard that the Club was allegedly a gay club until he was so informed by the IAB lieutenant who took his gun and badge when he was notified that he was being placed on modified duty.

For more intriguing documents, visit 'The Smoking Gun' online at **thesmokinggun.com**

Illustration by David Cowles.

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Fight the Power

Hip-hop luminaries take on police brutality.

“THERE’S A LOT OF BLACK love in here right now,” the rapper Mos Def announces as he strides happily into Sony Studios on West 54th Street, where a throng of rappers, producers, D.J.’s, and hangers-on have assembled for the recording of “Hip-Hop for Respect,” an all-star single addressing the Amadou Diallo shooting and featuring everyone from members of the Wu-Tang Clan and Brand Nubian to old-schoolers like Doug E. Fresh and Kool G. Rap.

The atmosphere *is* love-filled, utopian even, which is particularly striking at a time when hip-hop’s current obsessions, thuggishness and playerism, leave little room for the slightest sense of community. “Hip-hop consciousness has taken a turn toward self-glorification,” says the legendary Fresh as he holds court among awestruck young rappers.

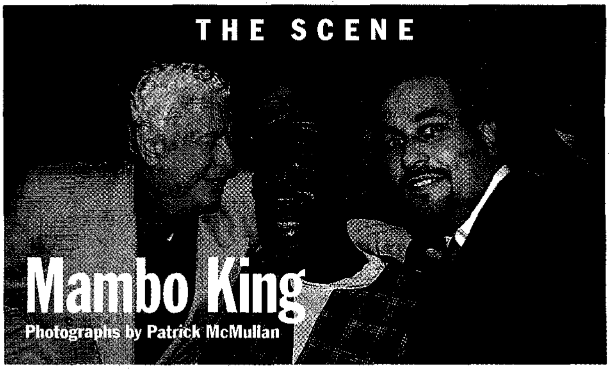
Other hip-hop vets agree with his assessment. “Over the past six or seven years, look at the kind of music we’ve been accepting,” De La Soul’s Maseo says angrily. “There has to be room for a righteous cause like this,” adds eighties street-rap legend Kool G. Rap.

While hip-hop’s younger generation isn’t as caustic, there is nonetheless a feeling among the participants that the project’s altruism (proceeds from the single, to be released this month by Rawkus Entertainment, will go to the Anthony Baez Foundation and other anti-police-brutality charities) is an anomaly in hip-hop’s champagne era, a throwback to the days of “conscious” rap that culminated in 1989 with the all-star protest single “Self-Destruction.” “It seems like people in the hip-hop community rarely make records for causes anymore,” says “Respect” producer Rico Wade. “We need to make room for music with a message.”

The session is characterized by an eyes-on-the-prize intensity. Mos Def leads a ragtag crew of underground rappers in the song’s “One Love”–inspired chorus; jazz flutist Najee lulls the studio into silence with his effortless improvisations to producer Wade’s beats; and there’s a surprise late arrival from Wu-Tang’s RZA, who announces, “I’m here because the same cops who shot Diallo shot my brother ODB.”

But a B-boy “We Are the World” it isn’t: “Respect” shows hip-hop at its most militant. Wu-Tang man Cappadonna gives a chilling first-person account of police brutality, promising that he’ll “never surrender to this beast.” And duo Channel Live rouses the gathering with a Funkadelic-inspired couplet: “Free your mind and your ass is sure to follow / look out for tips that is hollow.” ETHAN BROWN

Photograph by Serge J-F. Levy.



THE SCENE

Mambo King

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Tito Puente, Isaac Hayes, and Tito Rodriguez Jr. toast Puente’s 76th birthday at Jimmy’s Bronx Cafe.

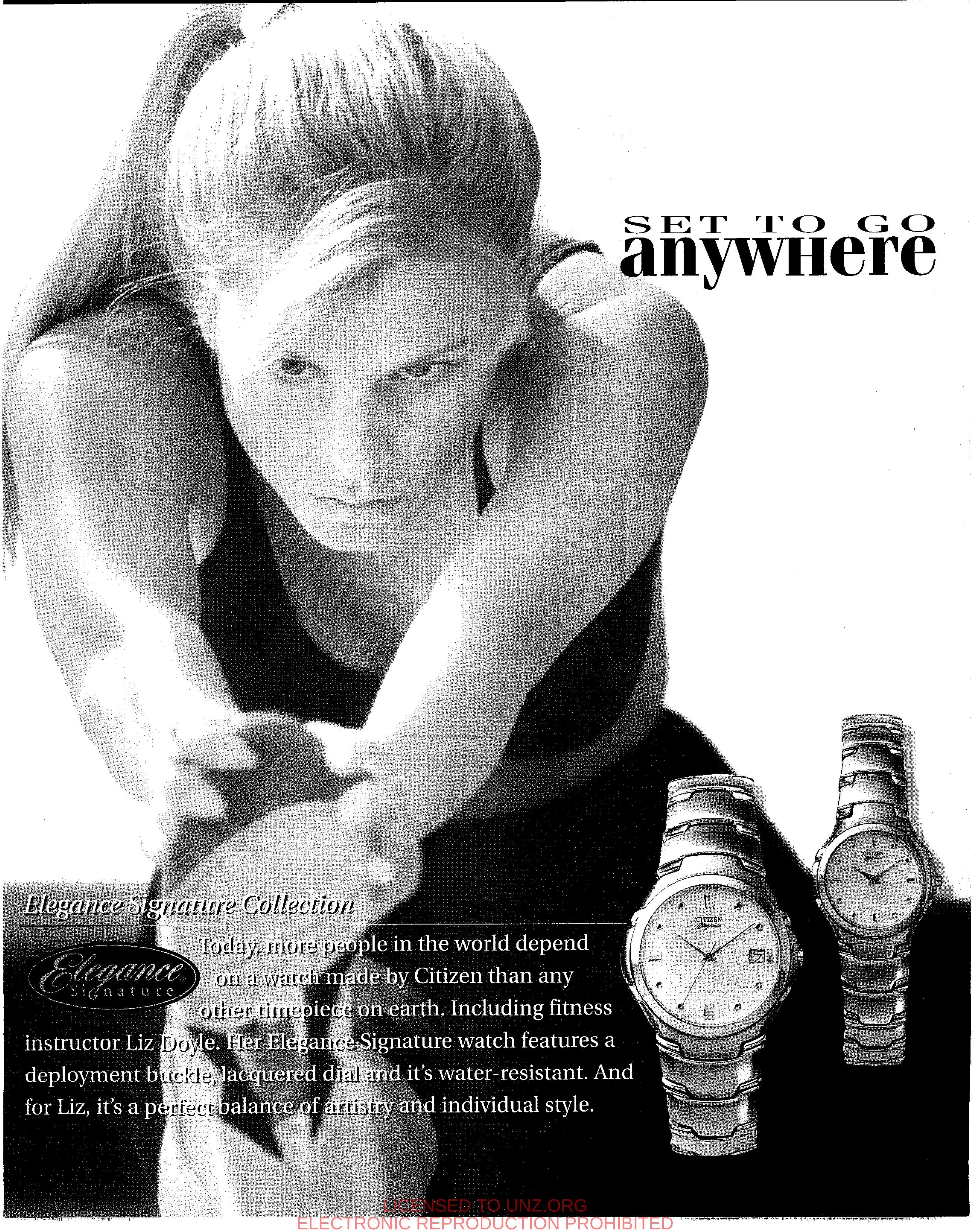
Photographer Count Lorenzo Poccianti with Anna Condo at Poccianti’s opening at L’Antiquaire & The Connoisseur gallery.

John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion at the Authors Guild Foundation’s benefit dinner at the Metropolitan Club.

Tom Wopat and Bernadette Peters celebrating the release of Angel Records’ *Annie Get Your Gun* at Cowgirl Hall of Fame.

Wendy Deng, Rupert Murdoch, Liz Smith, and Michael Bloomberg at Lincoln Center’s Vivian Beaumont Theater for the Literacy Partners readings and gala dinner-dance.

Julia and Lisa Roberts with Aidan and Paul Quinn at Alaia restaurant for the premiere of Sony Pictures Classics’ *This Is My Father.*



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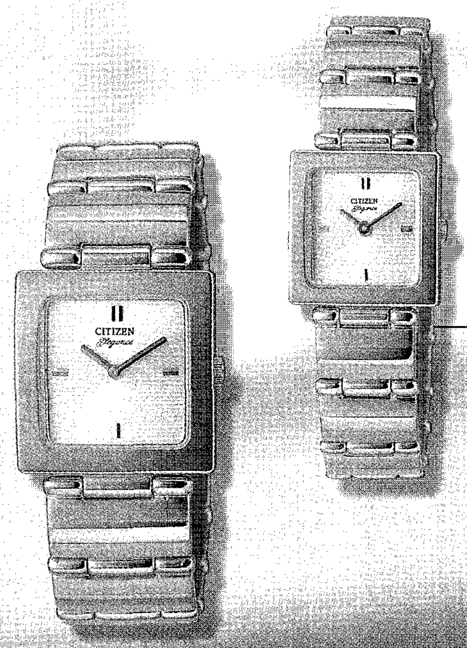
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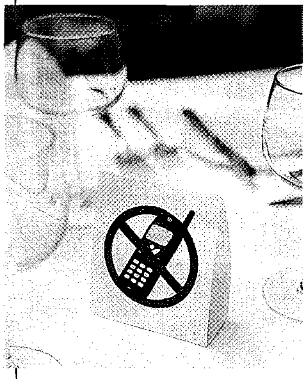
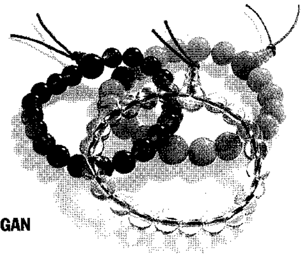


Busy Signal

Tired of diners' gabbing away on cell phones, some restaurateurs have taken to banning the gadgets altogether. Danny Meyer has led the backlash, eighty-sixing mobile calls in all four of his restaurants: Union Square Cafe, Gramercy Tavern, Eleven Madison Park, and Tabla. Don't try the baby-sitter or work-emergency excuse at Harry Cipriani, either, where the prohibition is printed on the menu. And when Pop opened, the StarTAC-studded crowd was welcomed with static: The ceiling's metal frame interferes with wireless communication in the dining area. "I didn't intend for this to happen, but now I'm glad it did," says owner Roy Liebenthal. Regulars like Russell Simmons—Motorola's unofficial poster boy—are being forced to limit conversation to their dining companions. Says Simmons: "*I* can handle it. It's just that every few minutes, the women get up from my table like they're going for a cigarette, but they're just trying to check their messages." Simmons's wife, Kimora Lee, who's apparently never gotten so much undivided attention, is thrilled with the blockage. "It's a godsend," she says. "But my pager still goes off." BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Lucky Charms

Skeptical New Yorkers usually leave New Age spiritualism to the mantra-chanting West Coast set, but Stella Pace "powerbeads" seem to be Gotham's divine exception. Accessories designer Zoe Metro says the bracelets, like Buddhist prayer beads, elicit good fortune; at Intermix, hopeful customers are buying armfuls of the $22 strands. Each bead represents a different virtue: Turquoise is for health, mother-of-pearl for money. Blaine Trump swears by the jade-colored aventurine strand she recently wore when she needed an extra stroke of luck. She was so pleased with the positive results, she wrote a thank-you note to the designer. Yes, that's right. Blaine Trump's good fortune comes from a cheap bracelet. Don't be such a cynic! MAURA EGAN



Tot Couture

While stylish moms are opting for fanciful pink this spring, their little ones are being outfitted in more somber shades. Belgian wunderkind Dries Van Noten has designed this season's children's line with a more sophisticated edge: dark colors, lots of layers, and Russian-inspired accents. Despite the haute couture price tags, mothers are snapping up the designer's charcoal-gray and burgundy separates in the otherwise pastel Barneys children's department. Little girls can wear gypsy-pattern dresses ($170–$198); boys can sport a three-button plaid jacket ($318) and pants ($122–$142). The grown-up-looking gear is still baby-friendly, with elastic waists and itch-free fabrics to make that first fashionable step comfortable. So now that 2-year-olds can trot around town like pint-size Anna Wintours, when do miniature Motorolas replace those milk bottles?

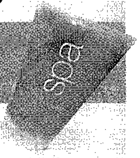
ANNA RACHMANSKY

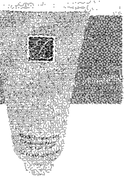
True Grit

It's hard to say which is more blinding: spring's sunbursts or your wintry, lizardlike skin. Herewith, a sampling of products (from the salon indulgence to the drugstore find) that will prepare you for summer's tank tops and low-riding Louis Vuitton bermudas. SARAH BERNARD

lemon peel
DECLEOR
AVON
BODY

PRODUCT	SCRUB FACTOR	UPSIDE	DOWNSIDE
Bliss Spa's Lemon Peel, $23	Rough and ready	Melts layers as advertised	Overpowering scent of margaritas
Decleor Exfoliating Body Cream With Plant Extracts, $33	Gentle flower power	Doubles as aromatherapy session	Not tough enough for real reptiles
Avon Body Smooth Surface Exfoliating Gel Cleanser, $8.50	Cool gummy gel	Feels especially good on spring-break sunburn	Foaming action leaves you more soothed than sloughed
H_2O Plus Pumice Foot Scrub, $9	Liquid cement	Minty menthol invigorates while repairing stiletto damage	Must buy in bulk—one tired foot can use up whole tube
Kiehl's Ultra Moisturizing Buffing Cream With Scrub Particles, $10.50	Marshmallow Fluff	Clotted-cream texture seems almost edible	So subtle, it's barely there
Estée Lauder Body Smoother With Fruit Acid, $17.50	Sandy sediment	Fruit acids boost performance—i.e., less effort on your part	Bright-orange tube might clash with your towels





Photographs: clockwise from left: Steven Freeman; Nedjeljko Matura (2); Michael Kraus (6). Cell Phone Illustration by Anton Ioukhnovets.

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Not in Service

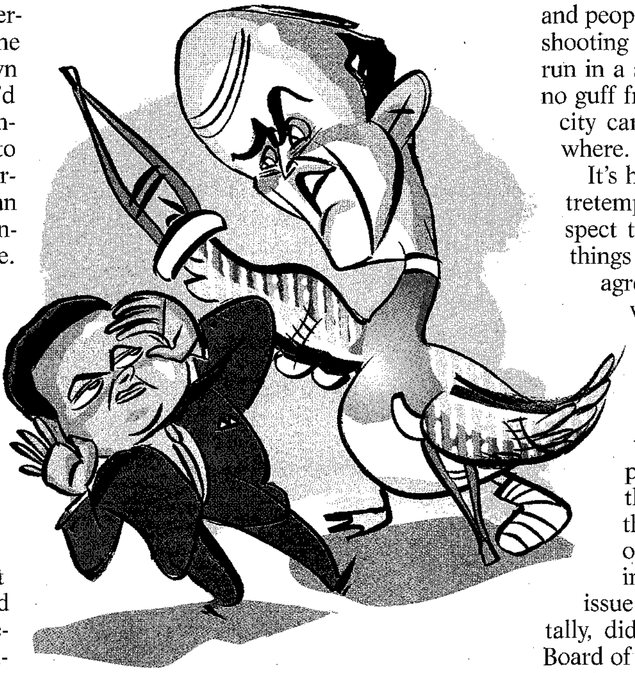
Reasonable people may concur with Mayor Giuliani's vow to dismantle the Board of Education, but the timing smacks of politicking elsewhere, not leadership here.

RUDY GIULIANI IS NOT THE SORT who usually feels compelled to defend his motives, so when he does, it's worth noting. Last week, as the pitched battle with his last remaining black ally reached its apex, Schools Chancellor Rudy Crew publicly wondered whether Giuliani's latest education proposals—or pipe bombs, depending on your perspective—were motivated by the mayor's calculations about his own future. Giuliani riposted that he'd prefer that Crew "not attribute improper motivation to me." Later, to City Hall reporters, Giuliani reiterated: "Let's try to get the partisan politics and the talk about the Senate and all this stuff out of here. This is a debate that I've been engaged in for ten years. It's about the good of the children, and it's only about the good of the children."

He's right about that ten years bit. He first ran for mayor exactly a decade ago, and after he lost that election, he understood, as he confessed to me once over lunch and I'm sure to thousands of others, that he'd lost in part because (he actually said this; Rudy!) he deserved to. He realized after the fact that, going into that election, he didn't know much about municipal government and, out on the hustings, it showed. He spent the next four years cramming for his finals, and by 1993, that showed, too.

So give him that. And it's not that his proposals are necessarily wrong. The legislation he and Council Speaker Peter Vallone have proposed, to abolish the Board of Education and create a schools CEO who would be appointed by and answerable to the mayor (not Giuliani, since he'd be long gone by the time such legislation ever kicked in), is at the very least one of those ideas of which we can say, "It couldn't hurt to try." Vouchers are more complicated—there is no question that using public-school money to send a comparatively very small number of kids to private schools isn't a boon to children overall; on the other hand, when majorities of poor parents say they support vouchers, as they often do, liberals ought to listen.

The ideas deserve serious debate. And if Giuliani had proposed them *last* spring, when instead he was trying to whip the city into a tizzy about purveyors of past-the-sell-date hot dogs, there's a slim chance we might have had it. But coming now, after he's spoken to GOP moneybags in Arizona and Texas and elsewhere and put up a Website called HillaryNo, well, motive seems a reasonable concern.



Quackery: Being a lame-duck mayor has freed Giuliani to concentrate on his next move.

Increasingly, Giuliani is governing as a candidate, when in fact he'd be better off trying to run as a mayor. The first half of that equation scarcely seems open to dispute. After the shooting of Amadou Diallo, for example, lots of people noticed how differently Giuliani handled that tragedy—with a vinegary defensiveness—as compared to the Abner Louima case, when he was sweetness itself and instructed cops who couldn't see the difference between good police work and sociopathy behind a badge to find new jobs. Of course, the circumstances of the tragedies were different, but something else was different, too: As the Louima tragedy hit, Giuliani was running for re-election in a city stuffed full of Democrats and people of every hue; when the Diallo shooting happened, he was gearing up to run in a state where, just maybe, taking no guff from black rabble-rousers in the city carried political advantages elsewhere.

It's hard not to see the schools contretemps similarly, especially with respect to vouchers. There aren't many things the wobbly, post-Monica GOP agrees on, but school vouchers are very near the top of the list. All over the country, wealthy conservatives—the kind who finance campaigns—pour their dollars into privately funded voucher programs. Republican presidential candidates speak of them constantly. Vouchers *are* the GOP education platform. All of which makes it difficult to imagine that Giuliani picked this issue out of a hat. (And why, incidentally, did Governor Pataki pile on the Board of Ed. last week? Pataki, who fancies himself a presidential dark horse if George W. and the others bumble and stumble, doesn't want the vouchers constituency to think he lacks resolve on the matter.)

The political rationale is clear. "Look, he had to give the national Republican Party something," says Democratic political consultant Phil Friedman. "He's not going to change on abortion. He's not going to change on gun control. He's not even going to change much on gay rights. So here it is."

It makes sense—for someone who's grown tired of being the mayor and has his mind on other things. But it might be argued that if Giuliani wants to go into next year's Senate race in a strong position, then the best way to do that is to be

Illustration by Tom Bachtell.

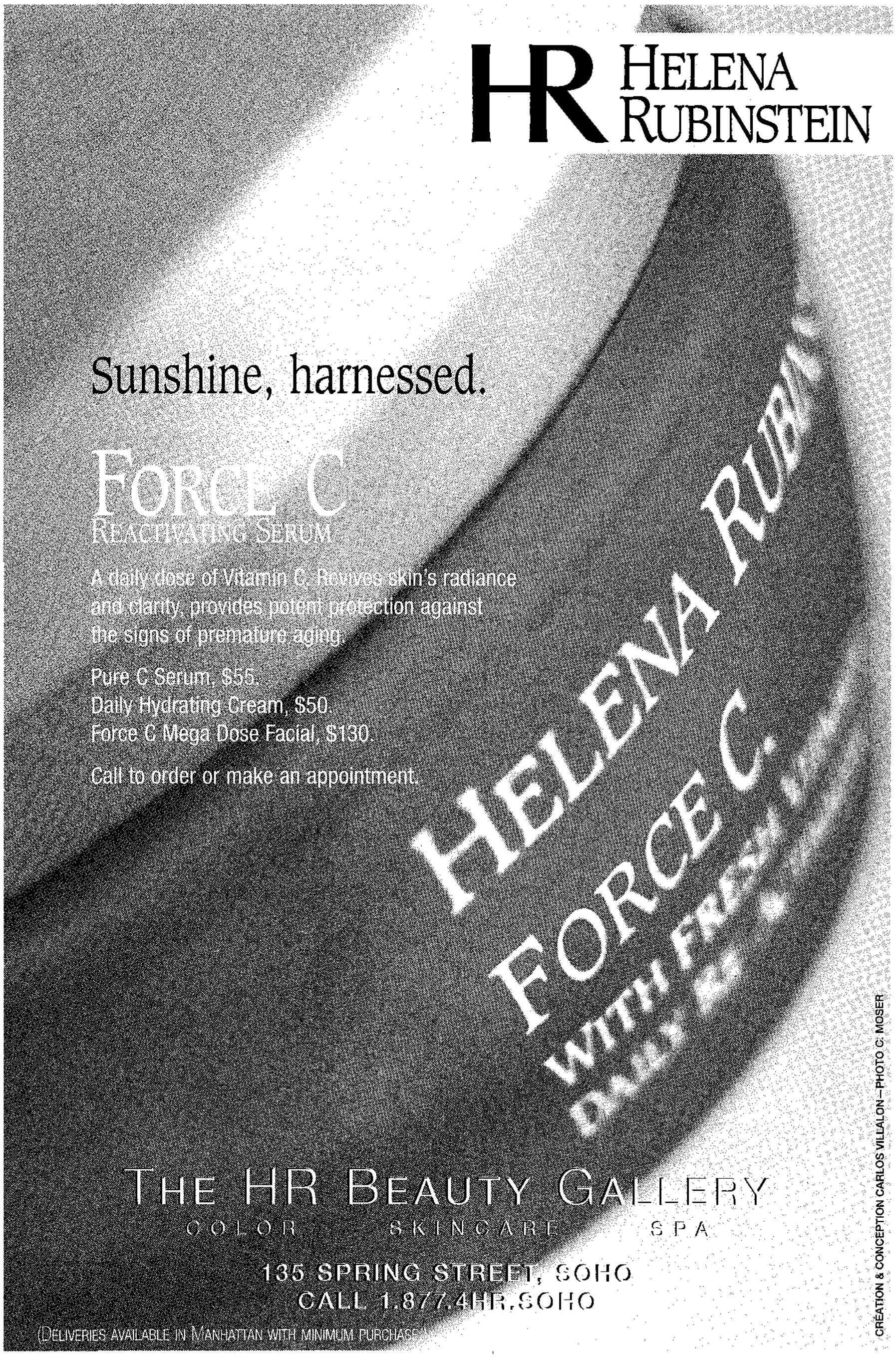
an effective mayor.

That's how incumbent presidents run—not as candidates but as sleeves-up chief executives. Giuliani should be acting out his own Rose Garden strategy. Imagine a second term that wasn't based on rebuking taxi drivers and push-cart vendors and street artists but on completing some of the more meaningful unfinished work of the first term. The school system would have been at the top of that list, and Giuliani would have done far better to have spent 1998 working with Crew on, for example, toughening up the curriculum, phasing out social promotion, and reforming bilingual education—"conservative" aims, in the superficial sense, and ones that very few constituencies can credibly oppose (and by the way, these unsolved problems do more harm to education than the school system's form of governance). And suppose the mayor had made dramatic public gestures to acknowledge the city's (and his) racial fissures and dedicated himself, even if merely rhetorically, to closing them. *That* Giuliani is the mayor who's widely admired—smart, competent, tough, commonsensical, not too ideological—and *that* Giuliani, even with the Diallo shooting, would still have been sitting at 60 percent popularity and getting a universally favorable press. He might have been in such a strong position, in early 1999, that Hillary-for-Senate talk wouldn't even have started.

> *Targeting the Board of Education makes sense—* **for someone who's grown tired of being mayor** *and has his mind on other things (namely the upcoming Senate race).*

But the lame-duck mayor decided on a different, and predictable, tack. It may yet work for him—Democratic consultant Hank Sheinkopf calls his Crew-bashing "smart tactically, if only because it gets him off the cops thing." And yet: The City Council is almost certain to kill the vouchers plan, and the state legislature is simply not going to pass the governance bill. If Giuliani loses both of those battles, and Crew is chased out of town under these circumstances, will it still look so smart? ▬

E-mail: tomasky@aol.com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HOLLYWOOD NIKKI FINKE

The Mice That Roared

No one in the land of handshake deals expected Jeffrey Katzenberg's quarter-billion-dollar dispute with Disney to go public; now that it has, the town is transfixed.

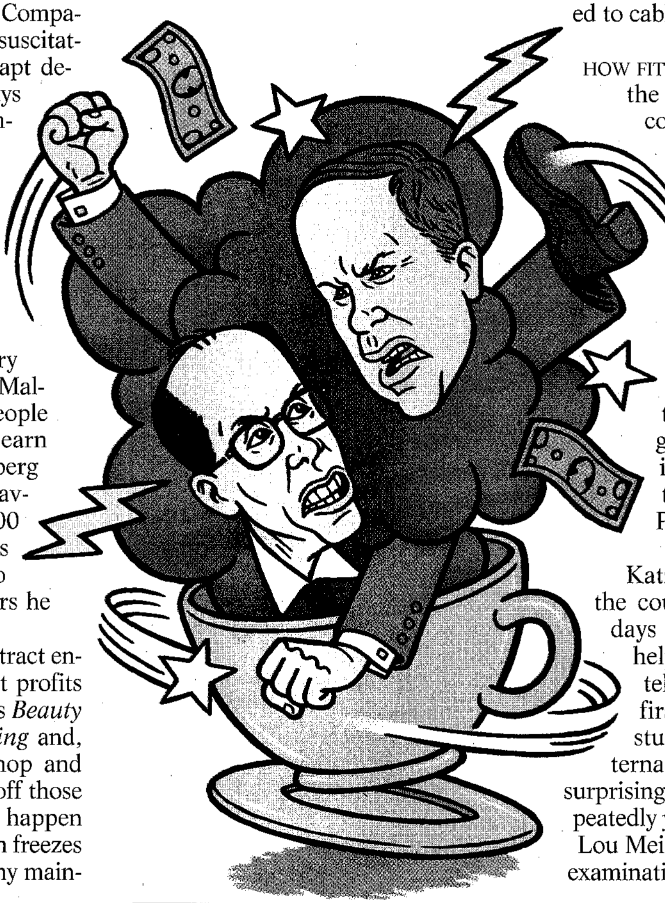
ONE OF THE MORE DURABLE maxims in Hollywood is, *It's not what someone can do* for *you that matters but what someone can do* against *you.* Right now, and for the next six weeks or so, a textbook example of this is unfolding inside the mock courtrooms at the offices of the most powerful entertainment-business law firms. Aptly—or is it sadly?—two of the industry's most formidable moguls, Jeffrey Katzenberg and Michael Eisner, have unleashed two of the town's most formidable attorneys to hurl turgid insults at each other's clients along with charges and countercharges of fraud and deceit. Not to mention the *X-Files*-like references to "Project Snowball," variously understood as either a clandestine scheme to deny a brilliant executive his rightful payout from the Disney Company film and TV divisions he'd resuscitated or an innocent accountant's apt description of the Byzantine byways of Katzenberg's 1988–1994 employment contract.

This case turns on the interpretation of that document, whose 22 pages detailed the myriad ways in which he could profit from success (discretionary, incentive, and the intriguingly named "super" bonuses, along with the obligatory stock options, stock grants, and Malibu beach house). While some people consider themselves lucky to earn $100,000 a year, Jeffrey Katzenberg considered himself unlucky in having reputedly pocketed only $100 million in bonus money, which is all Disney apparently wants to compensate him for the ten years he spent as Eisner's No. 3.

Katzenberg insists that his contract entitles him to 2 percent of the net profits generated by such monster hits as *Beauty and the Beast* and *The Lion King* and, equally important, every gift-shop and burger-joint item that was spun off those properties. Disney says that'll happen when the Pirates of the Caribbean freezes over. Especially since the company maintains that Katzenberg's contribution to the balance sheet during this time was hundreds of millions of dollars in red ink.

For both sides, this public brawling represents a dangerous legal strategy, and not just because it's filled with malevolent thrust-and-parry out there for all to gleefully observe (Eisner portrayed as a scheming liar, Katzenberg as an incompetent kvetch). These two Neros are fiddling while Rome burns. Indeed, there's something more than a little surreal about Katzenberg and Eisner's duking it out in 1999, when the industry they're battling over—the eighties Hollywood, the Greed Decade Hollywood, the let's-all-make-a-lot-of-money Hollywood—is all but gone. For today the town is a ruin in which issues like super-bonuses are all past. And profits? That archaic word has no relevance today, when too many big-budget movies bomb, too many unfunny sitcoms fail, and too many executives are just trying to hold on to their jobs while their companies' shareholders watch entertainment stocks stagnate as the Dow soars past 10,000.

How unseemly it was that during the first week of the showdown, Disney shareholders were told that the company's earnings had plunged 41 percent in the first quarter, its merchandising and video divisions a shambles. And that years of uninterrupted losses on Frank Mancuso's watch finally cost him his job at MGM. And that Sony, once upon a time flush with cash when it bought Columbia TriStar studios, was now peering down a 26 percent fall in its motion-picture business for the first quarter. (Viacom is the only truly healthy entertainment giant; Time Warner's recent gains having been credited to cable holdings.)



HOW FITTING AS WELL THAT NO ONE AT the "trial" is being coddled in comfort. The stuffy room is not much bigger than your average mogul's walk-in closet. The forced intimacy actually favors Katzenberg. Sunk down in the Naugahyde witness chair, he appears even more diminutive than usual. The fluorescent lighting makes him, dressed in his Polo rep tie and Oliver Peoples eyeglasses, look even more boyish, like the kid dogged by toughs as he makes his way up Park Avenue to private school.

That is exactly the image Katzenberg wants to present to the court as he recounts his glory days in the eighties, when he helped bring Disney's film and television divisions from last to first place among Hollywood studios: the victimized naïf. Alternatively charming, sometimes surprisingly bewildered, Katzenberg repeatedly *yessirs* hotshot Disney counsel Lou Meisinger during grueling cross-examination even though the two men

Illustration by Danny Hellman.

are no doubt contemporaries. Meisinger—a middle-aged, mustachioed street fighter à la Alan Dershowitz, with a machine-gun delivery and a weakness for bowling—was having none of it: "You have a reputation, sir, of being a very tough guy, tough negotiator," the lawyer said. "You don't consider yourself a *patsy*, do you? You can take care of yourself?"

Yet when the tall and very imposing Eisner, the Disney chairman, takes the stand this week, the up-close-and-personal nature of the setting is certain to play to his strengths as well. He will undoubtedly seem more approachable and merely mortal in such quotidian environs.

But don't be fooled into thinking either of these guys is just folks. In this corporate game of extreme chicken, someone is lying, a point that Katzenberg's lawyer, the impeccably tailored Bertram Fields—who not only advises clients Tom Cruise, Jim Cameron, and David Geffen and has never lost a case but also conducts American-history salons in his Bel-Air living room—tried to drive home again and again as he spun a riveting web of deceit on Disney's part.

> *About one of his bonus negotiations, Katzenberg wrote his lawyer,* **"I suggest you be an absolute killer on this."** *Asked about the note, Katzenberg replied, "I wanted him to protect me."*

Fields: "Would you agree with Mr. Meisinger's statement that in [your] ten years of running the live-action division it was operating negatively?"

Katzenberg: "That's absolutely false. In the live-action division, we were in the black by hundreds of millions of dollars."

When Meisinger pointed out that the division, upon Katzenberg's departure, was running a $231 million deficit, Katzenberg replied: "I've been in the movie business long enough to know that the day you put that movie out, you lose a tremendous amount of money, and that it takes years, in some instances decades, to recoup it. I know this to be fact."

Meisinger: "You're saying that five years after you left the company, a $231 million deficit has been eliminated, and you've never *(continued on page 119)*

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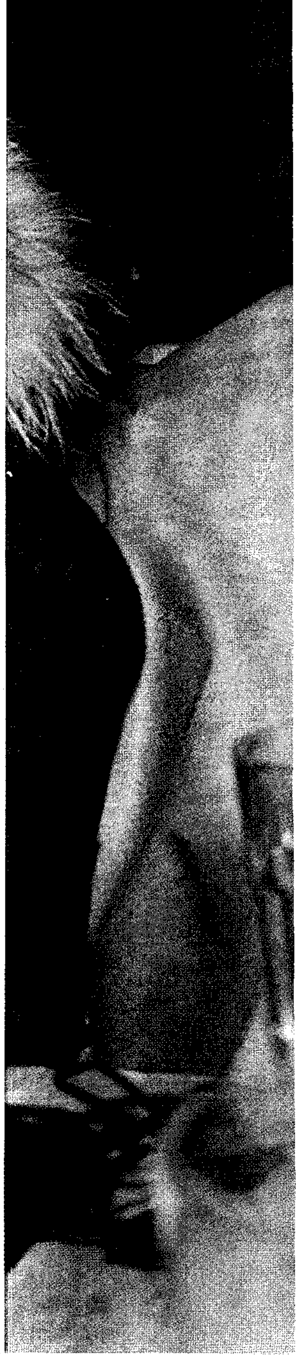
Hip-hop has entered Manhattan's mainstream—even Martha Stewart now talks the talk—and Def Jam's Russell Simmons has done more than anyone else to get it there. Inside the world of hip-hop's godfather.

By Nancy Jo Sales



KEITH BARISH, THE TOOTHY, SANDY-HAIRED co-founder of Planet Hollywood, comes trotting across the VIP dining room of Moomba. Russell Simmons and his wife, the model Kimora Lee, and his good friend Andre Harrell are there, talking and laughing together. Barish smiles hopefully. "Hi, guys!" he says.

If Moomba, the inaccessible downtown lounge, is currently the high-school cafeteria for famous people, then Simmons and Harrell are sitting at the cool table. Hip-hop has become the new rock and roll, and Simmons (founder and chairman of Def Jam Records) and Harrell (founder of Uptown Records, now president of Bad Boy) are two of the people who own it.

Simmons is dressed, as always, as a billboard for his clothing line, Phat Farm. He wears a cap with flaps that snap up on the sides of his smooth, round head. At 41, he's slimmer, fitter, and has taken on the often-photo-flashed glow of celebrity—though he still retains the impishness of the teenagers he sold about $200 million worth of records to last year.

Simmons smiles. "Keith *Barish*," he says.

Simmons always greets people in this amused way, with an announcement of their full names. His ever-present cell phone, which in its latest incarnation has an ever-present plug in one of his ears,

PHOTOGRAPH BY MILES LADIN

never rings aloud now; you'll just hear him call out, "Ronald *Perelman*!" . . . "Donald *Trump*!" as if he had a kind of celebrity Tourette's syndrome.

"Russell Simmons!" says Barish, picking up on the game. "How you doing?"

It's mentioned that Simmons is about to go to L.A. to pitch some movies (he's produced ten now, including *The Nutty Professor*).

"Take my plane!" Barish says breezily.

Simmons is warm, but he's already going on "Tommy's"—that is, Hilfiger's—plane.

"Okay. *Great,*" says Barish, a little too quickly. The partner of Sly and Bruce and Demi goes trundling back to his table.

Simmons goes back to his plate of grilled vegetables and tofu. "Puffy could call Keith up right now and say, 'Gimme that plane,' and Keith'd say, 'You got it, I'll take American Airlines,' " he says matter-of-factly.

Harrell, the yin to Simmons's yang, wears a chocolate-brown Armani suit and a Patek Philippe watch and is daintily sawing at a steak. "Puffy's the rock star," he says. "He's Michael Jackson."

"When I met Michael," Simmons says, "he made me shake Bubbles's hand."

Harrell laughs.

"THIS IS NOT ABOUT A MOMENT," SAYS Harrell. "This is way past a moment. This is Americana; this is a cultural change." We're at Patsy's, the Italian restaurant on 56th Street, one night, talking about how hip-hop has changed New York City. "When Puff Daddy's having white-linen parties in the Hamptons, and Ron Perelman's dressed in white linen walking through the door, I say, All right. This is real.

"But we need to get the moment *all* the way right," Harrell adds, stabbing carefully at a plate of creamy tortellini. "And for that to happen, we're gonna have to have a better world."

Two stories about young black men and New York have made international headlines in the past six months: one, a horrifying news event, the police shooting of an innocent African immigrant, Amadou Diallo, and the other, a surprisingly uplifting celebrity event, the 29th-birthday party of hip-hop mogul Sean "Puffy" Combs, which was notable for its eclectic guest list, from the Duchess of York to rapper Heavy D. The contrast between the reality on the streets and the reality of the moneyed class has become more and more difficult to grasp. And at the same time, hip-hop, music born on the streets of New York, and high society have merged, creating a place and a moment unlike any other.

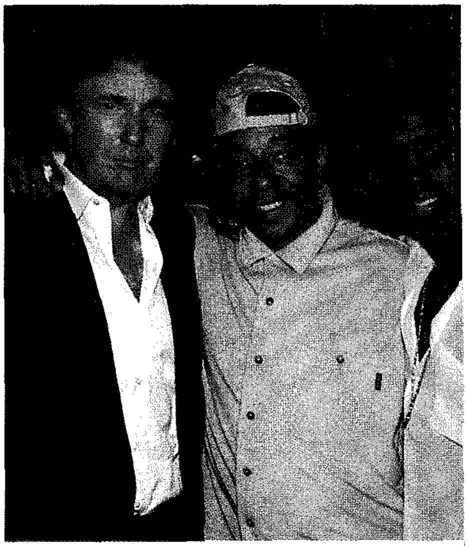
It was Foxy Brown (of the "ill na na," her pet name for her private parts) who performed at the Whitney's Brite Nite fund-raiser this year, not the Peter Duchin Orchestra in their tuxedos. "John and Caroline"—Kennedy, of course—"asked Foxy, 'Are you gonna perform "Hot Spot"?' " says one hip-hop executive. "And Foxy asked Martha Stewart, 'Oh, aren't you the lady that does the gardening?' "

"It's a *fabulous* time," says Stewart, who snapped pictures at Russell Simmons's wedding on St. Barts last December—where, reports Bobby Shriver (brother of Maria, and one of Simmons's groomsmen), "there were four supermodels, two billionaires, two princes, three movie directors, and a crackhead." Stewart adds, "I'm learning so much about what's going on!"

Unlike the Cotton Club days or even the Village jazz scene of the fifties and sixties, however, the "moment" is characterized by a burgeoning class of up-and-coming and increasingly powerful black entrepreneurs. "Money talks," says Monica Lynch, president of Tommy Boy Records. "And hip-hop is big business now." The "hip-hop-reneurial" movement, as it's called, has spawned the success of blacks in myriad offshoot industries such as fashion, advertising, publishing, publicity. Twenty years ago, it was Simmons who "laid the foundation" and "set an aspirational agenda," says Keith Clinkscales, publisher of *Vibe.* "He made the blueprint—the philo, 'nome sayin'?" says the rapper Jay-Z.

It's Puff Daddy who's been getting the attention lately, so much so that in the minds of non-hip-hop fans, he's become almost synonymous with the genre: There was Puffy on the March 22 cover of *Forbes*—there's been Puffy, Puffy, everywhere, including on the cover of the New York *Post* two weeks ago after the Bad Boy tycoon was arrested for allegedly beating Interscope Records executive Steve Stoute in a dispute over his appearance in a controversial video for the rapper Nas (there was Puffy in the video, nailed to a cross, which his mother, not his minister, as has been reported, apparently took issue with). Puffy may be in some real trouble now—but that, too, only seems to be increasing his profile.

But if hip-hop moguls like Puffy and Master P (of No Limit Records) have been getting more column inches recently, it's Simmons, the so-called godfather of hip-hop, who blazed the trails and—in an often volatile landscape—continues to be considered hip-hop's most important player. In 1979, he made a hit out of the second rap record ever (Kurtis Blow's *Christmas Rappin'*), and then he made his name developing (along with then-partner Rick Rubin) acts like the Beastie Boys, Public Enemy, L.L. Cool J, and Run-D.M.C. "Around '84"—the year Simmons started Def Jam—says Gary Harris, a former company executive, "we were in a bar and Russ was telling me, 'I'm sick of making other people rich. I want to own my *own* shit, my own record label, my own movie company.' What I really thought was he was drunk. There weren't a lot of blacks thinking that way back then. There weren't a lot of examples to follow."



DOWN WITH DONALD: **Clockwise from top, Simmons with Trump and Puffy; hugging Martha; mugging with Tommy Hilfiger and Kimora Lee.**

Now Simmons has the movie company he always wanted (Def Pictures), along with an ad agency (Rush Media), a magazine (*Oneworld*), a TV show (*Russell Simmons' Oneworld Music Beat*), and his clothing line. Meanwhile, Def Jam has become arguably the most profitable label in America—and along with it, as Simmons long predicted, hip-hop has become America's music, outselling pop and country last year. "Def Jam keeps setting the standards and opening up new horizons for the genre," says Doug Morris, CEO of the Universal Music Group, which, interestingly, is about to cut Simmons and his current partner, Lyor Cohen, a buyout check for $100 million for their 40 percent of the company.

It's with dismay and even sadness, how-

Photographs: from top to bottom, Patrick McMullan (2); Craig Skinner/Celebrity Photo.

ever, that some people in the hip-hop community watch Simmons prepare to close his deal with Edgar Bronfman Jr., Universal's owner. It may be part of the hip-hop philosophy to sell, because hip-hop is about "getting paid"; but Def Jam has consistently put out music that has influenced the consciousness of a generation, from Public Enemy's "It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back" in 1988 to DMX's "Slippin'," an anthem of struggle in the ghetto, today. Even Simmons—who professes to be generally apolitical—says he believes "a lot of kids learned a lot about what's going on down the block from hip-hop. I absolutely believe there's a real coming-together because of this music."

don't want the money . . . I want the *money*," says Russell Simmons. "If you want to push bigger buttons, you have to get inside the building."

Then how can he bring himself to let it go? (He will stay on as chairman of Def Jam although no longer an owner.) "I don't completely understand it," says Selwyn Seyfu Hinds, editor-in-chief of *The Source*, the hip-hop bible. "There are deep, deep questions in black culture in terms of ownership, in the sight of somebody who is the very paragon of success selling his share off to the Man. People wonder, 'Is this Berry Gordy Part Two?'

"But it's hard to talk about Russell," Hinds adds, "without assuming he knows what he's doing."

What Simmons seems to be doing is preparing for the next moment, his moment. "I don't want the money . . . I want the *money*," he explains. "If you want to push bigger buttons, you have to get inside the building."

SIMMONS IS BOUNCING UP TO THE DEF JAM OFfices on Varick Street on a cold March afternoon. He's wearing a maroon Phat Farm fake fur with a hood today, which gives him a royal look. "If you can't buy a Bentley, buy a Phat Farm golf vest" is something he likes to say these days.

Simmons—or Russell, as everyone calls him up here—has been focusing most of his efforts of late on turning Phat Farm into hip-hop's Gap. He's entered into a licensing deal with Nate Kestenman, the New Jersey financier who made Turbo Sportswear, and is rumored to be negotiating a $100 million backing deal with Arnie Simon, the man who brought Calvin Klein from "zero to $500 million in three years," according to one fashion-industry insider.

"In the last year, we've made deals for bags, boots, leather, lingerie, underwear," Russell says rapidly, traveling through the Def Jam corridors. ("What up, big dawg?" his young employees say.) "We're gonna do suits! Sharkskin," Russell says proudly. "You should see them. The fabrics are *sick*."

It does strike some people as puzzling that Russell, promoter of Redman and Slick Rick, seems to have become obsessed with such things as "fleece!" And some even wonder whether it's the best place for his energies. "I always told Russell to stick to the record business," says David Geffen, another friend. "I'd take the record business over fashion any day. But I would never bet against him; Russell's been right about a whole lot of things."

"T-shirts," Russell claims, "are gonna make me richer than records ever did."

Phat Farm did $17 million in sales in 1998, which he plans to more than triple this year by widening his distribution into higher-end department-store chains. "Tommy," whom Russell once told there was big money in hip-hop fashion (and whom he gave street cred by introducing him to rappers and black supermodels) is now introducing Russell to people like buyers at Macy's. "I figured you just made the clothes and showed them to Anna Wintour," Russell says.

"I think it's a genius idea," says Hilfiger of Russell's line, which is a funky kind of reinterpretation of preppiness. ("What Russell really wants to be," says Andre, "is the hip-hop Ralph Lauren.") In fact, last year Hilfiger tried to get his friend Russell to fold his interests into his company—perhaps to stave off the competition—but the deal never happened. While preoccupied by his record business, Russell has watched Hilfiger build an $850 million company selling street styles to the hip-hop generation. You have to wonder whether at some level it rankles him to see another white designer capitalizing on black-influenced fashion.

All Russell will say is "Tommy is great!"

UP IN HIS OFFICE, LYOR COHEN, DEF JAM'S president and COO, is looking very upset. The head of another label has been trying to raid some of his artists that day—which lately, with the success of the company, and hip-hop in general, has become a troublesome theme.

"That's why we have to get inside the *building*," Russell's telling him. "We could never compete with Jimmy Iovine," the powerful head of Interscope Records, "or these other people who are buying up acts—we can't spend that kind of money to buy shit. That's *Titanic* money!"

He bops away.

"I'm very sad about selling Def Jam," confesses Cohen, a large, melancholy man with steely blue eyes, who's known for his fierce management style (he's about to become the co-president of Universal's Island/Def Jam Music Group). "Russell says, 'Oh, Lyor, don't worry, you'll be doing Phat Farm or films with me.' But I don't need to be doing a million things. I love what we've done here. These are my artists, these are my people." From a "classic hippie Jewish family," Cohen talks passionately about "the first time I heard the beat." He sighs. "I love the music," he says.

"I love it, too, Lyor!" says Russell, returning.

But now Russell has to leave.

"Lyor Cohen doesn't mind me being the chairman and never coming to work because he gets to be involved in everything," he tells me, half joking.

"DONALD HAS THE BEST PLANE I EVER seen," Russell says, sitting with Andre at Trump's restaurant, Jean Georges, in the Trump International Hotel and Tower one sunny day. "Some of these planes, you're there sleeping with your mouth hanging open for everyone to see—but Donald's plane? It has bedrooms."

Trump—blue suit, orange hair—arrives late. "White guy in the middle," he says, angling for the central seat.

“That looks staged,” observes Russell.

“It is staged,” Trump observes cheerily. The occasion is a *Vibe* photo shoot.

“These guys,” Trump says, indicating Russell and Andre, “have done more for *respect* than anything.”

Their friendship, oddly enough, seems to be based on a great familiarity with the same things: money, models, nightlife, publicity, and the social network of New York City. “Ever since the early nineties, Russell’s been building a power base with these Upper East Side–type white people,” says one friend of his. “He knew that the success of hip-hop depended on bringing together all different elements of society,” says Monica Lynch.

“He can tell a 50-year-old Jewish man what’s good about hip-hop—and make him laugh,” says Gary Harris. “And then go on a vacation with him.”

“Russell is the man!” says Ronald Perelman (whom Russell even persuaded to perform drums on a hip-hop track). “If you look at this music,” says Perelman, “which started out real *segmented*—it’s now almost mainstream. Rap, urban city dress, *is* mainstream. These guys today are really—mainstream.”

> **Russell was always going to clubs that a traditional black man wouldn’ go to, in the Village, in SoHo. He has always liked mixed environments.**

“I went to a Phat Farm fashion show. I go to all the top shows,” The Donald says. “It was different from what I’m *used* to. But it was very awakening to me, because I saw this is not a niche. You have to say, now, Yves St. Laurent? *That’s* the niche.

“Russell knows the market, he sees the future, and that’s the ultimate businessperson,” Trump says.

Andre coughs. Lately he’s been thinking about investing in some real estate, maybe uptown. The Donald counsels: “Best views of the park in Manhattan, on 125th Street.”

The photo shoot is over, and Russell and Andre go out into the bright day together.

Trump says thoughtfully, “I don’t give them that much advice. I don’t think they need it.”

RUSSELL AND ANDRE ARE BEST friends. Andre was a rapper called Dr. Jeckyll and a salesman for WINS radio when Russell persuaded him to come to work for Rush Management, the former moniker of Def Jam, in 1985. “Andre was always booking himself above all the other artists. He booked himself in a show in the Beacon Theater on top of L.L. Cool J!” Russell says with a laugh. “Super tie, extra fly, it’s Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde,” he raps Andre’s old rap.

“Russell says Andre was the only rapper who, when they played his songs, they only played the instrumental,” says one old friend. “He called Andre Dr. Doolittle.”

But Russell insists Andre gets a bad rap, that people don’t give him the credit he deserves for the success of Uptown Records, which Andre left Def Jam to found in 1986. “I don’t like to read all the time that Uptown wasn’t him,” Russell says—that instead, it was A&R man Kurt Woodley and young Sean Combs who developed stars like Mary J. Blige and Jodeci. “Andre knows a lot more about music than 99.9 percent of record people,” Russell says. “He changed the music business completely. He had a vision for R&B when R&B was worth zero, nothing.”

Russell was never into the R&B sound much himself, however. “Russell’s from the suburbs”—he grew up in a working-class neighborhood in Hollis, Queens; his mother worked for the Parks Department, while his father was a school administrator and teacher of black history—“so he’s all about DMX and ghetto shit. Andre was from uptown, so he was all about Teddy Riley and fancy suits,” says another friend. “The ones from suburbia always want to be hard-core, and the ones from the projects always want to be slick.”

“Russ is totally alternative,” says Andre.

“Andre was the straightest motherfucker I knew,” Russell says.

“I remember,” says Russell, around 1984, “when I moved in with Andre in Lefrak City, I was getting in the elevator with him one night; we were both going out on dates. I was wearing what I always wear, and Andre looked like Minister Farrakhan, he had on a three-piece suit. I was going out on a date with this crazy blonde punk-rock girl, I was going out to see the Circle Jerks at the World, some shit. And Andre, he was going out to play miniature golf with this girl—we used to call her the no-laughin’-and-jokin’-ho. She was a project girl who grew up to be a lawyer. You couldn’t curse around this girl.

“Andre was a *rapper,* like, livin’ a double life, which is a real conservative-colored-man thing to do.”

“Most black families,” says Jimmy Jenkins, a.k.a. J. Luv, a former Uptown executive, “rear their children to be straight, go to college, get a haircut, don’t stay out late. Well, Russell was always going to clubs that a traditional black man wouldn’t go to, in the Village, SoHo, Save the Robots, and all those places with Madonna and Iggy Pop. Russell has always liked mixed environments and mixed people.”

“I was taking all kinds of drugs back then,” says Russell. “I wasn’t *free-basing,* but I woke up in the punk-rock girl’s apartment that next morning and *she* was free-basing, looking like Courtney Love in her nightgown. I thought I was in hell! But it was all good. I got up, took a shower, and I come home and Andre’s telling me about playing miniature fuckin’ golf! In Co-Op City! . . . ‘And how was *your* night?’ ”

Photographs by Miles Ladin.

"Russell developed a taste for nightlife, and he used to drag me around to these clubs," Andre says. "At Danceteria there was a guy who used to check my hat, he had hair all over his face—he looked like Cousin It. I'd look around like, 'Russ, why are we here?' I wanted to go to Bentley's—that was the upwardly-mobile-black-people club. And Russell would say, 'Hold on a minute.' Then we'd go to Bentley's, and Russell would be like: 'I don't know why we here with these uptight Negroes—what is *this* about?' "

"My real circuit," Russell says, "was Danceteria and Disco Fever"—one of the first places to feature rappers, in the late eighties. "Shit, Andre didn't want to hang out at no Disco Fever," he says. "He didn't want to be in no South Bronx where niggas were getting shot and pulled off the dance floor—in a back room with a bunch of rappers sniffing cocaine!"

CLUB-ABLE: *Simmons pals around with* Bad Boy president Andre Harrell at the Bowery Bar (left) and with supermodel Irina (below).

"Russell's Mr. Oneworld," Andre says with a sigh.

"And Andre is the Minister of Colored People," says a friend of both men. "He keeps Russell in touch with that side of things."

Puffy, who is connected to both Russell and Andre, is, in a sense, a product of both of the cultural forces they represent: He was born in Harlem, raised in Mount Vernon; his father was a hustler who was murdered; meanwhile his mother, Janice, pushed him to go to Howard University—which he dropped out of when he got a job interning for Andre Harrell.

"Andre cultivated Puffy. And Puff was a genius," says Russell. But Puffy also seemed like a trouble magnet. "He was getting into fistfights constantly, constantly," says Russell. "He was a young kid; he needed management. Andre would be like, 'Yo, Puff, you can't beat up people and do this and do that!' Andre stood by Puffy through a lot of shit." Like the rap-all-star basketball game at CUNY in 1991 that Puffy promoted, and overbooked, at which there was a stampede that led to the death of nine people, an event which haunts Puffy to this day. After the CUNY incident, Andre got William Kunstler on the phone for Puffy. Still, Andre fired him in late 1994. The split was dramatic, since Puffy had been nearly inseparable from his mentor, living in Andre's mansion in New Jersey, playing in his pool.

"Now the tables have turned. Puffy gave Andre a job"—last year, as the president of Bad Boy, after Andre was fired as the head of Motown—"just so he can have a chance to fire Andre himself," one music-industry executive speculates. "Puffy wants to humiliate Andre, just like Andre humiliated him. He'll fire him eventually."

When Andre fired Puffy, Puffy landed a $10 million deal with Clive Davis at Arista within months. He immediately set to launching the career of the late Notorious B.I.G., a.k.a. Biggie Smalls, whom he already had under his wing and who is now considered perhaps the greatest rapper ever and the rapper who made Puffy's career.

"If Andre was so smart, why did he fire Puffy?" another music-industry executive asks. "Why'd he let Biggie go?

"It was Russell who told Andre to fire Puffy. Russell separated Andre and Puffy. He thought they were too formidable as a team."

"I don't believe that was the reason at all," counters another hip-hop executive. "If Russell told Andre to fire Puffy, it was because he thought Puffy was going to get him in trouble. Andre was Russell's *man*," his close friend. "And Puffy was all up in the middle of all that East Coast–West Coast shit." Puffy was continually rumored to have had a hand in the feud between Tupac Shakur and Biggie Smalls that may have led to both rappers' unsolved murders.

"If Russell told Andre anything, it was probably 'That kid [Sean] is gonna get you *killed.'*

"And I think Russell didn't like the way Sean had started treating Andre. In front of Andre, Sean was saying things like 'You wouldn't be shit without me.' In public and shit."

LONG BEFORE PUFFY WOUND UP IN the news again for allegedly beating Steve Stoute on April 15, a Puffy backlash was in full swing—something that has been lost in the stream of glowing reports on the rise of Puff Daddy in the mainstream press. "I was surprised when I went out on my book tour," says Nelson George, author of *Hip Hop America,* "how many kids were saying they were fed up with Puff Daddy."

Puffy can't rap, the backlash says; Puffy's too heavy on his use of samples (as in the way Sting's "Every Breath You Take" became "I'll Be Missing You," Puffy's ode to the late Biggie, whom he has mourned publicly and relentlessly); Puffy rode Biggie's coattails to fame and is still riding them (even Janet Jackson waxed skeptical about the depth of Puffy's grief); and finally, Puffy is all about money. "It's all about the Benjamins, baby," he raps; but while money is a hip-hop value possibly above all others, when it comes to Puffy, no one seems to want to see him get over anymore—sometimes, not even his own people.

"Did you know he works for me?" Clive Davis reportedly complained to *Forbes* after seeing Puffy on its March 22 cover with Jerry Seinfeld (for the "Power Celebrity 100" issue). *Forbes* called Puffy's Bad Boy Records "rap's most valuable label," despite the fact that Bad Boy spiraled in sales last year (from almost $200 million to an estimated $35 million), while Def Jam was soaring. The mistake was said to irk Simmons as much as the reason behind it irked Clive Davis.

"Clive made Puffy, and he's put a lot of money into him," says one manager in the hip-hop business (indeed, Davis gave Puffy a $55 million advance in 1998, which turned out to be a disappointing year for Bad Boy, which had only one hit record). "Clive is the dean of the record biz. So when Clive said, 'It's time, and this' "—that is, Puffy—" 'is the one,' it put rap on a whole other level. Puffy gets down with Clive Davis, and suddenly *he's* at dinner with Martha"—Stewart. "Tommy"—that is, Mottola, whom Russell used to work with when Def Jam was part-owned by Sony—"wasn't taking Russell anywhere! Russell did all that on his *own.*"

But no one, least of all his mentors, will say Puffy isn't a talented businessman. "Anything that was told to Heavy D or Mary J. Blige or Teddy Riley, from *my* mouth," Andre says with emphasis, "Puffy was there to hear it."

"Puffy's what Andre always wanted to be," says one old friend. "But Puffy's slicker at self-promotion, he's a one-man self-promotion machine. People think he's doing great even when he's not." "Puffy's a better management person than Andre or Russell," says the head of an independent label. "He's the shit on that."

It's Russell, however, whom Puffy seems to have been modeling himself on all these years, more than Andre or "Michael" or perhaps anyone. "Sean studied Russell very carefully," says a former Def Jam executive. "This is how you do it—this is what you don't do, this is who you talk to, this is where you hang out . . ."

Russell had a clothing line; now Puffy has a clothing line. Russell had a magazine; now Puffy has one. "They compete on a daily basis," one close friend says.

But how deep does the competition go? Russell likes to appear above the fray. He's "truly happy when other people are doing things," according to the rapper Jay-Z. "He just feels it widens the market for everyone when someone's doing well." He grins. "I seen him with a Sean John hat on." That's Puffy's clothing line.

"Puffy is the epitome of what rap is," Russell insists. "Get some money and get fly, all that shit Puffy's talking about—Puffy's living that for real. Puffy got the mansion and the yacht. On St. Barts, he had a quarter-million-dollar yacht two years in a row, and it wasn't an obscene thing for him to do. He belongs on the island, he's the most important person on the entire island in terms of flavor, everyone want him on their boat—"

For Russell, it seems Puffy's success is a statement, the importance of which goes well beyond any personal concerns. That may be why he sounds so upset when he talks about Puffy's recent arrest and the fact that this young man—and rival—with whom he vacations, now faces a possible sentence of up to seven years in jail. "Frank Sinatra beat people up, and he didn't go to jail!" Russell rails. "I'm disappointed in Sean, yes; I don't like what he did, but Steve [Stoute] is gonna drive off in a new car with a trunk full of money! Why isn't that enough?"

"I'm disappointed in Sean, yes," says Russell about Puffy's recent arrest. "But Frank Sinatra beat people up and he didn't go to jail."

But the fact is that Puffy has always had a somewhat different style. Russell, for example, always stayed far away from the East Coast–West Coast wars, while Puffy may have gotten some heat off his proximity to that violence. "A lot of people in the industry are saying Puffy did this [beating] on purpose to get his ghetto credibility back," says an executive at Sony. "He did it to have the kids on the street respect him again—no one cares about the Bad Boy insignia anymore. White kids are only gonna buy what black kids buy, and Puffy thinks that by doing this he'll win them back."

"I THINK PUFFY'S HAPPINESS," ANDRE TOLD me that night at Patsy's, "is driven by a different level of challenge than Russell or myself. I think both myself and Russell have a bigger appreciation at this point for good friends, good food. . . . Like, you know? We've achieved."

People say that Russell, once a "wild man," has changed recently, due in large part to his marriage to Kimora Lee. "She's his love child. She's Mrs. Oneworld," Andre says.

This year, Russell put out a Phat Farm shirt with Kimora Lee's face on it. There are a hundred Kimoras looking at you: Kimora looking up seductively. Kimora smiling intimately, as in a personal snapshot you would carry. Kimora's long, long leg swinging forward, toe pointed.

"It looks beautiful with your pictures all over it," Russell's telling her in his car one night. "The only problem with it is you get in a hot room and it starts sticking to you."

"It holds funk," Kimora agrees.

"But those shirts are hot, they're selling out," says Russell.

Kimora fits in nicely with his genius for synergy, so similar to his friend Martha Stewart's ("I think we have a lot in common that way," Stewart says). Kimora is the host of *Russell Simmons's Oneworld Music Beat,* the concept of which was a hip-hop *Entertainment Tonight.* "Isn't she great? She's so natural," Russell says. He is Charles Foster Kane–like in his devotion, but Kimora is fun to watch. She interviews rappers and other entertainers while smiling her dazzling smile and wearing beautiful gowns, in between promos for *Oneworld* magazine and Phat Farm.

Russell saw Kimora up on a runway in a Mary McFadden show when she was just 17. "Everyone said stay away from him," Kimora says. "We didn't do anything until I was 18," she adds demurely.

Russell had a well-publicized penchant for models and had dated so many that, he says, "that shit was getting dull." He had to get Kimora's agent to talk her mother into letting him take her out.

"He sent me flowers—jungles of flowers," says Kimora.

"Trees, a miniature forest. Oh, tell about the afternoon you flew to Greece just to have lunch," teases Andre.

"I went to every show she was in," says Russell, unapologetic and uncharacteristically poetic. "My ghetto sophisticate girl for Chanel."

"She's straight-up ghetto bitch," he says proudly. She's from St. Louis, Missouri. "Her mama works for the city government—and her daddy's a pimp," Russell says.

Kimora laughs.

He clarifies, proudly, "Her daddy was the first black U.S. marshal."

"My mother's a very straight Japanese woman," Kimora says. "And my grandmama called me, and she said"—with a high-Japanese accent—"'Kimora, at night, that rich man he come home and sleep with you? Only you?' And I said, 'Yes, Grammy,' and she said, 'Oh, very happy.' " Kimora claps her hands.

"Have you calmed down, honey?" asks Kimora.

Russell looks impatient. "I was never *not* calm.

"I'm 41, shit," he adds.

ON GRAMMY NIGHT IN L.A., RUSSELL, Andre, and Kimora—along with Kima and Keisha from the group Total—arrive at the Universal Studios lot for a party for Universal Music. The party is dull and full of suits. Russell is wearing a Phat Farm baseball jacket and a baseball cap slung sideways on his head, but somehow he still looks elegant.

Kimora glances around. "Honey, let's leave!" she whispers.

But Russell has a frozen smile. Across the room is Edgar Bronfman Jr. "Should we say hello to him? We gotta say hello to him," Russell says, and we inch over.

The most powerful man at the party seems a bit uncomfortable in his own skin. His tenure as a media mogul has been embattled, with stockholders and journalists second-guessing him constantly. Bronfman greets Russell stiffly.

"I'm doing a story on Russell Simmons," I tell him.

"Oh. . . . Why?" Bronfman says flatly; he appears to be making some sort of joke.

I turn around and, suddenly, Russell and Kimora are no longer there.

Soon after, we all get back in their limo, and Russell is mad, mad, about something:

"I'm talking to that [name deleted] who does the buying for [name of shopping-mall chain deleted]," he sputters, "and she says, 'Oh' "—he makes his voice high and phony—" 'we just don't want any *jeans stores* in our shopping centers.' Now, what does *that* mean?" He's frowning, waiting.

"Means she doesn't want a lot of little ghetto niggas runnin' up in there," he says.

We ride in silence a moment.

"Let's go to a real party," Andre says.

Photograph by Miles Ladin.

At midnight, amid the revelers at Andre's own Grammy party at Good Bar, virtually everyone who matters in hip-hop is there: Missy Elliot, Queen Latifah, Jay-Z, Jermaine Dupri, Mary J. Blige, Big Pun, top black executives from every label—and Russell, Andre, and Puffy.

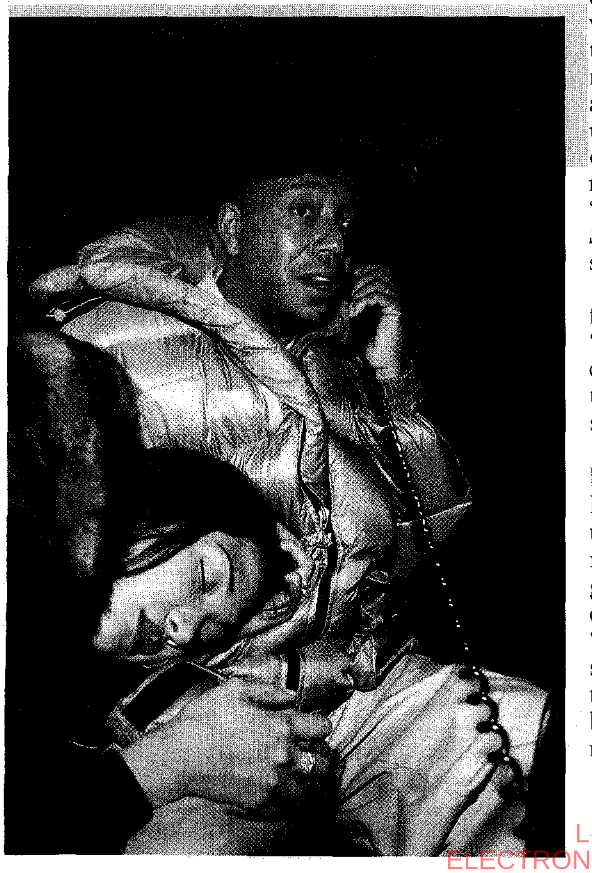
Everybody's talking, everybody's dancing, everybody's having a good time.

And Puffy's talking to Jennifer Lopez.

Russell, Kimora, and Andre are sitting on top of a booth in the center of the room, as slick boys and fly girls dance around their table, trying to be seen near them. This is the heart of the moment, which kids around the world are trying to reproduce at this very moment. "I came here to ball!" says Chris Rock, who got his start on Russell's *Def Comedy Jam* on HBO.

SOMEONE WHO WAS AT THE MAGIC CONVENtion (the clothing showcase) in Las Vegas in March relates this story: Russell, who had a large Phat Farm display at the show—"We got a fence and a barn," he told me, pleased, on his cell phone—was stopped by security guards when he went backstage to get himself a Coca-Cola from a cooler. The guards didn't know who he was and assumed from his dress that he couldn't be who he said he was, a clothing mogul. He was almost taken into custody until someone came by who identified him.

SOFT CELL: **Simmons runs his business while spouse Kimora Lee sleeps after another long night on the town.**



But his friends say Russell doesn't lose his cool over such things. "I was on a plane with him once," says Bobby Shriver, "and the steward was, I thought, treating Russell less than respectfully. I got all stressed out about it, but Russell said, 'Look, if I got that upset every time something like that happened, I'd be dead by now.' "

"He's a very progressive person," says Harris. "He has a tremendous sense of entitlement. He's looking at the big picture."

One evening recently, Russell was on his way to yoga in his new black Mercedes Benz. He's been doing yoga for about three years now. "When I took him to his first yoga class in L.A.," says Shriver, "he came out and said, 'If I keep doing this, I'm gonna lose all my money.' Which is a great insight into yoga. But Russell's only managed to make *more* money."

We were driving east on Houston Street, and Russell was looking out the window at the East Village. "I think where we are right now in the East Village is probably the best American melting pot," he said. "This is where American culture comes together. People can understand each other here, people bump up against each other, the fusion is honest here.

"There's a whole communication, a dialogue amongst youth, going on in this city—it's a big deal," he said.

"You know what the *Jerry Springer Show* proves?" he went on, turning around and looking at me. "That white people are niggers, too. It's important. People don't realize it when they live in a different world, but a lot of those people are uneducated, they have the whole same set of experiences, they have the same lifestyle, and now, because of hip-hop, they're all dressing the same and they're using the same language." Seven out of ten hip-hop records are now purchased by non-blacks. "All those people on *Jerry Springer* listen to it," Russell said.

But "hip-hop didn't cross over from black to white," he added. "It crossed over from cool to uncool. There was always alternative white people into it." Russell scowled.

"People aren't threatened by black people getting 'economically empowered.' That's too much thinking. They're threatened by rappers saying that shit about we gonna rob you! They're threatened they might get robbed, too! 'Thank God, I wish they'd be successful, and not rob me—if that's all they want, *please*, somebody give them niggas some money!' " He laughed.

"But when Jay-Z's saying, 'I'm gonna rob you,' he's saying, *'I'm gonna rob you if shit ain't right.'*

"Rappers are spokespeople for the people who have nothing. We really can't empower them all," he said.

He went into his class in the Jivamukti Yoga Center. The wide, smooth room where he laid down his mat was filled with limber girls with henna tattoos.

The room fell quiet, and the teacher started telling the story of Ganesha, the Indian god who as a little boy was cursed with an elephant head. "And so, Ganesha teaches us how to deal with obstacles," the teacher said.

Every day, Russell Simmons stands on his head.

IT'S ANOTHER NIGHT AT MOOMBA, "THE regular spot": Russell and Andre, Gary Harris, J. Luv, and Andre's date, a young woman named Erica, are spread out over a booth. Russell's wearing a Phat Farm jacket with the company's mascot on the back, a jaunty cash cow called Money Moo. Andre is all in white—Calvin Klein.

Marilyn Manson is sitting long-faced in the middle of everyone, hands on knees, in white makeup.

"I got an idea," Russell says. "A restaurant chain . . . a Def Jam Cafe, like a hip-hop Planet Hollywood."

"Who would go there?" says J. Luv. "You wouldn't go there. Do you go to Justin's?"—Puffy's place.

"Yes," says Russell, "and yes, I would!"

"That's a onetime visit," says Erica. "People don't go back once they see the stars aren't really there."

"Oh, I'd get 'em in there." Russell nods vehemently. "We'll have everybody up in there—and all my artists' videos playing on the TV screens!"

Shoshanna Lonstein is coming by in tight jeans . . . tight everything. Russell's eyes light up. "Every Jewish guy in New York is in love with that girl," he says.

She crouches before him, smiling her wide, easy smile. Her dark hair gleams; her cleavage heaves. "Hey, Russell, whassup?"

"Hi, sweetheart," says Russell.

They talk business.

"Smart girl," Russell says approvingly as she moves away.

"You're feeling her—and I'm feeling you," Harris teases.

"She *is* a smart girl," Russell says. "Making a whole business out of her titties!"

"They're not that big," remarks Erica.

They keep talking; Russell lays down some more plans for the Def Jam Cafe.

"I think it could work," says Andre.

"Of course it could work," Russell says.

He isn't going to give up until everyone agrees with him. ■

Smart, glamorous, and ferociously self-promoting, Westchester D.A. Jeanine Pirro is the most promising woman in New York politics since Geraldine Ferraro. But will her husband's indictment on bribery and fraud charges (not to mention an embarrassing sex scandal) derail New York's GOP golden girl?

By Kevin Gray

PIRRO MANIA

Police commissioner Howard Safir has just told a packed room of reporters that the city's most notorious rapist, who may have attacked 51 women in six years, has been caught. The room erupts in questions. Was he wielding a gun? Is there DNA evidence? Why did it take so long? Safir, flanked by fourteen beefy detectives, fires off his answers. Lost in the noise is a striking woman in three-inch stiletto heels, standing just to Safir's right, nervously tilting toward the microphone. Though just one of the rapes occurred in her jurisdiction, Westchester County district attorney Jeanine Pirro rushed here to help out. Too bad not a single question has come her way. The exercise has eaten three hours of her day; it will amount to a twenty-second sound bite on the evening news, Pirro thanking the NYPD for its hard work. "It was Safir's show," Pirro says later as her Crown Victoria sits in rush-hour traffic on the FDR, two veteran investigators, each of whom earns more than $60,000 a year, idling in the buttery leather seats up front.

Photograph by Jake Chessum

JEANINE PIRRO
ICT ATTORNEY

But as it turns out, this is Jeanine Pirro's show—plying the photo-op circuit, face tinted slightly orange with TV makeup, skirt riding dangerously high on her gym-toned thighs. A short while later, she stands in a low-ceilinged Italian restaurant in White Plains, delivering a rambling 30-minute "spiel," as her press rep calls it, on her causes of choice—domestic violence, child abuse, and rapes of the elderly. Her gutsy voice peppers the room with images of penetration, penises, and vaginas. Her hosts, 28 members of the Westchester Smith College Club, prim matrons in fat diamonds and tweed, exchange worried looks. "There are crimes occurring against senior citizens in this county," says Pirro, working herself into a passionate, political anger, "that are horrendous, that we don't hear about."

It is Pirro's self-appointed mission to let the public hear them. Intelligent, articulate, a future contender for governor, say people in and out of her Republican party, Pirro, 47, has forged a national reputation as an avenger of victims. With glamorous good looks (*People* magazine named her one of its 50 Most Beautiful people in 1997) and crime-fighter demeanor, she is an all-but-inescapable presence on *Geraldo, Nightline, Larry King Live.* She feels your pain.

But now, as she works the Smithies with after-dinner drama, she seems oddly deaf to one man raising his voice a few feet away: "My wife and I sit by the TV and watch her and her husband and say, 'How can she stay with this guy?' " As Pirro approaches, a second man tries to quiet his friend. But the first man wants Pirro to hear: "I'd kill the bastard."

THAT "BASTARD" IS ALBERT J. Pirro, Westchester's most influential real-estate lawyer, a man Donald Trump keeps on retainer—for when he wants to develop an island off New Rochelle or build a $100 million golf-course community in Briarcliff Manor—a man whom Republicans like Governor George Pataki count on to feather their campaign nests with his clients' money, and a man who was recently indicted on 66 counts of federal tax fraud. The Feds say Pirro hid $1 million in income between 1988 and 1997, claiming dozens of personal luxuries as business expenses, from his $123,000 Ferrari to his wife's Mercedes-Benz.

Though federal tax law allows spouses to claim ignorance of their other half's business dealings, Al's list of exemptions raises real concerns—at least about Jeanine's lack of curiosity. "She's a bright lawyer," says a former assistant U.S. Attorney who worked in the office now prosecuting Al. "How could she not know? You're going to see some things in her husband's case that shows she's ethically blind." Jeanine Pirro refuses to discuss the matter, except to call the investigation "invasive and hostile."

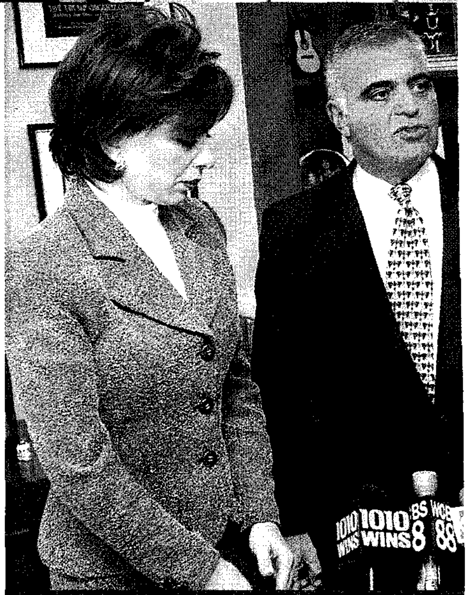
Though she co-signed several of the couple's joint tax returns (she earns $136,700 a year as D.A.), she has offered no explanations. Not about the Mercedes, which she drives each day past the $40,000 electronic gates of her $1.7 million Harrison home—gates Al claimed as a business deduction—or about the deductions of a $3,700 backyard awning; $10,000 in furnishings for a West Palm Beach vacation home; another Mercedes, for Jeanine's mother; cruise tickets; stereos; fine wines; cigars; toys; and even salaries for workers who baby-sat the Pirro children, picked up the dry cleaning, and took the family's pot-bellied pigs to the vet.

If Al Pirro is convicted, the scandal could derail the political future of New York's brightest Republican star and Westchester's top vote-getter, a woman who served as master of ceremonies at Pataki's second inauguration, a woman who—until the indictment—was a contender for the Senate seat being vacated by Daniel Patrick Moynihan in 2000.

"If he's convicted, you have to see how much involvement she had, if any," says Geraldine Ferraro, whose own husband's tax troubles killed her 1992 Senate bid. "No doubt about it, when you get spouses in business, they are ripe pickings."

It won't be the first time Al Pirro's troubles have tainted his wife's career. In 1986, Jeanine's bid for lieutenant governor lasted just two days; she withdrew—embarrassing the GOP—rather than face questions about Al's stake in a Connecticut carting company with alleged mob ties. Six years later, a former Yonkers planning official claimed Al Pirro gave him a $5,000 bribe to push through a multiplex theater. Al Pirro said the money paid for work on a Rye development. Later, he said he befriended the official, Michael Calvi, because Calvi served as a Yonkers ward boss—and could help Jeanine politically. Despite separate state and federal investigations, nothing ever came of the charges.

But Al's problems don't all involve money and influence. There is also sex and infidelity. In 1995, an Indiana woman named Jessica Marciano slapped Al with a paternity suit, saying he fathered her now



"Because of the alleg
being mugg

JUST ASK JEANINE From top, Jeanine Pirro and Howard Safir at a news conference announcing the arrest of a serial rapist; Al Pirro addresses the media after his indictment; the couple's house in Harrison, New York.

Photographs: from top to bottom, Frances M. Roberts; Chet Gordon/Journal News; Hai Do/Journal News.

16-year-old daughter during a tumultuous three-month affair in Florida. "He told me he had left his wife," says Marciano, a paralegal who met Al for trysts in a model home at a condominium project they worked on. "He told me she was so career-oriented and he wanted to have a family. That was their major squabble." Jeanine was childless at the time.

For three years, Pirro denied the claim, even tarring Marciano as a "convicted felon," citing her 1983 arrest for theft. (He also claimed the service of a private detective he used in the suit as a business deduction.) A court-ordered DNA test last June confirmed Marciano's claim. Pirro has publicly accepted responsibility for the girl and established a trust fund, with a $10,000 initial contribution. Marciano is still seeking half a million dollars in past child support.

With each embarrassing revelation, Jeanine's supporters have circled the wagons. They say she wouldn't be subjected to such scrutiny if she were a man whose wife had the same legal difficulties. "Because of the *alleged* sins of her husband," says Geraldo Rivera, on whose show she frequently appears, "one of the most effective, intelligent, determined, and compassionate prosecutors in the country is being mugged by the media. Jeanine Pirro deserves better. She's a true and sincere public servant."

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y the media. Jeanine deserves better. She is a true public servant."

Meanwhile, in the whispering outback of New York politics, no one is quite sure what Servant Pirro wants—or when she plans to go for it. While her oratory packs the punch of a centrist stump speech, railing against the harsh Rockefeller drug laws and urging her listeners to support a hate-crimes bill, she claims a fierce loyalty to her current job. "No, I'm not running for anything," she laughs, waving off a Smithie who inquired. Later, Pirro tells me: "I've always wanted to be in this job and do this work. And I'm not done."

Republican moderates, like state senator Nicholas Spano, head of the Republican Party in Westchester, love that talk. With a profile of tough prosecutor, sensitive to domestic violence, pro-choice, pro–Brady Bill, Pirro has the markings "of a real winner," says Spano. "I think she's destined for statewide office. But a lot of water has to go under the bridge between now and then." If Pirro does run for higher office, and if she can shake the Gerry syndrome, as political consultant Norman Adler puts it, the field is hers. "There are very few Republican woman stars, and fewer in New York," he says. Importantly, Pirro is well regarded by conservative Democrats; she fights for women's and children's rights—and she hasn't used the death penalty. "All things considered," says Adler, "Jeanine looks pretty damn good."

THE LAST TIME I SAW JEANINE PIRRO, nearly ten years ago in the Westchester County Courthouse, where she would one day preside over 118 assistants and a $15 million budget, she was an A.D.A. heading up the domestic-violence unit, tearing down the hall in Reeboks and a trademark short skirt, bulging files clutched to her side. Her hair was teased, and her fingernails looked like they could slice cheese. She was in court that day to hear an incompetence ruling on a Port Chester mother who had killed her four children; I was there to write about it.

By then, Pirro had earned a reputation as a firebrand for battered women, having shaped the domestic-violence unit, moved spousal- and child-abuse cases out of family court and into the tougher criminal courts, and drafted legislation strengthening orders of protection.

She had moved beyond the courtroom, too, helping form domestic-abuse support groups, encouraging women to report violence against themselves and their children, urging community leaders to support her unit, under threat from the county budget ax. "I was able to get women to say, 'Hey, wait a minute. Listen to this atrocity that's going on in the home,' " says Pirro. "It was all about going from one level to the next." One advocate who watched Pirro's rise from A.D.A. to family-court judge in 1990, then joined her 1993 campaign for district attorney, was Charlotte Watson, executive director of My Sister's Place, a local safe house for battered women. "At a time when it wasn't popular," says Watson, "she took out her machete and started clearing a path to make home life safer."

Pirro's crusade reached hundreds of women in countless cases that crossed her desk, but her machete frayed the nerves of co-workers. They detected an egomania in her grasping at high-profile murders and assaults that belonged to other units. "She wanted somebody to prepare the case, tied with a little bow, and she'd walk it across the finish line," says a former lead prosecutor. "There was this ever-expanding desire to increase her role."

"You know what?" Pirro says in response to the charge. "It wasn't about me. There was an issue, and it had to do with people being abused, mistreated, and ignored by the criminal-justice system, by society at large, victims afraid to come forward. It was about bringing attention to what I thought was an inequity in the systems that had to be remedied."

But the Port Chester murder was a case where restraint—and even compassion—might have been more appropriate. The mother, an immigrant named Maria Amaya, had by all accounts been a doting parent. But troubled by a deep depression, she believed her children, ages 3 to 11, were being corrupted by drugs and sex. Thinking they'd be better off in heaven, she slashed their throats with a knife as they slept, then attempted suicide by stabbing herself in the neck. Less than 24 hours later, even as the woman's husband begged for sympathy and neighbors pleaded for peace from the swarming camera crews, Pirro fanned the flames, staging a bedside arraignment in a hospital intensive-care unit.

"She always played hardball seeking publicity," says Carl Vergari, the man who hired Pirro and presided over the office for 26 years. "She's a bright and capable woman. But she's also very self-centered in everything she does. She was aggressive about the breadth of her responsibilities in the office, and that caused conflict. There was a problem keeping her in line. It was always hell reining her in."

IT WAS NEVER EASY REINING IN JEANINE Ferris. Growing up a small-town girl in Elmira, New York, her father a mobile-home salesman and her mother a department-store model, she knew she wanted to be a lawyer by age 6. At 15, she marched into the offices of the local district attorney and practically demanded that she be taken on as a volunteer. "She was extraordinarily articulate and not at all shy," says Bruce Crew, then a part-time D.A. and now an appellate-court judge. “She followed me to depositions and such. I never encountered anyone with her tenacity and ambition. Never.”

That ambition propelled her through Notre Dame High School in three years. After graduating from the University of Buffalo, she attended Albany Law School, where she met and fell in love with Al Pirro. The son of a Mount Vernon truck driver for Stella D'oro bakeries, his mother a waitress, he, too, was ambitious and driven. They married in 1975 and moved to Harrison, living in a downtown apartment across from a gas station.

Jeanine took a job in the D.A.'s office, and Al set out to become the county's most politically connected attorney. Gradually, Al Pirro built a power base that would rival his wife's. If a deep-pocket developer, like Trump, Viacom, or ITT, wanted to build in Westchester, Al was the man to see. He could move controversial projects, like the $165 million Westchester mall in White Plains, through finicky public boards. “He's incredibly intelligent and effective,” says Trump. “There's no one like him up there.” Equally important, Pirro could be relied on to raise tens of thousands of dollars for Republican campaigns—including his wife's. “Al has been a tremendous supporter of Jeanine and this party,” says Spano. “He's helped plenty of people for a long time.”

Together, the Pirros have also helped themselves to a life of luxury. They traveled to Italy to handpick the terra-cotta-hued marble that fills their home. “The marble's everywhere, on the spiral stairs, the walls, the floors,” says one friend. “It looks like something out of *Scarface.*” With friends like Carl Portale, the publisher of *Elle* magazine, the couple and their two children, Christi, 13, and Alex, 10, vacationed in the Caribbean and spent New Year's at the Pirros' home in West Palm Beach. “They are both high-powered people who go after what they want,” says Portale. “They have a great deal of love and affection for each other and their children and their friends.”

The Pirros wear their success with what one friend calls a nouveau riche flash. “She is someone who loves the spotlight,” says longtime friend and local radio talk-show host William O'Shaughnessy. “And the spotlight loves her. She comes to the studio and the guys here all drool over her.” And for good reason. Pirro is in top shape.

“Sexy as hell” is the way Trump puts it. She works out on a treadmill every morning at six. And she has traded the high hair for a soft, layered look with a blunt back and blonde highlights. Her nose is also noticeably thinner. She's taking her makeup cues from Larry King's makeup artist, because she loves how she looks on the show. And “she loves to wear nice clothes,” says Bonnie Pressman, a longtime friend and the former women's fashion director at Barneys, who now holds the same position at Ralph Lauren. “She works very hard at keeping herself together. That's very central to who she is.”

The couple has thrown $5,000-a-plate cocktail fund-raisers at their home, inviting political luminaries like Pataki and Al D'Amato. For close friends, they've hosted lavish—and outlandish—parties. A few years ago, a Mexican-themed cookout drew 500 people, including Trump's daughters, Ivanka and Tiffany. Guests passed a horse grazing on the front lawn, danced to a mariachi band by the pool, and found dozens of disposable cameras in a wicker basket. “Jeanine is there in this Miss Kitty *bustier* and black fishnet stockings and high heels dancing the Macarena,” says one friend. “The woman is a fox, but I say, ‘Jeanine, if you ever run for governor, you're gonna have to buy back all these pictures.’ She says, ‘Do I care?’ ”

THE NIGHT BEFORE JEANINE PIRRO took the reins as district attorney on January 1, 1994, a Bronxville man named Scott Douglas took a claw hammer and bashed his wife's skull in. Then he drove to the Tappan Zee Bridge and disappeared, leaving his car running in the third lane. The murder of Anne Scripps Douglas, an heiress to the Scripps newspaper fortune, shocked Westchester and led to an international manhunt. The made-for-TV murder mystery drew camera crews from around the world. And Jeanine Pirro, New York's foremost domestic-violence expert, was ready for them. In tailored suits and heavy eyeliner, she would dominate the nightly news stories while her words spilled forth in the daily tabloids. By the time Scott Douglas's body surfaced in the Hudson River three months later, Pirro had made her mark. And just as her name began to fade from the national headlines, a man in Los Angeles took a famous televised freeway ride in a Ford Bronco, and Pirro was cast into an even bigger drama, as talking head on *Nightline, Larry King, Geraldo.*

No one disputes that Pirro has effectively used her office as a bully pulpit for victims (offering battered women free cell phones for emergencies, installing peepholes in the doors of senior citizens). But critics say she is now more bully than sermonizer and that her office is ruled through intimidation. “You cross her,” says one former prosecutor, “at your own professional peril. I never met an A.D.A. I didn't smell fear on. Their main goal is to live another day, to be able to say, ‘I didn't piss off Jeanine and step on my johnson and let a rapist get off. I'm safe.’ ”

DISTRIC
ORNEY
ISTRICT

Pirro herself has angered a number of Feds in what they say is a grab for power and headlines. “It was a constant turf war,” says a former head of the U.S. Attorney's office in White Plains. “She used strong-arm tactics with us, with local cops, with whoever she could.”

Pirro has also alienated her share of beat cops around Westchester. On June 20, 1994, Mamaroneck cops busted a 51-year-old Seattle man who had met a 14-year-old local girl through e-mail, then flown to town to meet her. Pirro stepped in and took most of the credit, later turning the case into a one-woman crusade to make it a felony to have indecent communications with a minor on the Internet. “She makes a lot of enemies,” says one local cop. “It's always her taking credit over people who are actually out there tearing up their shoe leather. She's playing a dangerous game.”

That game turned truly dangerous on March 21, 1996, when Richard Sacchi Jr. killed an Eastchester cop, then took his own grandmother hostage in a twelve-hour armed standoff with police. As hostage negotiators tried to coax Sacchi from the family home, Pirro appeared on the evening news, saying she would consider seeking the death penalty against him. “She got up there for a few moments of news time,” says the former assistant U.S. Attorney, “risking that this guy might hear it and kill his grandmother

The D.A. “makes a lot of enemies,” says a local cop. “She's alway
taking credit over other people. She's playin

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dangerous game.”

CAMERA-READY QUEEN From top, Pirro at a press conference in ’94; the newly elected D.A. in ’93; installing a peephole to promote Westchester’s Watchful Eye program in ’98.

and go out in a blaze of glory.” Sacchi, it turned out, had killed his grandmother and himself long before her remarks, but Pirro didn’t know that.

Pirro now says her statement was taken out of context. As for the grandstanding charges, she says it’s simply the nattering of critics: “Name me a person in public life who doesn’t have critics. Especially women in public life. I mean, just by virtue of doing my job, it draws attention to me, and you know, whatever people are going to say, they’re going to say. I focus on what I’ve got to do and my purpose in being here. Period. End of story.”

SOON AFTER HER 1993 ELECTION, Pirro took over a new floor of the courthouse, remodeled her office with mahogany, installed a private kitchenette, and built a $20,000 press room, decorated with her awards. Then she instituted a policy that no one could talk to the media without her permission—ironic given her own success in corralling headlines as an A.D.A.

Few of the steady flurry of press releases that issue weekly from her office concern one of Westchester’s most insidious problems: organized crime. The trouble, say more than a dozen former federal prosecutors, FBI agents, and members of the state Organized Crime Task Force, is that Pirro, married to a man whom many say she should be investigating, has turned her back on organized crime.

“Jeanine Pirro has not made it an issue,” says one former federal prosecutor. “Why? Because there’s no crying victim to wrap her arms around. It’s silly to suggest that in a county with so much labor, money, and politics, you don’t have corruption. Where are the wiretaps? Where are the undercover cases?”

Pirro’s spokesman, David Hebert, bristles at the suggestion that his boss is soft on organized crime, noting that last year the office had eleven wiretaps and executed 75 search warrants through its organized-crime-and-criminal-enterprise bureau. But one former A.D.A. mocks those figures. “Most of that stuff is her busting grandfathers for sports gambling,” he says. Pirro herself says one big problem is funding. “I don’t have the luxury of what some other organizations may have,” she says, “to take $5 million or $10 million, put four people for five years on a case.”

But Pirro’s relationship with the state’s Organized Crime Task Force “was essentially nonexistent while I was there,” says Ron Goldstock, former head of the OCTF. “We were investigating Al [in the Calvi case].” More problematic is what some say is a chill between Pirro’s office and the office of U.S. Attorney Mary Jo White, who is investigating Al. “To say it’s cool is an understatement,” says one FBI agent. “First of all, Jeanine feels she’s the leading law enforcement in the area. She’s just not taking a backseat to anybody. Second, come on: Mary Jo White is going after her husband.”

A U.S. Attorney’s spokesman denies the charge, as does Pirro. “I’m here because I have a job to do,” Pirro says. “I’m here because there are victims out there that need me, and I will never jeopardize anyone or any case for a reason that is not relevant to what I do. I am Jeanine Pirro, district attorney, when I sit at this desk.”

HOW LONG SHE WILL SIT AT THAT desk is the question. Voters have heard some of the charges against Pirro in the past but have shown affection for her and approval of her work. Even now, according to a recent poll, her approval rating among Westchester voters is holding at 71 percent. For now, political pals aren’t discussing Pirro’s future. Neither Pataki nor state Republican chairman Bill Powers, two men who have benefited from Al Pirro’s fund-raising, has returned repeated calls made by *New York*.

Recent rumors of a potential Senate run for Pirro were more a favor to the party than a sign of intent. “That talk about her running was put out because people around Pataki were trying to find a safe place to shoot at the mayor,” says Adler, who has numerous GOP clients in Westchester. “So they talked her up and probably asked her not to say no.”

And Jeanine never said no. She’s still not saying no. And despite her husband’s current troubles, even Democrats think she will eventually rise above the mêlée to run for higher office. “She is a terrific candidate,” says Gerry Ferraro. “I’d rather have a [Democrat Senate] candidate come up against Giuliani, because Jeanine Pirro would be hard to beat.”

For now, Pirro is simply too hard to ignore. The same week she appeared at Safir’s side and in front of the Smith College group, she also popped up on the local cable evening news. There she sat, backed by a spiky D.A. seal, her office just two blocks from where her husband will soon go on trial, commenting on John Gotti Jr.’s plea bargain in a federal racketeering case—a case she had nothing to do with. ■

Photographs: from top to bottom, Jesse Mobley/Journal News; Michael DeChillo/Journal News; Rohanna Mertens/Journal News.

The things that have made the city a tourist magnet—safety, culture, 24-hour bistros—have also made it the best place to raise kids again. Just ask anyone who's traded God's half-acre for a classic seven.

By Joanne Kaufman

Manhattan Mother Lode

My children's first sitter left with excruciating exactness every day at five o'clock, and having quickly discerned that it was easier to entertain the troops abroad than at home, I routinely took to the streets with a double stroller that had all the maneuverability of an eighteen-wheeler, 2-year-old Matthew in the front, baby Karen in the back. Eighty-ninth Street was a must-do because of the high concentration of garages (Matthew's obsession); 87th because of a splendid long, tall ramp attached to an apartment building between Park and Lexington Avenues. We plied the waters (the fountains in front of the Metropolitan Museum) and watering holes (3 Guys, Jackson Hole) of the Upper East Side, stopping in at the local shoe store to gossip with the manager and cadge popcorn. Then it was on to the now defunct Canard & Company, where I had iced coffee and where, when it came to

Illustrations by Trisha Krauss

Matthew, the counterman showed a remarkably free hand with the smoked salmon. It was—and is—a fine life, not just because of my neighborhood but because of my town. *This* town. When I moved here from Michigan after college twenty years ago, it was love and it was for good. I certainly saw no reason to step out on the city when I got married and had children.

Not so long ago, the conception of a second child, sometimes even a first, was the signal to phone up Century 21 and start memorizing Metro-North schedules. Manhattan was too noisy, too dirty, too dangerous, too crowded, too complicated—take your pick—to provide the proper setting for bringing up baby.

But now we're staying here with two children, in some cases with three—as long as we can find a place to nest. “The really desirable eight-room apartments are scarcer than ever, and they usually sell above the asking price,” says Joanna Simon, a broker at Fox Residential Group. “The demand is just wild. I've yet to see one of them on the market for more than a week.”

Zabar's eliminated displays to make it easier for mothers to navigate with strollers, and if they need to go up to housewares, “we'll watch the baby.”

IF THE SEVENTIES WERE THE ME DECADE and the eighties the decade of Much Too Much, the nineties, in Manhattan at least, seem to have been the Mom decade, a time to stash on high shelves, away from small, sticky hands, the stuff we accumulated in the eighties (when we knew from disposable income). I have learned I've got lots of company in what has effectively become a metropolis of Maclarens. Many women—whether on the Upper East or West Side, uptown or downtown, whether patronizing public or private schools—believe, as I do, that to be a mother in Manhattan is to have located the mother lode.

What has made the city so attractive to tourists—cleaner, safer streets—is precisely what's making it so appealing to mothers. “The coincidence of my 11-year-old going into adolescence and having more independence when the crime rate is low is very reassuring,” says an Upper West Side mother of three. Women also talk of convenience (food and diapers just a block or a phone call away day or night, child care readily available) and conveyances (no bundling snowsuit-clad kids into car seats and being in thrall to an SUV). They talk about community: “There are six people within a block radius who know my son by name,” says Sara Nelson, editor-at-large at *Self*, who lives with her husband and 5-year-old son, Charley, in SoHo. “I could imagine if something happened and I had to go out for fifteen minutes, I could leave him with the dry cleaner. It's this unusual extended family.” They talk about cultural opportunities: “Since he was six days old, he's been dragged to everything from Karen Finley to the Met,” says West Village artist Barbara Pollack of her 11-year-old son, Max. And they talk about the cross-section of people: “I don't think you find the heterogeneous population in the suburbs in terms of ethnic groups, income, or family structure,” says one Upper West Side mother. “Here we've got Heather who has two mommies—as well as everything else.”

Certainly the stores, restaurants, and other establishments we frequent are taking note. According to the Parents League, the number of toddler programs (those designed for children under 3) has jumped in the past decade from 83 to 258. For the first time this year, the 92nd Street Y offered a standing-room-only seminar directed at older first-time mothers. The Baby Gap at 76th Street and Columbus Avenue has a bathroom seating area for mothers to feed their infants. At Starbucks, whose coffee bars in the family-friendly neighborhoods are overrun with strollers every afternoon, “we cater any way we can,” says the chain's New York City marketing manager, Paul Williams. “We carry books the kids can look at. If moms are getting a drink, we'll sometimes give the kids chocolate milk and a cookie. If a manager tells us his store is filled with moms, we may have balloon artists come and make things for the kids.”

Zabar's has eliminated several center-aisle displays to make it easier for mothers to navigate with strollers. And if they need to go to the housewares department on the second floor, “we'll watch the baby downstairs or carry the stroller upstairs,” says manager Scott Goldshine gallantly. There's even talk of adding cereal to the café's bill of fare. “Not Cheerios, because we're Zabar's,” says Goldshine, not so gallantly, “but maybe muesli.”

Restaurateurs, many of them new parents themselves, are adopting an “if you can't beat 'em, seat 'em” attitude. “You start out trendy, you're the new place, but then your customers get married and have children,” says Sebastiano Cappita, owner of the eight-year-old Upper West Side restaurant Isola. Now, according to one habitué, the trattoria has so many mothers breast-feeding that there seems to be a nursing section the way there used to be a smoking section.

WHEN MY CHILDREN WERE IN PRESCHOOL, there was, each year, a certain thinning of the ranks as families decided to make a break for Westchester or Fairfield County before kindergarten began. My first thought, I must admit, was: *So you can't take it here, is that it?* My second thought, I must also admit, was: *Hmmm, do they know something I don't know?* In every sense, was the grass greener? It's a question that plagued literary figures as diverse as Mr. Blandings and Marjorie Morningstar. It plagues some of my friends. Off and on, when things get difficult here, it plagues me as well.

And they do get difficult. It's not just the school-admissions thing (which I'll get to in a minute). We tend to live or die by the MTA and the Taxi & Limousine Commission—both of which work around the clock, though not necessarily *my* clock, and neither of which has always demonstrated grace or charm in coping with strollers and kids who suddenly don't feel so good. And in a city where dealing with frustration and anxiety can reach the level of performance art, I am often undone by how long it can take to get anything accomplished, and done in by all the choices. Is the tumbling-tots program best at Jodi's Gym, Asphalt Green, or the 92nd Street Y? If my son sings well, should he be in the school glee club and let it go at that, or must we think about the children's chorus at the Met?

Then there's the flip side: What *isn't* available here? I consider, with varying degrees of wistfulness, houses equipped with basements, backyards, barbecue grills, and a basketball hoop over the garage; the singular joy of scuffling through leaves and going door-to-door *outside* on Halloween. One friend speaks longingly of closets big enough to hold the family luggage, a pantry for lining up her canned goods, wide aisles at the supermarket.

Yet I've been fortunate in finding several women more than willing to disabuse me of my bucolic fantasies. Five years ago, fed up with dirty streets, increasing cutbacks at the public library, and the looming specter of the invasive private-school admission process, Michele Weinberg headed for Westport, where her family had spent several summers, with her husband and 5-year-old daughter. "You know the movie *Stepford Wives*?" asks Weinberg, executive director of the Village Child Development Center. "That's what the town was like. There was no passion. I was a working mother; most of the other mothers weren't. And the commuting started to be very wearing, because I'd try to get home to meet the school bus." After five years—"I think I was getting clinically depressed"—Weinberg insisted that they move back, calling dozens of private schools until she found a place for her daughter. "We had to live in our offices on mattresses on the floor from September 15 to Thanksgiving until we got co-op approval. But you know what? I would do it again. I was happier living on a floor in Manhattan than I was in a house in Westport.

"Manhattan is three-dimensional," she adds. "You have to use your five senses. That's good for kids *and* mothers."

In an effort to preempt those calls from the Westport Chamber of Commerce (not to mention my brother-in-law, who's on the town council), I hasten to add that I heard a similar story from a woman who spearheaded her family's move to Scarsdale. Six months later, she, too, was back. "You have no anonymity in a small community," she says, insisting on anonymity here so as not to offend her suburban friends. "Everyone knows who you are, what you do, the works; I didn't like that." Then she adds what may be the Gotham matriarch's ultimate dis: "And you couldn't get food brought in. I had to cook *every night*."

Another Upper East Side mother of three, tired of being outbid on apartments, impulsively bought a house, also in Connecticut, one weekend; renovated it; then returned to Manhattan. "Door to door, it was seven months," says the woman, who didn't want her name used because her husband has business interests in Westchester and Connecticut. "For me, a stay-at-home mother, it was very isolating. My husband was my link for 'Who did you see today?' " My daughter's school is four blocks from our apartment, and on any given day, I'll see half a dozen people I know along the way. One is Janet Chan, editor-in-chief of *Parenting*, whose daughter and mine are kindergarten classmates. "If we lived in the suburbs, I'd be kissing her good-bye and putting her on the bus," says Chan. "To be able to walk with her through the park is a wonderful treat. If there's a nuclear tragedy, I can get home quickly. I can take my daughter to the pediatrician during lunch."

PARADOXICALLY, WHAT WE VALUE most about our lives as mothers in Manhattan—running into neighborhood friends at every turn, taking our children to the playground, organizing play dates a few floors away rather than a few miles away, schmoozing with shopkeepers—is also what most makes the city seem suburban.

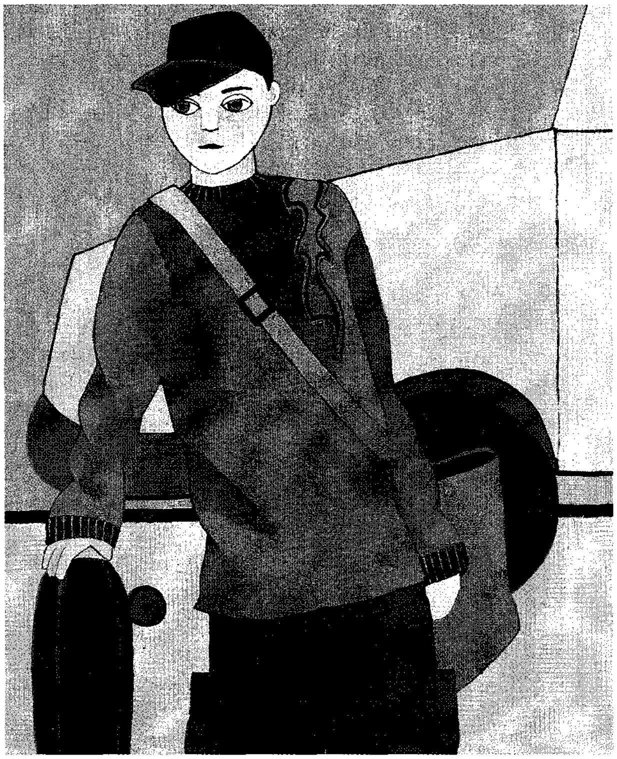
When I feel defensive about raising my children in the city—this happens every time my aunt and uncle come from Michigan to visit and criticize—I start blithering about the cultural opportunities. Because

of my job, my children have a working knowledge of the Rodgers and Hammerstein songbook (they were in the audience at the recent Broadway revivals of *The King and I* and *The Sound of Music*). They have warmed seats at almost every screening room in the city and demonstrate—my son especially—an indiscriminate enthusiasm matched only by Jeffrey Lyons's.

But because I live on Museum Mile, I've got more than a little guilt that my children do not know the holdings of the Guggenheim even one fourth as well as they know the listings on the takeout menu from First Wok. I do, however, take an odd comfort in knowing that Mr. De Montebello's minions are there and ready when I am. "When you live here, you can just dip into things without making an elaborate event about them," says Chan. "We go to the Metropolitan Museum, see the Temple of Dendur and throw pennies in the fountain, and leave because we know we can come back."

All Piranesi and no play? Not exactly. "People need to know there are all the normal things, even in the West Village," says Barbara Pollack. "There's soccer and Little League, but because they're city kids"—here she laughs heartily—"they're terrible."

"I feel a little wistful," admits Chan. "My 14-year-old son was in West Side Soccer League, and when he played in Scarsdale, there were beautifully manicured fields and the team came out in matching jackets. The New York City kids looked like they were from the Fresh Air Fund."



What we really wonder is how our children are doing compared with everyone else's.

UNTIL I HAD CHILDREN, the three letters I dreaded most were IRS. They have long since been replaced by ERB, a test that, depending on which know-it-all you ask, sort of, or partly, or largely, or totally determines whether and where Junior will get accepted to private school. One Upper East Side woman had such agita about her 5-year-old's placement that she was almost a week late going into labor with her second child. "I needed to resolve the most important issue in my son's life before I could bring my other child into the world," explains the woman, whose contractions began precisely three hours after she learned that Nicky had gotten into Saint David's, the family's first choice.

Yet her worries are hardly over. There was a time when younger family members had to register little more than vital signs to be assured a place at their siblings' school. Today there are no such guarantees. Some of this has to do with the large pool of family applicants. "We could fill an entire class with just siblings," a school administrator noted recently. But according to one popular Upper East Side rumor, it's also because a study has shown that parents tend to contribute proportionately less money when they've got two or more children enrolled in the same school.

There's a quite predictable pattern of worry for us when it comes to school. By the time our children are 2, we begin scrutinizing them to make sure they're preschool material. Just when they've comfortably settled in at the sand table, we start fretting about ongoing schools. When that's been nailed, we begin rethinking our choices, wondering if the standards at our offspring's school are quite as exacting, the A's quite as meaningful, as those at the school down the street or across town. (I beamed when my son's first-grade teacher at Allen-Stevenson told me the curriculum there was more demanding than at Dalton, where she'd previously taught). What we really wonder, of course, is how our kids are doing compared with everyone else's.

A few months ago, I received my daughter's first school report, a document that had, instead of letter grades, the assessments SA (for strong achievement), P (progressing), and NS (needs strengthening). I scrutinized it as though it was a coded dispatch, searching futilely for nuance and hidden meaning where there were none. I began eavesdropping on conversations at pickup time, hoping to put things in context. "My daughter got three 'needs strengthening' and three 'strong achievement,' " one mother observed plaintively. "Do you think that all averages out to 'progressing'?" Damned if I knew.

When I first began visiting New York as an adolescent, "the city" meant midtown, a belief bolstered by radio meteorologists, who would always assign it a separate temperature reading. I am seeing it again through the eyes of my 7-year-old son, who knows no greater joy than an idyll in the Fifties. While I try to widen his scope—our last visit included a peek inside St. Patrick's Cathedral—the core itinerary takes in Paley Park, the Rockefeller Center concourse, and a certain delicatessen for turkey on white and a cream soda. Matthew, who, all things being equal, would vote for transportation to get him from first base to second, suddenly is half a block ahead of me. I run to catch up, and his face is aglow: "This is living, Mommy, isn't it?"

It absolutely is. ▬

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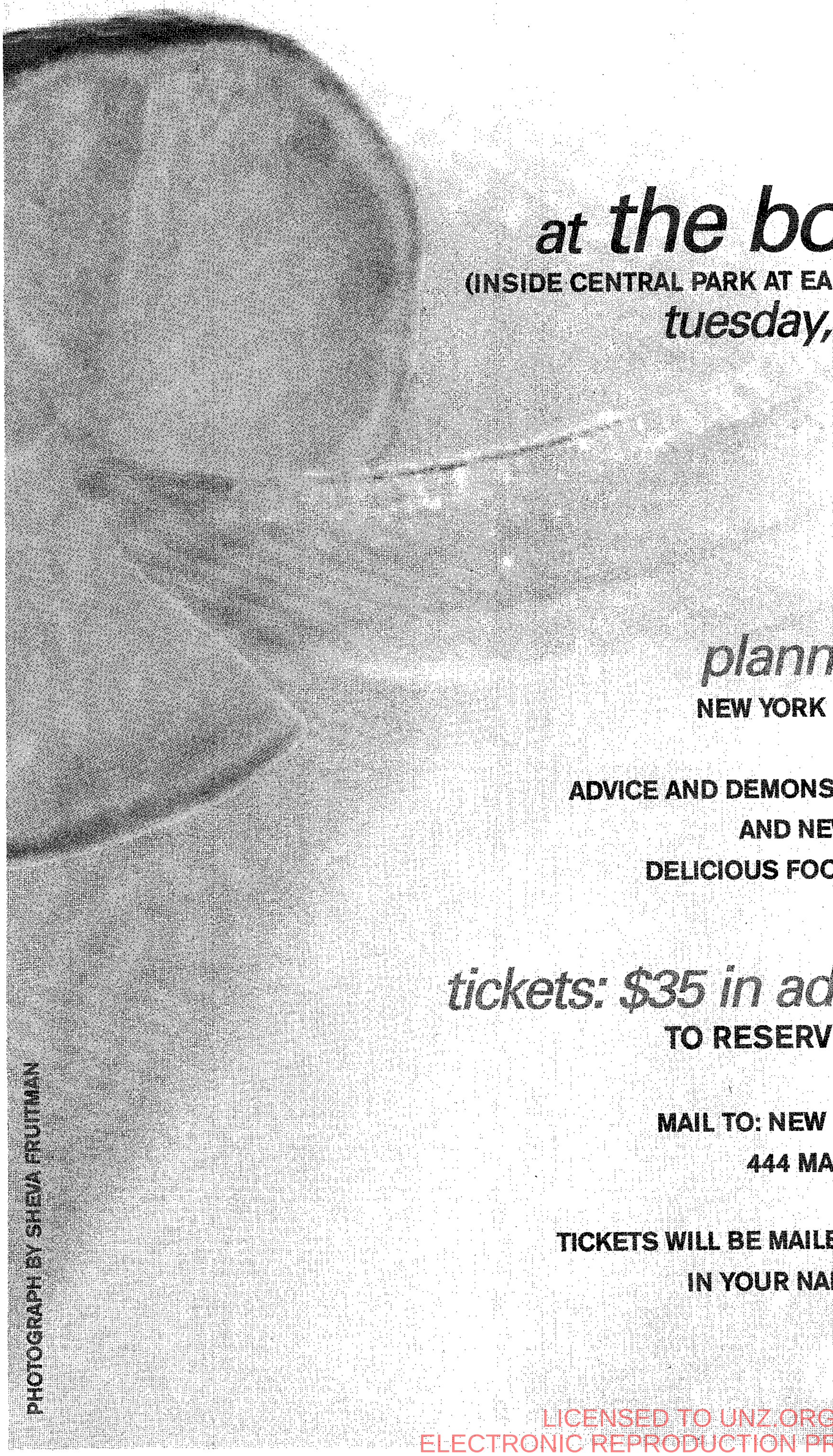

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THE BOATHOUSE
IN CENTRAL PARK

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHEVA FRUITMAN

Fashion Moment

Gisele, modeling's new big thing, stars this month in *Big,* a tiny industry magazine. Why would the darling of *Vogue,* Versace, and Valentino think so small?

By Sally Singer

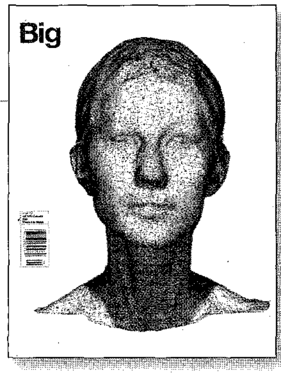
In the fashion world, it's not always easy to keep a sense of proportion. Take the case of 18-year-old Gisele Bundchen, a.k.a. Gisele, fashion's new *Über-* (not super-) model. Gisele is currently shooting five massive advertising campaigns, starring on the cover of *W,* and playing the muse to *Über*snappers Steven Meisel and Mario Testino. In short, Gisele is huge. And yet, right now you'll find her on every page of a tiny magazine (circulation 32,000) that goes by the name of—inevitably—*Big.* Why a model so successful should shrink herself down to indie level underscores what it takes not just to make it big but to stay on top in today's fashion world.

"Everyone thought that because I was just working for the same photographers—Mario, Steven—and, I don't know, because my pictures were very beautiful, very pretty, that I could only be that way. It's very important to show that you can do more," Gisele asserts over a lunch of cheesy pasta and ice cream. "Some people thought I could never be edgy." And this was the challenge taken up by the folks at *Big*: to "edgify," on every page of the magazine through a portfolio of eccentric and noncommercial images, the industry's most accessibly gorgeous young thing.

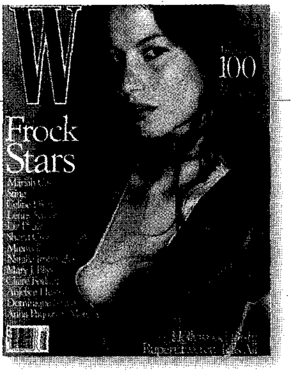
No small task. *Edgy,* fashion's favorite adjective, is hardly what this vision of freckled, tanned beauty brings to mind. For God's sake, she's even busty (naturally!), a detail not lost on the world's top designers, who this season did not send out a V-neck sweater or a button-front shirt without letting Gisele's cleavage do the walking. "Gisele has a fantastic sense of her body," says Donatella Versace. "She is the ideal model for Versace at the moment, because she makes the clothes come to life the way I want them to look: sexy and strong." For *W*'s Joe Zee, who recently styled her for the all-important cover, "she's the most exciting new model. She can make anything look sexy and adorable." "The reason she's extraordinary is all to do with her being Brazilian; Gisele is always funny, always up," says Lucinda Chambers, fashion director of British *Vogue.* She adds, sotto voce, "I've never known a body that only goes northward—and it shows no signs of ever going south."

Neither does the body's owner. Raised in a tiny village in southern Brazil, discovered at 14 at a São Paulo shopping center, and currently acquiring a house in Woodstock, Gisele has charted a north-by-northeast career trajectory. Her life story, which she delivers with rapid-fire chattiness and charmingly robust interjections ("You crazy!"), has all the usual markers of a top model's rise—reluctant, fortuitous collision with the industry (she wanted to be a volleyball player); boyfriendless school days (too tall, too tomboyish); rejection by fashion mediocrities (her first London season, she landed only two shows) but recognition from style gods (one of those shows was Alexander McQueen's, which

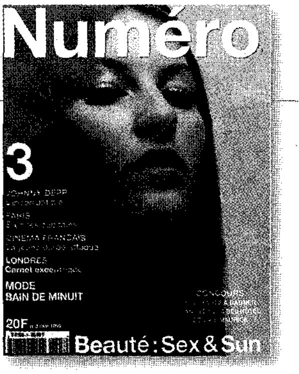
Photograph by Phil Poynter



May 1999
Photographer: Sølve Sundsbø
Stylist: Cathy Edwards



May 1999
Photographer: Michael Thompson
Stylist: Joe Zee



May 1999
Photographer: Nathaniel Goldberg
Stylist: Babeth Djian

Frank
CATWALK SPECIAL
HOT FROM THE UK
Uprising

February 1999
Photographer: John Akehurst
Stylist: Katie Grand

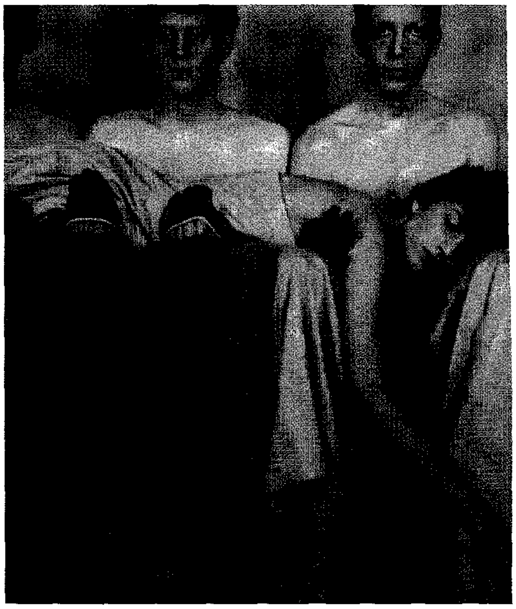
begat catwalk work in Milan and Paris and a French *Vogue* shoot with Mario Testino). Now she has a model boyfriend (VH1 Male-Model-of-the-Year winner Scott Barnhill), a model dog (her Yorkie named Vida), and a commercial profile of model enormity. "Gisele's now so hot," enthuses *Allure*'s Polly Allen Mellen, "she's always the first one everyone wants." Versace, Dolce & Gabbana, Céline, Ralph Lauren, and Valentino all vie for her time, as do *Vogue, W,* and *Harper's Bazaar.*

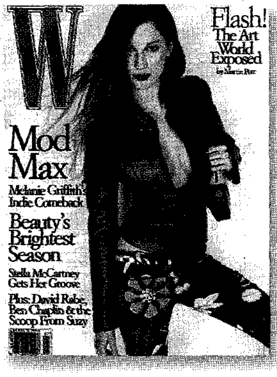
As did *Big,* a bi-monthly publication, now in its fifth year, that occupies the same fashion aerie as *Dutch, Self Service, Purple,* and *i-D.* Loftily afloat on the breezes of pure "image-making," high above the earthbound organs of retail and rag trade, these quirky, ostensibly noncommercial journals alight on the coffee tables of style-world edginistas. Past issues of *Big* have centered on intangible themes ("the sublime") or controversial figures (Bob Richardson, the William Burroughs of fashion photography). This month, the magazine has given over its entire issue to images of "sexy and adorable" Gisele shot by London's top edgy photographers and the even edgier newcomers who used to be their assistants. Elaine Constantine snaps her at home with her sisters; Sølve Sundsbø reconstructs her using a 3-D laser scan; John Akehurst takes her to bed. The results are, well, edgy. Conceived by Lee Swillingham, the British art director who has just left *The Face* (cool) for *Dazed & Confused* (cooler), this special issue of *Big* (coolest) was mostly shot on a shoestring over five days last November. "I chose to work with very, very high-fashion photographers, not the people you see in traditional women's magazines," says Swillingham fastidiously, "not people who just shoot for fashion magazines every day of the week. I wanted it to have more of a point of view. It's a strange, high-fashion documentary."

For all of Swillingham's high-mindedness, the new issue was launched at a party in London thrown by *Big*'s long-term supporter DKNY, one of the very brands that traditional fashion magazines sell to the masses every month. The giant corporation and the Lilliputian magazine make odd bedfellows, and a ménage à trois with Gisele is stranger still. This intercourse between mainstream and marginal demonstrates the rules of attraction operative in today's fashion world. A decade ago, a supermodel could declare, with tongue only partially in cheek, that she wouldn't get out of bed for less than $10,000 a day; these days, it seems, a top girl is out of bed, dressed, and ready to give it away to an art-house photographer for no money.

The supers of the late eighties and early nineties, such as Claudia Schiffer and Cindy Crawford, were famous for creating a brand image of themselves and were commercially desirable precisely because of their iconic reliability; on and off camera, they were expected to have shiny manes and cover-girl looks, to be sexy and adorable. For Gisele and her generation, a long life at the top now requires greater versatility, harder work, and a less mercenary sense of what's worthwhile. During *Big*'s production last winter, Gisele woke up for next to nothing to shoot at least three stories a day. She has dashed to London from the Paris shows to shoot a fast cover for *i-D,* continues to walk the runways of smaller designers she identifies as brilliant (Hussein Chalayan for TSE New York), and dreams of collaborating with Nick Knight, the dean of U.K. cutting-edge photography.

What allows a model to "cross over" from the pages of accessibly glamorous books to those with rarefied aesthetic aspirations, and who can do it, is the subject of endless speculation in style circles. Steven Meisel, the photographer most re-




W
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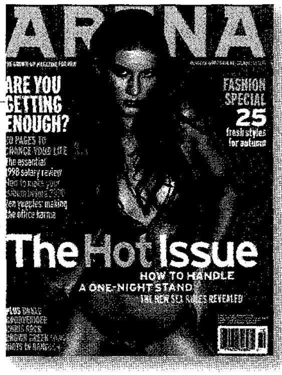
The Art World Exposed
Mod Max
Melanie Griffith's Indie Comeback
Beauty's Brightest Season
Stella McCartney Gets Her Groove
Plus: David Rabe, Ben Chaplin & the Scoop From Suzy

January 1999
Photographer: Michael Thompson
Stylist: Michel Botbol

December 1998
Photographer: David Sims
Stylist: Anna Cockburn

allure
THE BEST HAIRCUT FOR YOU
The Seven Deadly Sins
NEW RELIEF FOR PAIN
SKIN SO FAST
Lotions and Potions

December 1998
Photographer: Mario Testino
Stylist: Polly Allen Mellen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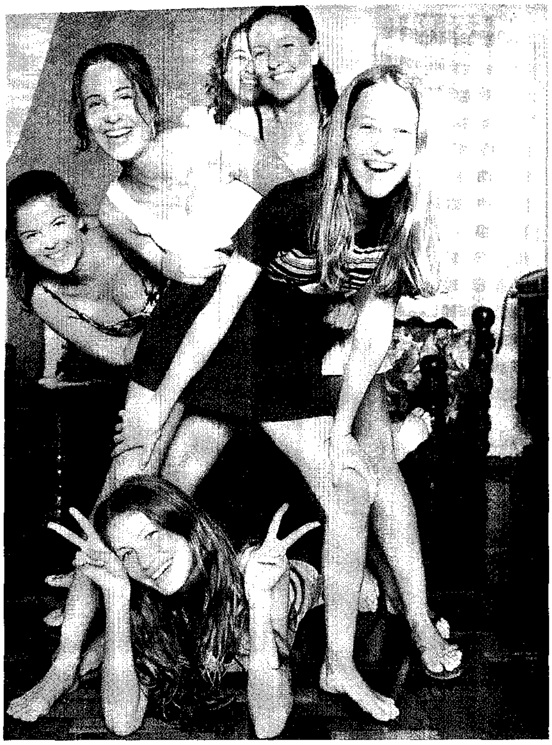
October 1998
Photographer: Regan Cameron
Stylist: Gabriel Feliciano

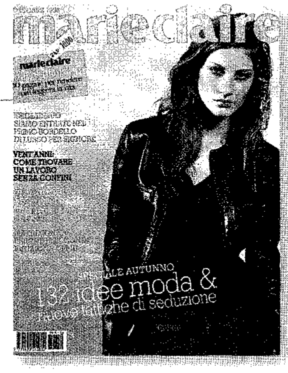


'Big' Girl **Clockwise from far left, Gisele leashed, by Norbert Schoerner; with her sisters, by Elaine Constantine; and asleep, by John Akehurst and Martina Hoogland-Ivanov.**

sponsible for the cosmetic transformations of many models, sees it as a matter of flexibility rather than of physiognomy: "Gisele is able to change because she wants to—it's not in her looks; it's in her mental process. She is malleable and is willing to be a silent screen star because she understands that modeling is acting. What makes a girl last," he states emphatically, "is wanting to do the job; they have to see it as a profession. A model determines her own longevity." Ask top fashion folk about the face they will never tire of, and you'll hear only one answer: Kate Moss (says Sundsbø: "She'll be interesting in her sixties"). *Interview*'s Victoria Bartlett understands that La Moss's appeal is more than skin-deep: "Kate is the most beautiful girl in the world. She arrived at the summit eight years ago with the supermodels but has detached herself from that moniker over the last four years. What's preserved her allure is her unavailability." By "unavailability," Bartlett means Kate's continuing fluid relationship to the camera. For every defining image of her (cK ads, *Vogue* covers), there has been an undefining counter-image in a European magazine such as *The Face* or *Dazed & Confused.*

Just plain gorgeous doesn't cut it anymore. These days, photographers and stylists look for a certain narrative quality in their models, and this has its cruel aspect. "I'm only interested in models who are on the way up or who are over," admits one star snapper. Here, then, is the Catch-22: If you're at the top—if you've plateaued—you're boring. The same applies for the image-makers, which is why Mario Testino, the arch exponent of glossy pretty pictures, redeems his creative credibility by giving *The Face* dark, disturbing work. For their part, indie magazines, which normally champion funny faces such as Hannelore and Alissa, more and more toy with and recast the industry's most conventionally glamorous girls. The May issue of *i-D* features a winking, swimsuit-clad Heidi Klum on its cover in a sly send-up of men's magazines. And who would have thought five years ago that Eva Herzigova would find her way into *The Face*?

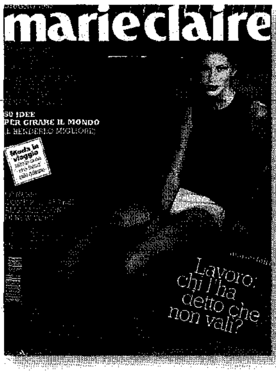
At stake in all of these inversions and odd couplings is not just hipness: It's money. Here's how it works. Terry Richardson (growing) shoots Gisele (big) for *Big* (small), and next thing thing you know, they're collaborating again on the pages of *Harper's Bazaar* (big). DKNY (huge) buys the back covers of *Big* (small) and throws a party, and suddenly the company is deliciously small again to that precious elite for whom size is everything. "The best thing is to be associated with an obscure British fashion magazine, and then all the Americans want to work with you," observes Swillingham. "The late nineties have all been about buying into some notion of credibility." It's a paradoxical state of affairs—the co-opting of the noncommercial for commercial purposes, and vice versa—and it's one that characterizes every aspect of media culture (just ask the brothers Weinstein and Coen). Even an 18-year-old from remote South America understands instinctively what's required. "I'm Gisele," she says. "I'm myself. At the beginning, I was always getting offered the same jobs for the same look. I was like, 'Why don't they let me try?' I just want to be able to try, and then they can judge me how they want; they cannot say that I am only one way." ■



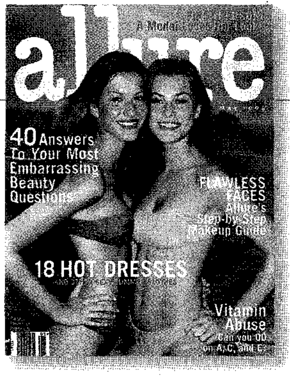
October 1998
Photographer: Jacques Olivar
Stylist: Antonella Antonelli

VOGUE
Life swap:
SPOIL YOURSELF

August 1998
Photographer: Regan Cameron
Stylist: Tiina Laakkonen



June 1998
Photographer: Kelly Klein
Stylist: Cristina Bernezzo


allure
40 Answers To Your Most Embarrassing Beauty Questions
FLAWLESS FACES Allure's Step-by-Step Makeup Guide
18 HOT DRESSES
Vitamin Abuse

May 1998
Photographer: Mario Testino
Stylist: Polly Allen Mellen

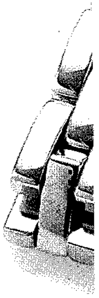
Photographs: clockwise from top right, Elaine Constantine, John Akehurst, Martina Hoogland-Ivanov, Norbert Schoerner; all courtesy of *Big* magazine.

BEST BETS

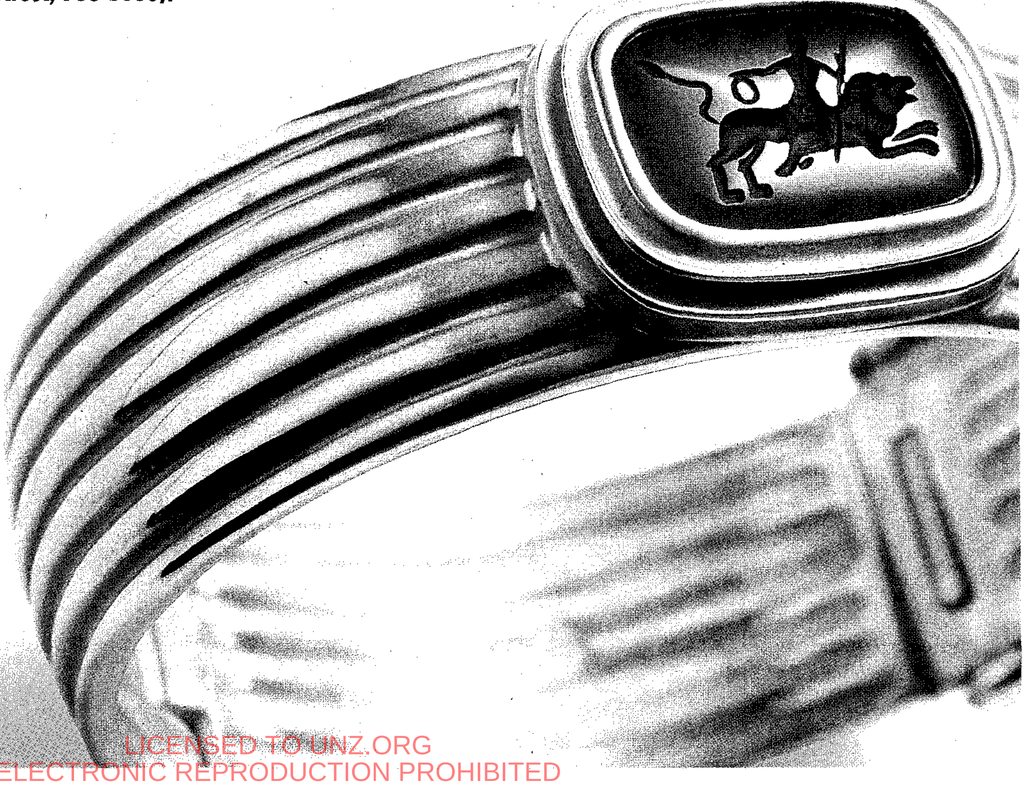
Anything kid-made is always tops with Mom, but to make her day truly special, turn it into a family affair and splurge.

BY CORKY POLLAN

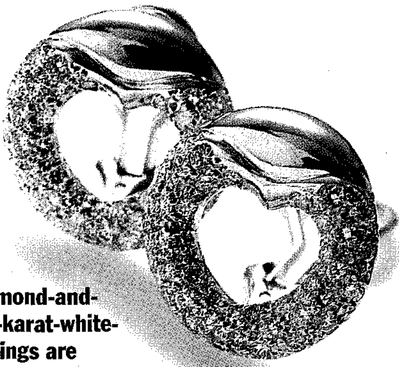
Zuni handmade heishi-bead-and-turquoise necklace is $195, and Santa Domingo handmade heishi-bead, turquoise, jet, and pipestone necklace is $245 at David Saity Jewelry (450 Park Avenue, near 56th Street; 223-8125).



Mini sterling-silver Atlas quartz watch with lizard band is $995 at Tiffany & Co. (727 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street; 755-8000).



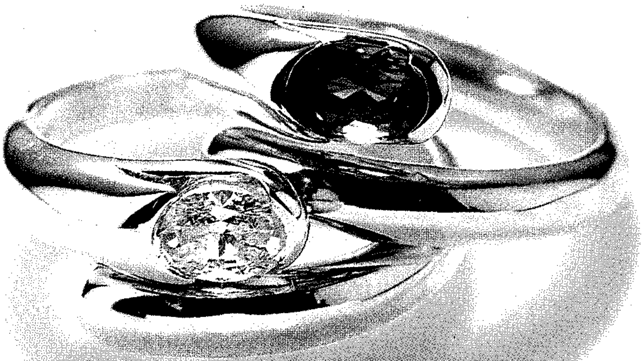
Slane & Slane sterling-silver column bangle bracelet with carnelian intaglio of Rhea (the Great Mother) is $675 at Michael Eigen (1200 Madison Avenue, at 88th Street; 996-0281).



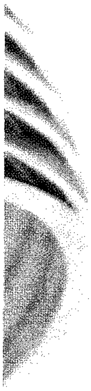
Pavé diamond-and-eighteen-karat-white-gold earrings are $2,950 at Movado: The Store (Rockefeller Center, 610 Fifth Avenue, at 49th Street; 218-7555).

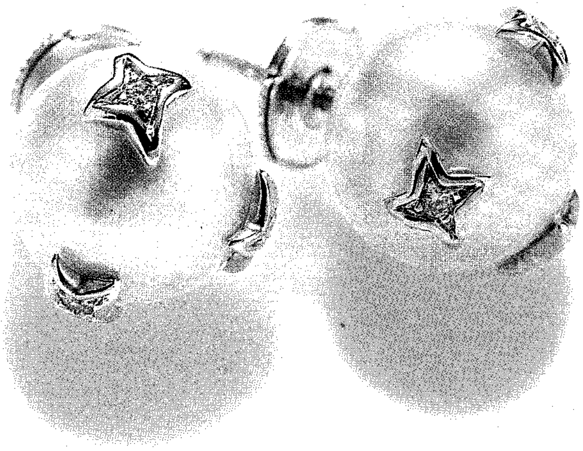
CARTIER
CARTIER

Panthère Ruban stainless-steel *quartz* watches with white-and-pink mother-of-*pearl dials are* $2,300 at Cartier (653 Fifth Avenue, at 52nd Street; 753-0111).



Astrea diamond-and-eighteen-karat-white-gold ring is $4,900, and sapphire-and-eighteen-karat-white-gold ring is $1,400 at Bulgari (730 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street, 315-9000; and 783 Madison Avenue, near 66th Street, 717-2300).





Milky Way cultured-pearl, diamond, and eighteen-karat-white-gold stud earrings are $5,450 at Chanel Boutique (15 East 57th Street; 355-5050).

Photographed by Michael Grimm.

Send shopping queries to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

NEW YORK SIMPLIFIED

SMARTCITY

Pipe Dreams

Where to hear New York's most divine organ music—free. By Christopher Bonanos

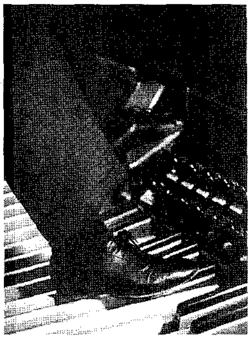
GREAT CHURCH MUSIC IS A TRANSporting experience, but, William Trafka advises, you have to get moving in order to be moved. "Walk around during the recital and find the best spot—most places will let you," says Trafka, the organist at Saint Bartholomew's. Churches aren't shaped like concert halls, and variations in sound from seat to seat can be dramatic. If you don't trust your ears, says one organist, "ask an usher where to sit."

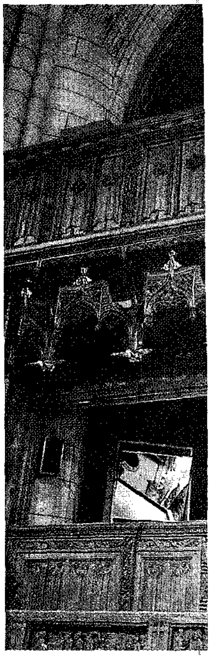
One of New York's celestial pleasures is that top-flight organists play on world-class instruments almost every day. Most big churches in town work fervently to tend and restore these finicky, complicated pieces of machinery. And when everything's working, a church organ produces a sonic wallop like nothing else. The lowest notes rumble at about 8 Hertz—quite a bit below the range of human ears. You don't hear those notes; you *feel* them, in your feet, in your chest, and in your soul. On top of that, most recitals are free, though it's nice to be an organ donor: Drop something in the collection box to help with the upkeep.

Begin with the biggest: **Saint Bartholomew's Episcopal Church** (Park Avenue at 51st Street; 378-0248) houses the largest musical instrument in New York. Five keyboards and more than 12,000 pipes make up a system so complex that it requires its own staff member, called curator of the organ. Adds Trafka: "At Saint Bart's, the best place is under the dome. It's where all the sounds come together, since the organ's divisions are in different places." It's the original stereo, I remark. "Quadraphonic, actually," he says.

Saint Bart's holds three Wednesday-night recitals each year, in the fall, winter, and spring. But music-filled regular services are Sundays at eleven (don't miss the postlude) and five (Evensong). Trafka's winter program is on New Year's Eve and ends at the stroke of midnight: "I always end it with my transcription of Copland's *Fanfare for the Common Man.*"

"If you had to ask me which the best organ in town is, I'd have to say it's the one at the **Church of Saint Mary the Virgin** [145 West 46th Street; 869-5830]," says Kyler Brown, a freelance organist and choir director. "But I'm prejudiced: I directed the restoration there." At "Smoky Mary's," which is just off Times Square, the organ sees heavy use. Recitals are mostly on Episcopal feast days, about once a month. The next one's on May 13, Ascension Day; on the program, the *Organ Sonata* by Julius Reubke, a hot composer in organland. "We probably have the best combination of organ and acoustics in the city," says Christopher Babcock, the church's music director. Besides organizing the recitals, "every Sunday, I dream up some sort of a musical theme," says Babcock. "It might be French music covering 500 years, or it might be Anglican music from between 1900 and 1925, or a biblical theme."





The organ at the **Church of the Transfiguration** (the famous "Little Church around the Corner"; 1 East 29th Street; 684-6770) was built by C.B. Fisk, probably the best in the business. Sunday services are at 11 A.M.; on May 23, Handel's *Saul* will be performed at 4 P.M.; and there's a free concert every Tuesday at 12:30.

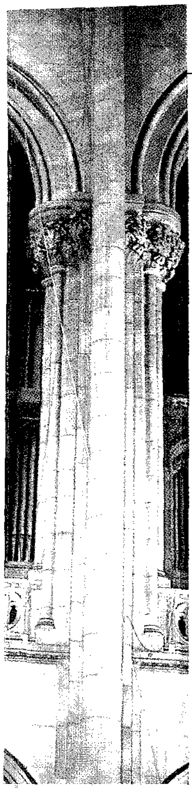
The organ at **Saint Patrick's Cathedral** (Fifth Avenue at 50th Street; 753-2261) was for a long time pretty undistin-

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Spice World

When it comes to hot sauce, New York usually comes up short. Be it Mexican, Dixie, or Thai, the bad boy of condiments has flourished in many parts of the world, but all you usually find on tables here is Tabasco. So when Mesa Grill's Bobby Flay needs to challenge his taste buds, he stops at Chelsea's Kitchen/Market (218 Eighth Avenue, near 21st Street; 243-4433). The shop stocks 75 varieties of liquid fire, from down-home Cajun sauces to more exotic scorchers from Peru, Bolivia, and Tibet. What you won't find are the hokey varieties that all basically taste alike but try to differentiate themselves with novelty labels about just how napalmlike they think they are. "There are brands out there, like Rectal Rocket," notes Kitchen co-owner Dona Abramson, "but that doesn't sound like something I really want to *eat.*" SAM GROBART

Photographs by John Kernick.



Pull out all the stops: Clockwise from left, great pipes at the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine; the cathedral's organist, Dorothy Papadakos, making a musical offering; Saint Thomas Episcopal's first-rate instrument; Saint Thomas organist Gerre Hancock, from the ankles down.

guished: "People used to kind of joke about it," admits associate organist Stanley H. Cox. But a three-year rebuilding in the mid-nineties—costing nearly $800,000—has improved its sound and reputation noticeably. On top of regular services (the 10:15 High Mass is the most musical), recitals are held most Sundays at 4:45 P.M., with visiting musicians at the keyboard. The next two are scheduled for May 16 and May 30. Though most churches take a summer break from recitals, Saint Patrick's (air-conditioned!) adds a Wednesday concert to its schedule, at 1:30 P.M.

Of the instrument she tends at the **Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine** (Amsterdam Avenue at 112th Street; 316-7540), Dorothy Papadakos says, "The organ can do anything. You just have to try it and have the courage to do it on Sunday." Others agree: "It's a beautiful instrument," says Kyler Brown. "It's got the potential to be even more, too. They just need a lot of money toward restoration." Every Sunday at 7 P.M., Papadakos—singled out for praise by a number of the other organists mentioned here—runs an improv series, playing to a regular audience of 200 after the evening Gregorian-chant service. And by improvisation, she doesn't mean some kind of quasi-Bach fugal inversions: "Oh, no—R&B. I'm a cool-jazz pianist. The cathedral organ just *rocks.*"

Down the street, **Riverside Church** (490 Riverside Drive, at 120th Street; 870-6700; www.theriversidechurchny.org) is now running a series of concerts performing the complete works of the organ composer Oliver Messiaen. The last two concerts in that series, coming up on July 6 and 20, are part of the summer-recital program running Tuesday nights at 7. Times vary for Riverside's other concerts, but they often take place on Sunday afternoons; check the Website's "Programs" page for a listing.

At **Saint Thomas Episcopal Church** (Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street; 757-7013), every Sunday around 5:15 P.M., September through November and January through May, various players take turns at the keyboard after Evensong. The music director, Gerre Hancock, is a professor at the Eastman School of Music and at Juilliard. ("He's great to listen to, especially because he improvises," says Stanley Cox, who studied with him.) Hancock notes that the church uses two instruments regularly: a huge Aeolian Skinner organ and a smaller instrument that produces "a more resonant performance of certain kinds of music. It's patterned after the instruments that were built in Holland in the late 1600s—at the time that New York was New Amsterdam. Bach would have felt very much at home on this instrument."

Bach, of course, is the composer most associated with organ music. Though **Holy Trinity Lutheran Church** (Central Park West at 65th Street; 877-6815), doesn't have any concerts scheduled soon, it's *the* place for Bachannalians: Every January, the church runs a series of the maestro's complete organ work.

In Brooklyn, don't miss **Saint Ann and the Holy Trinity Episcopal Church** (Montague Street at Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights; 718-875-6960). According to music director Gregory Eaton, composer Dudley Buck is said to have started the first regular organ-recital series in America in this very room around 1892. Sunday services are at 11 A.M., and a benefit concert's coming up on May 26. ▬

NAVIGATOR

Q: My company is sending me to Paris next month, but our client speaks little English and my high-school French is horrible. I only have a couple of weeks. What can I do?

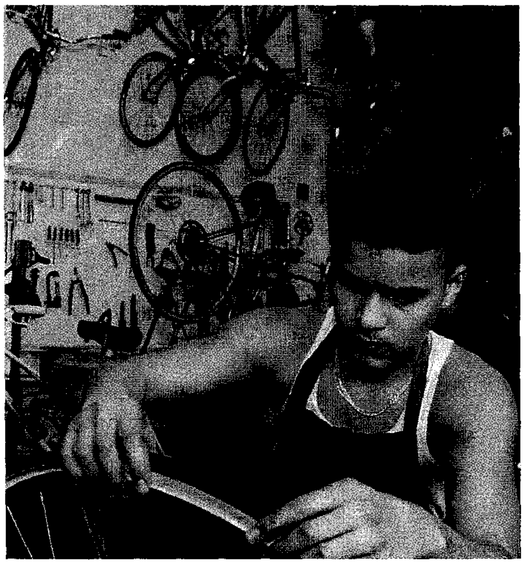
A: If time is of the essence, the best way to *parlez français,* or for that matter any foreign language, is to enroll in intensive classes. These crash courses are usually conducted one-on-one in a total-immersion environment, which means that for most of the day, even through lunch, you're hearing and speaking the language. At the ultra-high end, there's Michel Thomas Learning Center (156 Fifth Avenue; 688-8400). Thomas himself has tutored stars like Woody Allen and Barbra Streisand, and he charges an eye-popping $16,000 for a personalized four-day course, but he guarantees you'll learn, or you get your money back. Thomas puts the burden on the teacher, allowing the student to relax and absorb without worrying about memorizing or taking notes. His other instructors (he has trained nearly twenty in New York) are also available, and prices vary widely; a typical five-day, 60-hour course with one of them can cost $5,300. At the venerable Berlitz Language Centers (40 West 51st Street, 765-1001, and 2 Rector Street, 766-2388; www.berlitz.com), they've thought of most everything to make language-learning successful, from tapes and CD-ROMS to teams of four teachers to provide different rhythms and intonations. The school, in business for more than a century, offers total-immersion courses in twenty languages, and, depending on the individual and the language, it can take as little as two weeks to reach a "functional" level. Costs range from $2,375 to $2,500 for five days to $4,750 to $5,000 for ten days. Finally, Inlingua (551 Fifth Avenue; 682-8585) offers ten-day total-immersion courses for $4,020, lunch included. ANNA RACHMANSKY

Illustration by Paul Corio.

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Take a Bike

For the tire-less shopper: *At these pedal pushers, you won't get shafted when you're shopping for gear(s). But you'll have to* **supply your own bell for the handlebars.**



Wheels of fortune: Recycle-a-Bicycle's repair works.

BICYCLE GEEKS WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE that the only wheels worth owning are a magnesium-alloy Trek frame with handpicked components and a four-figure price tag. But fancy new bikes not only wreak havoc on a budget, they also attract unwanted attention when parked on the street. Competitively priced—and theft-deterring—options won't leave you hanging your head in Schwinn-snobbery shame when your neighbor whizzes by.

At **Bikes by George**, owner George Philbert purchases slightly imperfect frames and builds bikes from scratch. Prices range from $150 for a one-speed model with a foot brake up to $379 for a top-of-the-line Mongoose hybrid. There's also a selection of used bikes priced from $65 to $250. Whichever you pick, the work's guaranteed (three months for used bikes, a year for new).

Frank's Bike Shop sells new wheels from Schwinn, Raleigh, and Bianchi for up to 20 percent less than full retail (from $200 up). But even better deals are on new high-end models from past seasons (like a 1997 GT bike, down from $740 to $550) or spruced-up used bikes ($85 to $175). English three-speeds start at $250.

For a strong selection of used bikes, head down to **Recycle-a-Bicycle**'s Manhattan workshop, where teenagers learn to fix donated bikes that are then sold to benefit local youth programs. There are usually about 30 choices, priced from $15 for kids' styles to $150 for better adult models. Or check out **Bike Works**, where cycles are serviced and sold for $70 to $150 (one exception: a $2,500 limited-edition Colnago racing bike). About ten used bikes are usually ready to roll. New one-speed bikes that look vintage are a deal at $175.

Bikes by George, 413 E. 12th St. (533-0203); Frank's Bike Shop, 553 Grand St. (533-6332); Recycle-a-Bicycle, Charas Community Center, 605 E. 9th St., Room 314 (260-7055); Bike Works at the Hub Station, 81 E. 3rd St. (388-1077).

Picks of the Week

TSE's sample sale has truckloads of knits, including the line's signature cashmere as well as lighter cotton, silk, and cashmere blends for everyone (even babies). Prices are at least 70 percent off retail. *137 Greene St. (319-8284); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed.–Sat. 11–6; 5/5–5/8.*

Yeohlee's edgy, minimalist women's raincoats, dresses, and suits (pictured, right) are among the downtown art crowd's favorites. At the sample sale, spring and fall stuff is up to 75 percent off, from $50 for sleeveless tops to $250 for a wool coat to $500 for gowns. *530 Seventh Ave., at 39th St., fifth floor (704-9600); cash only; Thurs. 8–7; 5/6.*

Area's earthy, neutral-colored linens are usually sold at places like ABC and Felissimo. Load up on wedding and house gifts at the showroom sale (and at Meryl Waitz downstairs). Stock here is up to 80 percent off: Duvet covers and sheet sets are $40–$90; decorative pillows are $5; place mats are $3–$6. *180 Varick St., ninth floor (924-7084); checks accepted; Thurs. 10–8, Fri. till 6; 5/6–5/7.*

Meryl Waitz's pretty home accessories and simple silver jewelry (sold at stores like Barneys) are perfect gifts for a hip mom. At the sample sale, prices are at least half off: from $10 for a tiny pewter picture frame to $75 for silver-and-amethyst earrings. No luck here? Stop by Area's sale (upstairs) for bed linens. *180 Varick St, eighth floor (675-7224); cash only; Thurs. 10–7, Fri. till 6; 5/6–5/7.*

The Chocolate Soup, the beloved Upper East Side children's-clothing-and-accessories shop, is closing its doors after 32 years. All merchandise is now half-price, including clothes from designers like Ruth Hornbein and Winning Woolies ($7–$100). *946 Madison Ave., near 74th St. (861-2210); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; 5/3 until merchandise runs out.* ▬

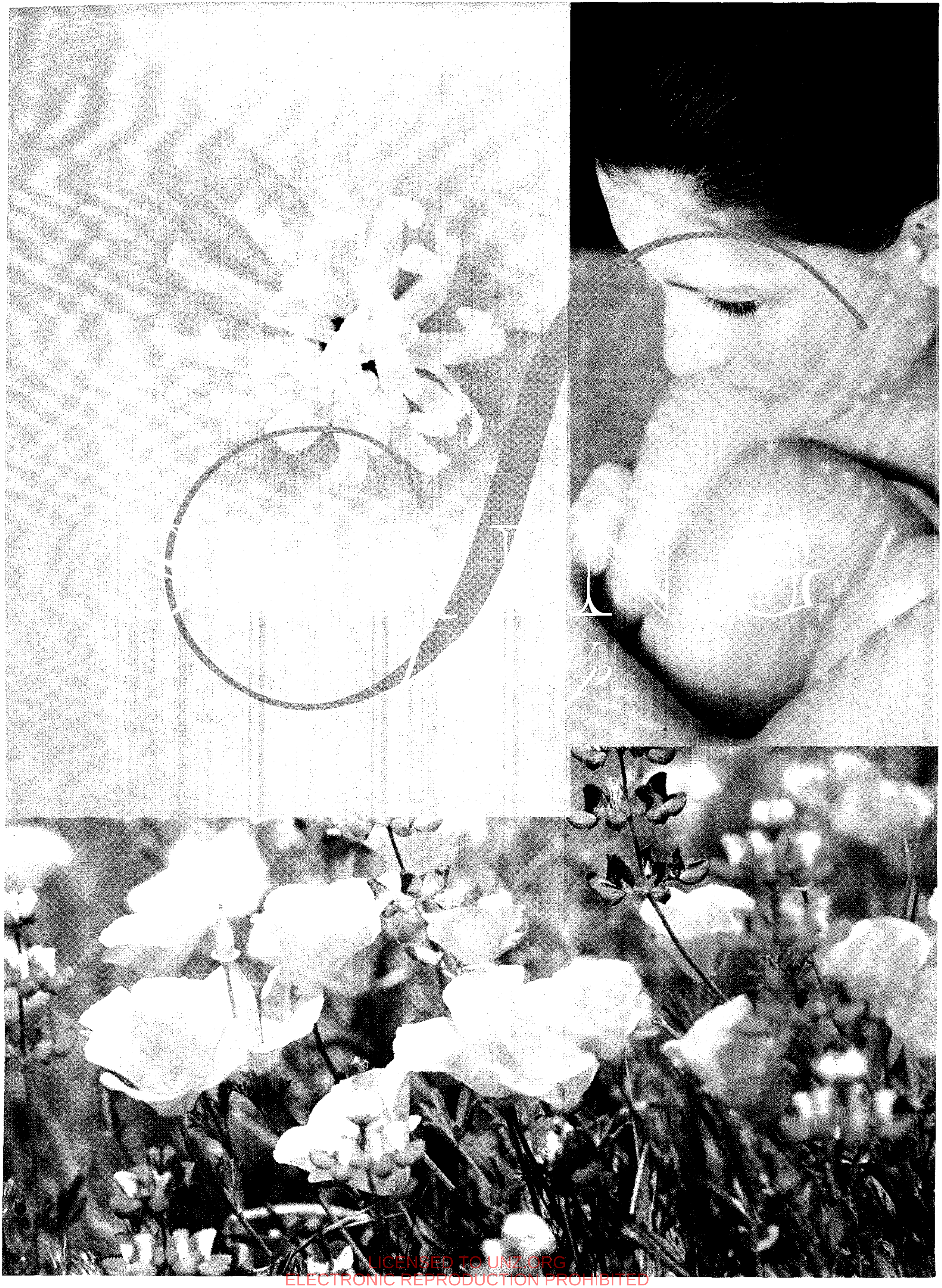
ALWAYS A DEAL

Outward Bound

IF YOU'RE SET ON TONING for the beach but refuse to enter a gym in fine weather, sign up for **inSHAPE**'s workouts in Central Park. The group of trainers (including several ex-Reebok staff members) holds intimate, high-school-style outdoor classes (from power walking to interval training) for $20 a session (no enrollment fee; they bring equipment). The one flaw: Adults aren't *required* to take gym, so you'll have to motivate yourself to get there. *Call 333-3538 for a schedule.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photographs: top, Mayita Mendez; bottom, Dan Lecca, courtesy of Yeohlee.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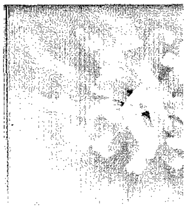

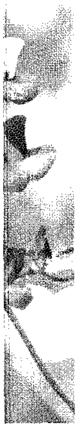

Special Advertising Section

SPRING
Shape Up

With spring in full bloom, our thoughts turn to... Love? The outdoors? The extra 10 pounds we've been toting around all year? All of the above?

If you're one of the virtuous, if you've kept your New Year's resolutions to shed those unwanted pounds and inches, to eat better and start an exercise program, you're probably feeling pretty good about yourself. But if you haven't gotten any further than good intentions, take a hard look at the calendar. With 2000 staring us in the face, this spring more than any other is a reminder that the clock is ticking. So do you really want to greet the new millennium looking like a relic from the last century? Avoid your own personal Y2K crisis and start re-inventing yourself.

Find a fitness program you can stick to. Banish that cellulite. Do something about making your secret wish come true, whether it includes reshaping your body by every means available or erasing years from your face with cosmetic surgery. To ease your search for the best places to go and the top people to see, we've gathered a winning team of experts that represent some of this city's best gyms, plastic surgeons, and fitness experts. No more excuses. Just do it.

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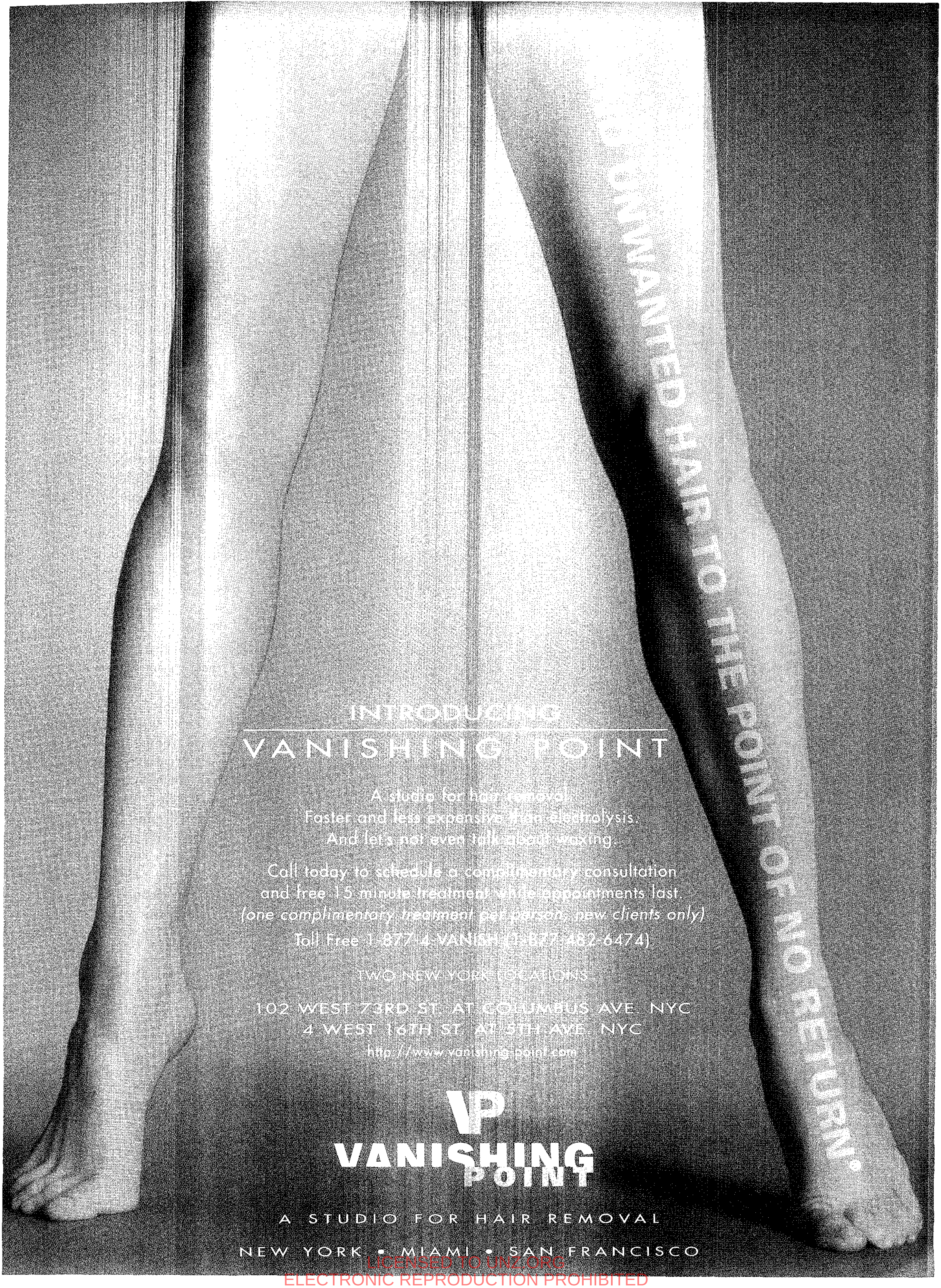
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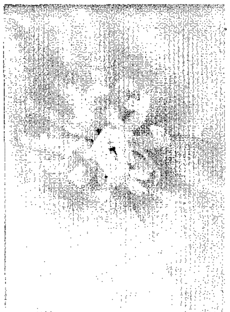
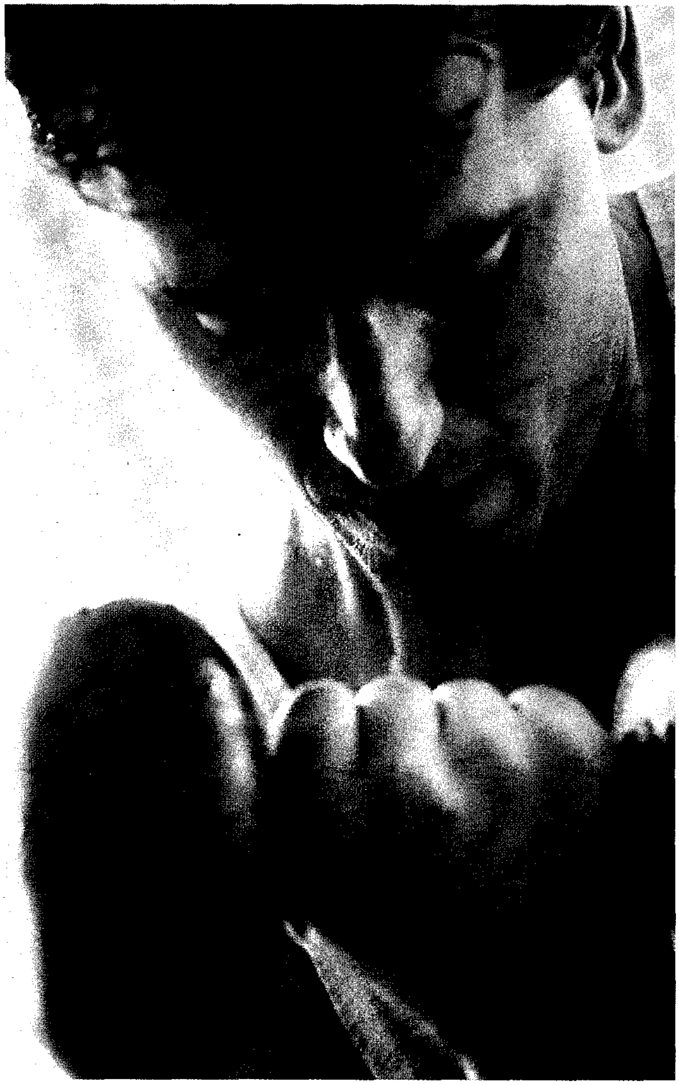


LET'S GET PHYSICAL



FOR HEALTH-CONSCIOUS FOLK who are no longer 20-something or even 30-something, there are fitness goals beyond toning. "As people get older, their objectives change," says Harry Hanson of **Hanson Fitness** (826 Broadway at 12th. St., 982-2233; 63 Greene St., 431-7682). "Most of our clients are over 40, and they're concerned about cardio-fitness, avoiding osteoporosis, developing better posture, protecting their health, and avoiding injuries. They're not comfortable in a big public gym, so we've filled that gap. We've created small, intimate facilities and we train no more than five clients per hour at any time. We don't tell you how to train. You tell us what you want, and we structure a customized program just for you. If there's a concern about osteoporosis, for instance, we'll design exercises to build bone density. If there are pre-existing injuries – like back problems – we'll create programs to deal with them. When necessary, we work hand-in-hand with your doctor. Not only are we coaches, we are educators, supervisors, motivators, as well as inspirational leaders."

"Boredom is one of the major reasons people drop out of a fitness program," says Michael Margulies, director and owner of **Med Fitness** (12 E. 86th St., 327-4197). "Just pumping iron or repeating the same workout won't motivate you to keep going. At Med Fitness, we not only have a great staff that will vary your workouts, we also offer enough variety in fitness techniques to keep you interested and active. We are private and personal, so we have one-on-one training. We do weight training and we teach boxing – which is tremendously popular with both men and women. And we also offer sports rehabilitation for people with injuries. We'll do more than train you," Margulies adds. "We have an on-staff doctor and a nutritionist, so we can take you through a complete lifestyle change, beginning with a thorough medical evaluation and a health screening that takes into account your metabolism and genetic makeup."

"Women's bodies, in case you hadn't noticed, are structurally different from men's. So it makes sense to consider the differences when choosing ways to trim inches and reshape your figure," says Ruth Jeffries of **Callanetics Studio of Manhattan** (Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St., Studio 832, 765-2900). "Callanetics is an exercise that intensely works the deep muscles, trimming inches in places where women store fat. To avoid bulking, we combine the deep toning work with stretching and an emphasis on maintaining balance. This helps you achieve a youthful, athletic body. Your breasts will lift, your waist and tummy will come in, and your saddlebags will start to disappear. In fact, you'll usually see results in as few as 10 classes.

"Most of our clients are over 40, and they're concerned about cardiovascular, avoiding osteoporosis, developing better posture, protecting their health, and avoiding injuries."

SPRING Shape Up

BODY WORK

Cellulite. It's unsightly, embarrassing and incredibly common. Eighty-five percent of women–and even some men–experience this unfortunate dimpling that is caused by the accumulation of fat pockets beneath the skin. And it's not necessarily a question of weight; cellulite can even be found on what is otherwise considered a slim build. **Vanishing Point** (4 W. 16th St.; 102 W. 73rd St., 1-877-4-VANISH) introduces a revolutionary new solution: TCM® Therapeutic Cellulite Massage. "TCM® is an exciting non-surgical procedure that gives you immediate, visible results," says Melisse Shaban, Vanishing Point CEO. "TCM® technology uses contour rollers that manipulate the skin with a vacuum-like suction, breaking down the fibrous tissue walls and releasing the trapped fatty deposits. After a series of treatments, your circulatory system is revitalized and your skin becomes visibly smoother, more toned and beautifully retexturized." Vanishing Point offers complimentary consultations and free introductory treatments for TCM® and for each of its other services, including photo-epilation for long-term hair removal and the exciting new Vanishing Point Micro Peel.

When your body needs a total pick-me-up, think "oxygen" and experience the new Vita Cura treatment at **Repechage Spa de Beauté** (The Galleria, 115 E. 57th St., 751-2500). "This four-step treatment oxygenates tissue cells, stimulates circulation, and detoxifies the body," says Repechage founder Lydia Sarfati. "It has an anti-aging and anti-stress effect, as well as a slimming and anti-cellulitic effect." The treatment begins with ionization: jets of ionized steam stimulate the sweat glands and open the pores. Then a supply of oxygen is administered to stimulate blood flow and circulation. Pure liquid seaweed is sprayed over the entire body, providing all the vitamins, minerals, amino acids, and trace elements that are essential to the proliferation of healthy cells. The final step: a slow, cold, light shower to revitalize the skin and reduce fatigue. Says Sarfati: "The benefits are immediate and long-lasting."

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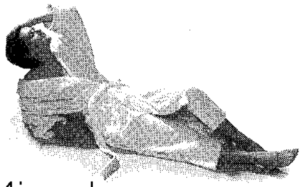

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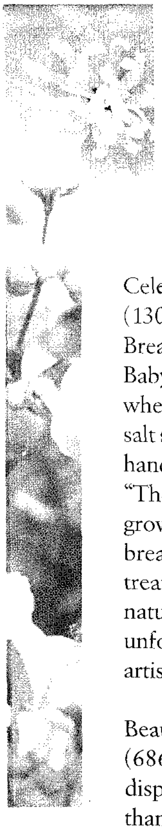

Special Advertising Section

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Shape Up

Celebrate the body's spring awakening at **Millefleurs Day Spa** (130 Franklin St., 966-3656), a garden of ancient delights. Breathe in the aromas of antiquity, evoking images of Egypt and Babylon. The attendants will lead you into the inner chambers, where you will be delighted with aromatic facials, body wraps, salt scrubs, and seven varieties of massage. "For beautiful summer hands, try our natural nail tips," says spa owner, Gina Michael. "They extend your hand gracefully and allow your own nails to grow. And there are no toxic odors. Come in for a lunchtime break and pamper yourself with a mini-facial or reflexology treatment. Or make yourself over with a new haircut and our natural makeup. Plan a company party at Millefleurs and your unforgettable experience will include exotic cuisine and henna artists – and upon request, a belly dancer and musicians."

Beauty expert and author Lia Schorr of **Lia Schorr Skin Care** (686 Lexington Ave., 486-9670; 1-800-782-7212) has been dispensing expert skin care treatments to New Yorkers for more than 30 years. Her recommendation for summer: a head-to-toe Body Enhancement package. "First we will give you a 50-minute full body massage–either therapeutic or invigorating, your choice – to break down cellulite and improve circulation. Next, you'll have a Body Scrub with sea salt, to exfoliate dead winter skin and give a healthy glow. Our Seaweed Body Wrap will cleanse, moisturize, rejuvenate, and hydrate your skin. And while you're relaxing, you'll have a 30-minute foot reflexology massage. In just two hours, you'll leave behind the last traces of winter – and feel like a new woman."

By now surely *tout* New York has heard of ENDERMOLOGIE,® the hot cellulite-busting treatment developed in France and introduced to this city by Denise Margulies of **Skin & Body Care, Inc.** (50 E. 78th St., 585-4228, 1-888-942-7546). Margulies, who used ENDERMOLOGIE® to banish her own post-pregnancy cellulite, has become a passionate advocate of the treatment, which involves using a vacuum-like machine that massages the deep tissue, breaks down subcutaneous fat, and stimulates circulation. "It's the best – the only truly effective, non-invasive, clinically proven method of getting rid of cellulite," says Margulies. "But that's not all: the treatment can remove stretch marks on the abdomen, so it's great for new moms. It breaks up scar tissue and is a fabulous follow-up to liposuction." (To maximize the results of liposuction, many leading cosmetic surgeons send their patients to Denise for ENDERMOLOGIE® sessions.) "ENDERMOLOGIE® is also great on the face," she adds. "It gives an excellent lymphatic facial that decreases puffiness, exfoliates, and also improves the circulation and overall skin tone."

DARE TO GO BARE. TOP MODELS' SKIN SECRETS

If you're tired of waxing and shaving and tweezing, follow the lead of New York's cover girls and head for ***completely bare*** (764 Madison Ave., Ste. 3R, 717-9300) an elegant, sophisticated salon in a Madison Avenue townhouse. In an atmosphere of privacy, you'll shed unwanted hair with the EpiLight® system, which uses a pulsating light to destroy the follicle, shaft and root. "It works on fine facial hair as well as coarser bikini hair," says owner Cindy Barshop. "It's faster and less painful than electrolysis, and more permanent than conventional lasers. We also offer another favorite with models, the "Lunch Time Peel," which gives women of all ages a youthful glow. Enhanced Micro-dermabrasion diminishes sun damage, minimizes fine lines, and evens out skin tone. Call for a complimentary skin analysis."

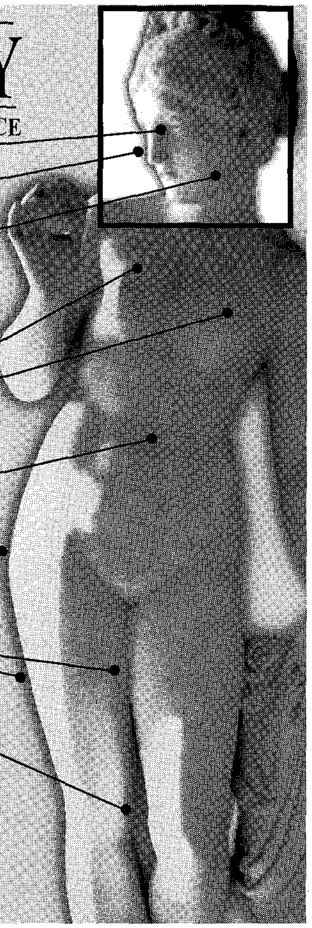
Rx FOR SUMMER

At last you've found the perfect new bathing suit–but that emerging network of veins on your legs sends you fleeing back into the dressing room. What to do? Seek expert treatment early, before the problem gets worse. And find a doctor who offers a full range of treatments. "Every woman's legs are different," says Dr. Robert Min, Clinical Director of the **The Vein Treatment Center** (327 E. 65th St., 249-6117) and Assistant Clinical Professor at the **Cornell-Weill Medical Center**. "So there is a benefit to the patient in having access to all methods of treatment for varicose and spider veins – including laser therapy, Sclerotherapy, Image-guided Sclerotherapy, Mini-phlebectomy, and Ambulatory surgery. If, for example, you simply have smaller spider veins, the laser is a good choice. If there are larger veins as well, we can use a combination of laser and sclerotherapy. In some cases, we may need two or more different types of treatment to get the best cosmetic results."

After years of dieting, exercising and wishful thinking, you're ready to take the next step: cosmetic surgery. You aren't alone. "Spring is the busiest time for plastic surgeons because people want to look their best for summer," says George **Lefkovits, M.D.** (9 E. 62nd St., 750-9494). "The most common procedure for summer is liposuction: removing the bulges from all the places fat exists: saddle bags, stomach, inner thighs, and knees. "The second most common procedure is breast surgery," he explains. "Often women seek breast augmentation and liposuction so they can fill out their tops and trim their bottoms." It's not only women who seek help in reshaping their bodies for summer: Dr. Lefkovits also has a large percentage of male patients who come in for a variety of procedures, including liposuction to trim overly feminized male breasts, love-handles, and stomach rolls.

The face you see in the mirror looks tired, even when you feel rested. You've considered plastic surgery – but you aren't that old, and you can't take too much time off from work. Dr. Mark Erlich, director of **Profiles & Contours Plastic Surgery Center** (800 Fifth Ave., 861-4100) understands. He reports than many of his

"Did you know... that liposuction is the most popular procedure performed – for men, as well as women?"



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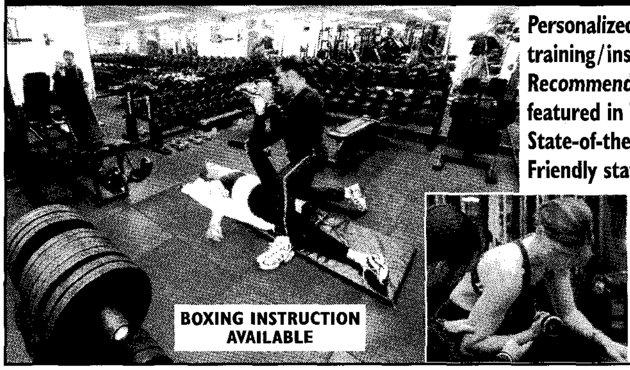

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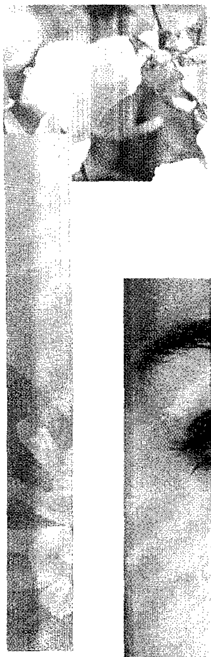

patients who are concerned about recovery time opt for less extensive surgery at an earlier age. Most patients who undergo facial slimming procedures are back to work in three to four days, with a slimmer, more sculpted appearance. Eyelid enhancement surgery, which removes excess skin and fat from the upper and lower eyelids, requires only four to five days off from work. "Patients who choose these smaller procedures are immensely happy," says Dr. Erlich. "And they're able to stave off the signs of aging without ever having to admit that they've had a little help along the way."

For over 30 years, **Dr. Stanley Taub** (737 Park Ave., 628-8585), a Board Certified plastic surgeon and professional sculptor, has been performing aesthetic surgery. Dr. Taub combines the skills of an artist and surgeon to provide cosmetic surgery with a natural look. When performing a face lift, he does his best to ensure that patients are neither overpulled nor stretched. In his Park Avenue outpatient facility, Dr. Taub performs a full range of cosmetic procedures, including female breast augmentation and reduction, liposuction for body contouring, male breast reduction, face and eyelid surgery, and primary and secondary rhinoplasty.

Whether you want a more youthful face or a sleeker body, **Constructive Surgery** (110 E. 66th St., 472-3300) will meet your needs. Inside a renovated East Side carriage house, you'll find a comfortable, private, state-of-the-art plastic surgery center. Board Certified plastic surgeon Dr. Jeffrey R. Fischman, who teaches at three top New York hospitals, performs liposuction, facial rejuvenation, implants and all the latest procedures–with more pleasant anesthetics and reduced recovery time.

VISIONARIES

When you're contemplating laser vision correction, you want the best doctor with the most advanced state-of-the-art equipment. Dr. Eric R. Mandel, Medical Director of **NEW YORK LASIK VISION CORRECTION™** (210 E. 71st St., 734-0111) is a true pioneer in the development of the excimer laser (since 1984, at both Harvard and Columbia). Author of *Atlas of Corneal Disease*, Dr. Mandel is currently an FDA investigator for advanced uses of the laser. Says Dr. Mandel: "In my hands, 100% of patients reduce their prescriptions and the majority achieve 20/20 vision. Our patients have included CEO's and golf pros, as well as other eye doctors. Nearsightedness, astigmatism and farsightedness are all correctable." Dr. Mandel uses the most technically advanced equipment and laser software. "The VISX Star™ S_2 Laser with smooth scanning and the HANSATOME™ microkeratome are the pinnacle of state-of-the-art laser machinery," he explains. It goes without saying that the doctor and his staff provide meticulous patient care. "Our free consultation lasts between one and two hours, so each and every patient is sure of a truly customized procedure."

SUMMER LOCKS

For a great new summer look, let **Jacques Dessange** (505 Park Ave., 308-1400) give you a low maintenance haircut that doesn't need daily blow-drying. With the hair-painting technique, Balayage, you can have that sun-kissed California look without visible regrowth. To keep your tresses beautiful, the Clay Treatment with essential oil purifies your scalp and treats your roots; the Ozone Steam Treatment hydrates and nourishes. If your hair isn't as full as you'd like it to be, Dessange does high-quality human hair extensions. For a radiant summer complexion, try the Color Clay Treatment (inspired by the Chinese philosophy of Yin and Yang) or the Dess'lift, a mini-lift with long-lasting results. And for a swimsuit-ready body, consider the Seaweed Body Treatment (exfoliation with essential oil); the Body Wrap and Massage (Remineralizing or slimming); or the Clay Body Treatment, which comes in six different colors, each with a different benefit (anti-stress and oxygenation, improved circulation, detoxification, tonifying and hydration, remineralization, and muscle-toning).

Summer fantasies: lazy beach days, cruising around in a convertible, the wind ruffling your hair. But the fantasy fizzles fast

"You spend time and money getting your whole body into shape, so why not do the same for your hair?"

if your hair has thinned. "Thin hair is a big issue for a woman, especially in the summer, when you spend so much time outside," says Elline Surianello, president, founder – and a client – of **LeMetric Hair Center** (124 E. 40th St., Ste. 601, 986-5620). "Hair loss changes a woman's whole sense of self," Surianello explains, "and that's the problem we tackle. We specialize in helping women who have thinning hair or hair loss. You spend time and money getting your body in shape – so why not do the same for your hair?"

"When women's hair begins to thin, it does not happen evenly all over the head, but rather in sections," says Dino Dondiego, president and founder of **Sequence** (1-888-BLEND-88; 1-800-217-9052). "With our unique Hair Blending® process, we blend one real hair at a time into the thinning areas, to give you a little more volume wherever it's needed. It's a subtle technique that restores your natural balance and style. But rather than simply describe Hair Blending, I invite anyone with thinning hair to visit Sequence. I'll actually blend some real hair in with your own – and then you can see for yourself how freeing Hair Blending® can be!"

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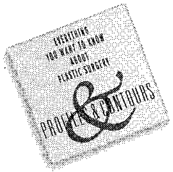

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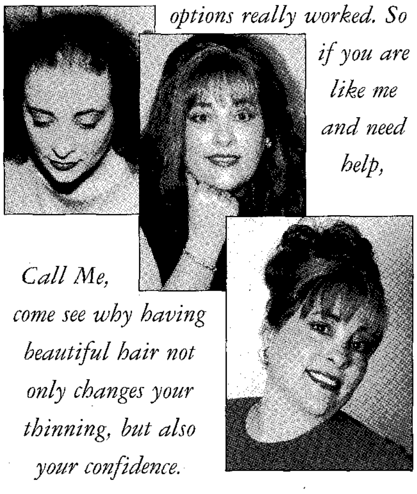

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Call me & visit with me
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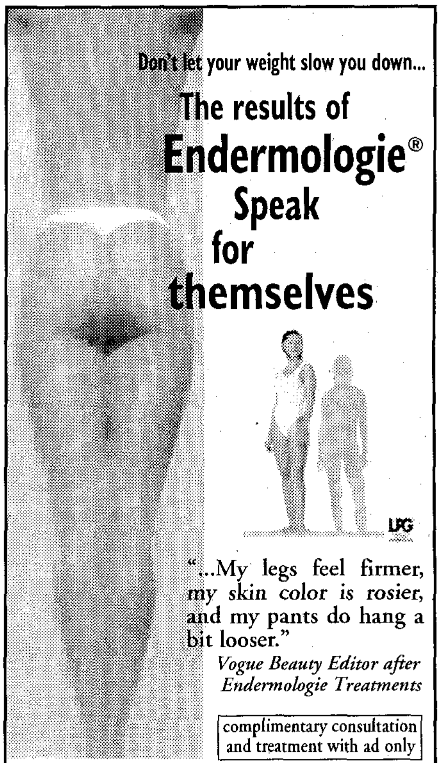

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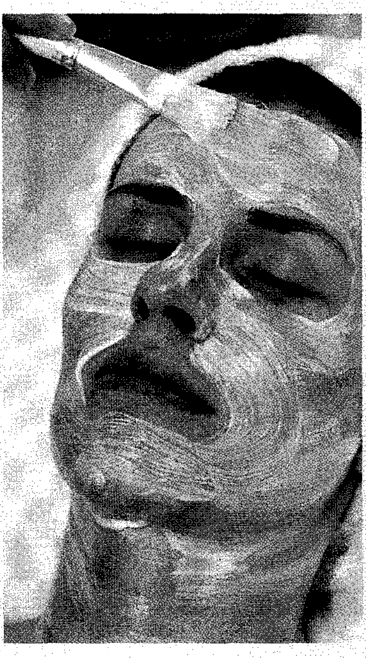

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Jacques Dessange – 505 Park Ave., 308-1400. Our Day of Beauty includes hair cut and blow dry, full body massage, manicure, pedicure, facial, makeup and lunch; now $295 (regularly. $370). Specials on Seaweed Body Treatments, Clay Body Treatments, Dess'lift: buy six, get one free (use within three months).

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George Lefkovits, M.D., FACS – 9 E. 62nd St., 750-9494. A Board Certified plastic surgeon specializing in all aspects of cosmetic surgery, with an emphasis on liposuction and breast surgery. Most surgery is performed in an office-based setting. Also serves a large male population.

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Med Fitness – 12 E. 86th St. (between 5th and Madison avenues), 327-4197. Introductory offer for new clients only: a package of 10 training sessions for $600 (regularly. $750).

Millefleurs – 130 Franklin St., 966-3656. For *New York* readers, a full Day of Beauty for $185 (regularly. $240). It includes a full facial, a herbal body wrap, one-hour massage, spa manicure and pedicure. Ask about our Mother's Day special. Try our natural nail tips. Bring in this article and receive a 40% discount on your first set.

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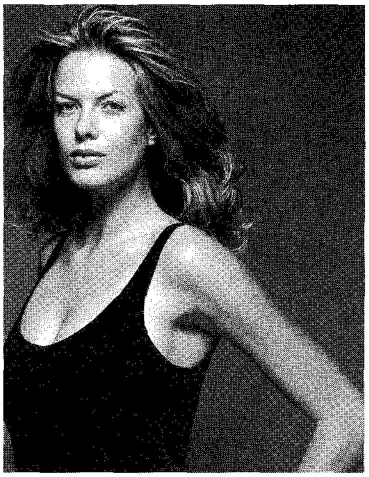

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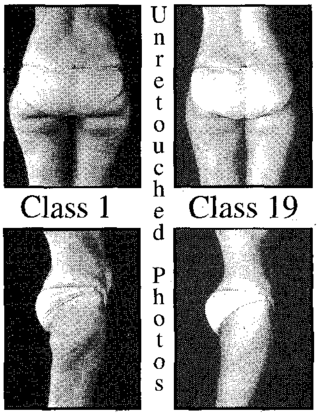

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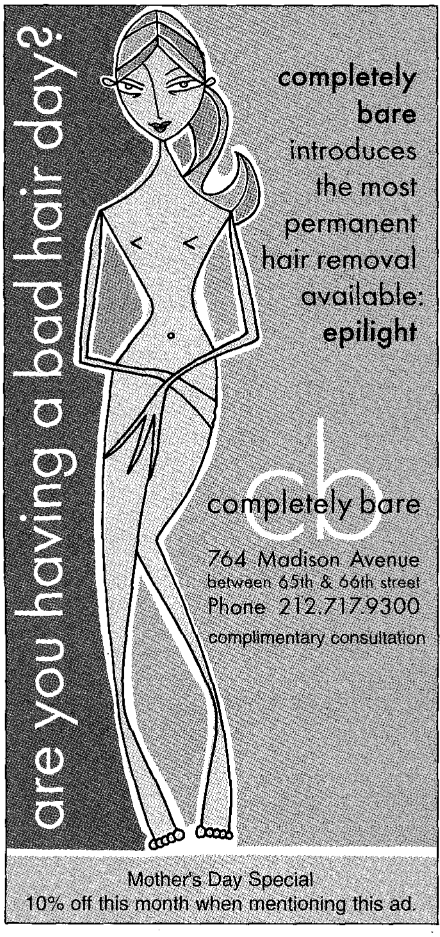
The Vein Treatment Center – 327 E. 65th St. (between 1st and 2nd avenues) 249-6117. The VTC was established in 1982 and has years of experience in treating all types of varicose and spider veins on the legs, face and hands. Under the direction of Dr. Luis Navarro, they offer all methods of treatment, including laser therapy, sclerotherapy, image-guided sclerotherapy, mini-phlebectomy, and ambulatory surgery. ■



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PETER RAINER

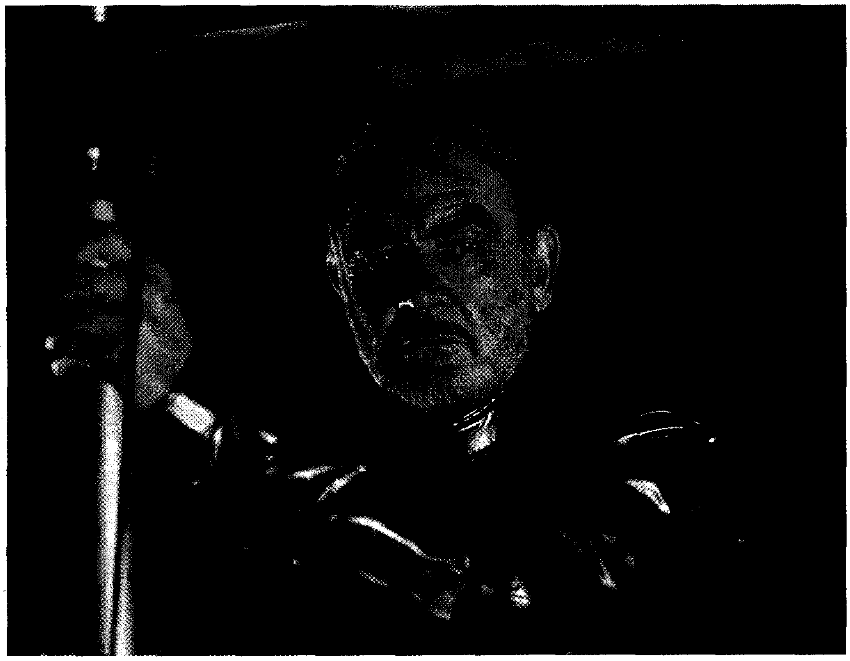
Some Like It Hotter

Sean Connery and Catherine Zeta-Jones make such a sizzling team that you wish 'Entrapment' had more libido and less larceny in mind.

IN THE NEW CAPER **Entrapment**, SEAN CONNERY PLAYS Robert "Mac" MacDougal, the world's greatest art thief. The hollowest line of dialogue in the movie, which was directed by Jon Amiel from a script by Ron Bass and William Broyles, comes early on when an insurance investigator (Will Patton), scoffing at the notion that Mac could have pulled off a daring aerial abduction of a Rembrandt, says of him, "He's 60. He's not Spider-Man anymore." Actually, Connery is closer to 70, but with his silver-fox dashingness, he still outshines most actors a third his age. In *Entrapment,* he's more James Bond than Spider-Man. Not that he needs to be Bond, of course: I can't think of another performer famously identified with a role—with a franchise—who went on to so thoroughly re-create himself as an actor in the public imagination. The man who gave us the archetypal debonair stud—the pop prince 007—had it within himself to portray a fuller, more nuanced heroism. Connery's career—both as Bond and as the actor he became—represents perhaps the most satisfying expression of masculine force in the history of movies. Because of that force, almost any scene in which he appears with a woman becomes primal.

When he has a part worthy of him—as in *A Fine Madness, The Untouchables, The Russia House,* or *Robin and Marian*—he triumphs. To be fully realized, however, he needs to be grand-scale, and very few movies—the *Molly Maguires* and *The Man Who Would Be King,* perhaps—have filled out his epic presence. The Kipling adaptation was perfect for Connery: He doesn't, after all, need to be playing actual kings, only men with the emotions, the delusions of kings. Most of the time we learn to take Connery where we can—in junk like *The Rock* or mildly diverting knockoffs like *Entrapment.*

Amid the stunts and the fireworks and the ploddingly staged heists in cryptlike museums in London and gleaming computer banks in Kuala Lumpur, Connery actually gives a *performance.* So does Catherine Zeta-Jones, as Virginia Baker, an insurance investigator who is also Mac's partner in crime. Zeta-Jones, with her *Playboy After Hours* contours and her rueful expressiveness, is a female counterpart to Connery. Like him, she combines the hubba hubba of pop with an expansive, nuanced presence. Connery and Zeta-Jones not only look great together, they work well together, too. Connery can sometimes seem almost alarmingly hale, but Zeta-Jones's steady-state allure tempers him. Mac seems stunned—chastened—by her beauty; and for once in a movie featuring a May/December liaison, the age disparity isn't ignored. We watch Mac fall in love with Virginia, who returns the favor, but regret shrouds these two: Her youthful esprit leaves him misty-eyed. Still, I could have done with less melancholia and more whoopee. There's a perplexing scene in which Mac, about to have his way with Virginia, utters something gnomic and then backs off. You half expect Bob Dole to emerge from the shadows with a few words from Pfizer.



Stolen heart: Connery as the world's most accomplished art thief, in *Entrapment.*

Photograph by David Appleby/Twentieth Century Fox.

A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE MYSTIFIED THAT DAVID MAMET CHOSE to adapt and direct for the screen Terence Rattigan's 1946 play **The Winslow Boy** (which was filmed once before, in 1948, starring Robert Donat). On the face of it, this *does* seem an odd choice: Rattigan, that minor master of the British "well-made play," is not the first—or even the fiftieth—name that springs to mind in connection with the playwright who wrote *American Buffalo* and *Glengarry Glen Ross.* In theory, Anton Chekhov wouldn't spring to mind, either, and yet Mamet has adapted or translated *The Cherry Orchard, Three Sisters,* and *Uncle Vanya.* The question isn't so much why Mamet would choose to adapt a project so ostensibly far from his temperament; the real head-scratcher is why, for his first film directing someone else's material, he would give himself over to a play that is less than great—less than, say, something by Chekhov.

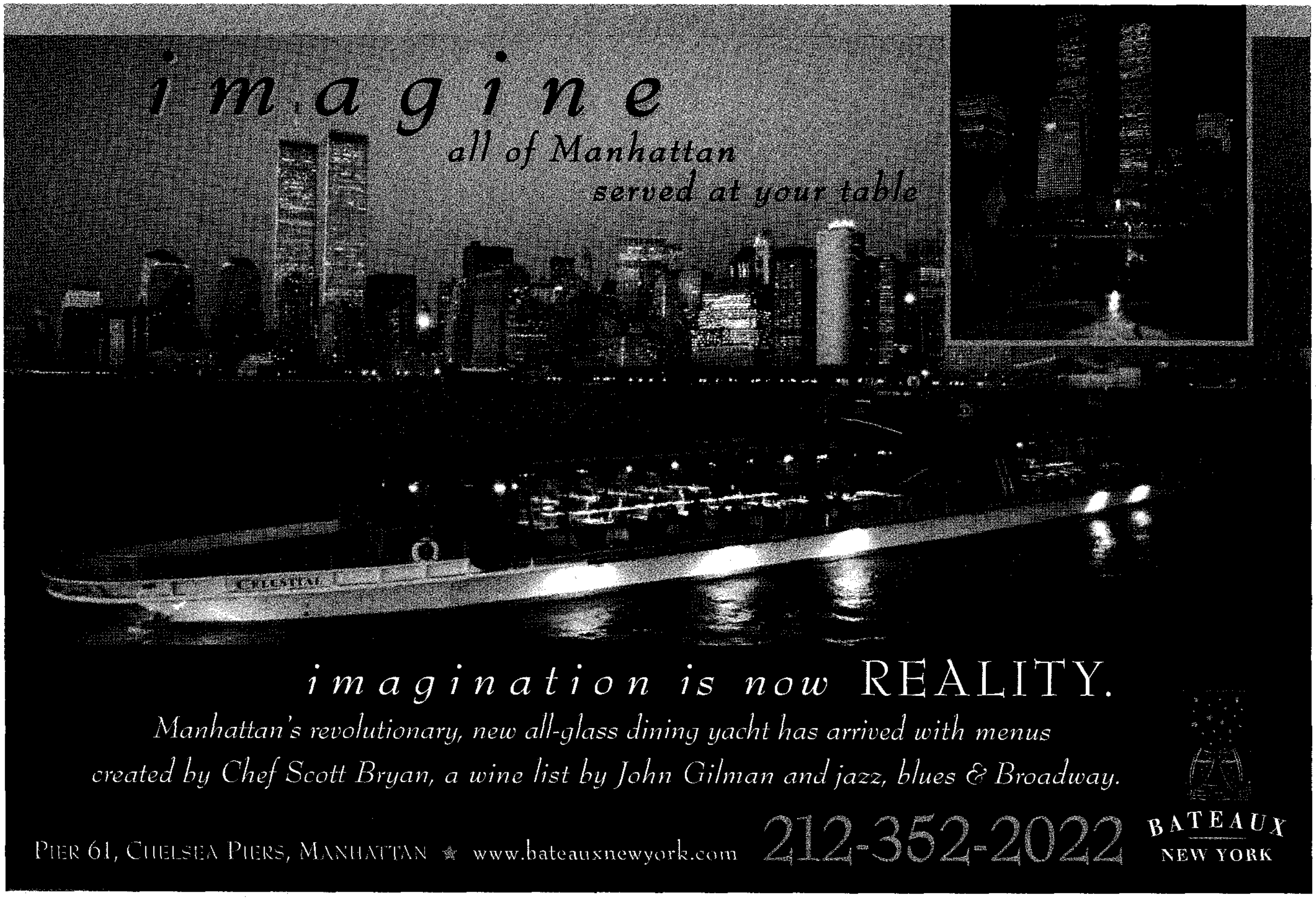
The answer may be that Rattigan's play is just good enough to appeal to the Victorian gentleman lurking inside Mamet. Rattigan's *Winslow Boy* has a very pleasing formality, with each character's psychological dimensions calibrated to the millimeter. As you watch the movie, it doesn't seem so strange anymore that Mamet decided to do it: His plays, beneath their surface unruliness, have a great formality, too. As a dramatist, he may indulge in bad manners, but they still are manners. The brittle cadences of Rattigan's upper-crusters are continuous with the jabbing syncopations of Mamet's lowlifes and tricksters. He's obsessed by the ways in which speech camouflages our secret selves. For him, it's the subtext, the pause, that resonates—even when, as in Rattigan's play, there isn't much inside the characters to resound.

Set in 1912, *The Winslow Boy* is about how a well-to-do family dedicates itself to the defense of their young and presumably innocent son (Guy Edwards) after he is expelled from the Royal Naval Academy for allegedly stealing a five-shilling postal note. Arthur Winslow (Nigel Hawthorne, who is especially fine), the ailing family patriarch, goes up against the Crown to achieve justice; he hires a famous attorney and member of Parliament, Sir Robert Morton (Jeremy Northam), whose dashing conservatism both attracts and repels Winslow's suffragette daughter, Catherine (Rebecca Pidgeon).

The final verdict comes at great personal cost to the family, and yet Mamet, who streamlines Rattigan's play and makes it less pontifical, doesn't take the material as far as it can go; he doesn't bring out the arrogance in Arthur's mania. Victory here is shown to be debilitating but not all-consuming, and so we're left with a pleasing fable about the battle of the sexes and the virtues of persistence in a just cause. The neatness of it all is both appealing and appalling, and perhaps this combo is what finally hooked Mamet.

In brief: DIRECTED BY WU TIANMING, **The King of Masks** is about an old man (Zhu Xu), a street performer in China's Sichuan provinces in the thirties, who grudgingly befriends an abandoned urchin (Zhou Ren-ying) and ultimately owes his life to her. This may sound like the sort of picture that routinely cops a best-foreign-film Oscar, but actually it's better than that. Because it comes by most of its emotions honestly, we don't feel strong-armed by sentimentality. . . **Three Seasons** is very pretty to look at and very languid—so languid, in fact, that at times it resembles a cinematic version of one of those soothing environmental mood tapes for beddy-bye time. Although this is the first American independent film to be shot in Vietnam with predominantly Vietnamese actors, it doesn't seem to have any center of gravity. The first-time writer-director Tony Bui, who was born in Vietnam but reared in America, has a remarkable eye for shots of lotus petals and rain-swept alleys and city lights at dusk. His aesthetic sense is so rarefied that he turns everything into spun sugar: Sequences involving a prostitute (Zoë Bui) and a smitten cyclo driver (Don Duong); a returning Marine (Harvey Keitel) trying to locate his daughter; a young girl (Nguyen Ngoc Hiep) harvesting lotus blossoms; or a homeless street kid (Nguyen Huu Duoc) all have the same temperature—lukewarm. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



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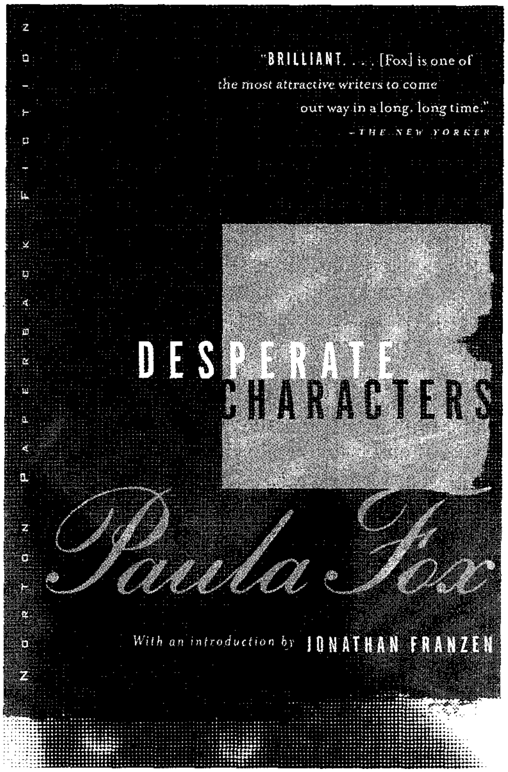
Second Coming

Paula Fox's 'Desperate Characters,' reissued after 28 years, hardly feels dated—one definition of great literature.

Desperate Characters
BY PAULA FOX
(W.W. Norton; 176 pages; $12)

ONE OF THE SADDEST THINGS ABOUT PUBLISHING is how quickly it ages what it touches. The frenzy involved in getting books on shelves, and in putting the word out that they're there, moves at a speed that is not the speed of writing, let alone of reading. And then it's over—yesterday's hot title, so long-awaited and so loudly touted, as stale on the plate as yesterday's hot lunch. Novels intended to seize the moment, filled with the names of hip nightspots and celebrities, cool the fastest, dead before they've lived. Fortunately, the Internet offers hope, the prospect of an electronic culture vault where in-print and out-of-print are meaningless and books can outlast the latest footwear craze, attracting, over time, their natural audiences and not just their presold demographic constituencies. But until that happens, the only antidote for premature literary decomposition is attentive reprinting, resurrection by paperback.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"BRILLIANT. . . . [Fox] is one of the most attractive writers to come our way in a long, long time."
—THE NEW YORKER
DESPERATE CHARACTERS
Paula Fox
With an introduction by JONATHAN FRANZEN

Paula Fox's short, sharp novel **Desperate Characters**, originally published in 1970, deserves such a second coming more than most books, and because of a certain fierce affection for it among a band of smart young tastemakers, its imminent reissue may trump its first one. With an awestruck introduction by Jonathan Franzen and a headlining blurb from David Foster Wallace—the IQ-busting dynamic duo of the new intelligentsia—a book that requires more time to grow on readers than the lit-crit news cycle allows for is rising again from publishing's pulpy mass grave. And thankfully, the hook this time is no hook. Fox is alive and writing (in Brooklyn), and none of the "issues" her novel touches on have suddenly taken on morning-show relevance. The book's re-emergence, believe it or not, is pegged to nothing but its own vitality.

The title may bring to mind an airport thriller, chockablock with lingerie and intrigue, but *Desperate Characters* is a quiet book, the loudest note it strikes the muffled scream of upper-middle-class spiritual entombment. It's an updated brownstone with mice inside the walls patiently nibbling their way into the wiring. The residents are Sophie and Otto Bentwood, a married, childless pair of urban pioneers who've staked their tasteful, antiquey, book-lined claim on a piece of marginal Brooklyn real estate just across the street from purgatory. Gassy infants cry out in the night, drunks throw up into the gutter, and rusting buses shed parts while turning corners. Giuliani's chrome metropolis is a dream; the city is still a bundle of ragged edges. One night, one of them catches Sophie's soft skin in the form of a feral cat that nips her hand, inflicting a wound that festers in spreading circles.

The story has a period, the high–Dick Cavett era, when therapists were still called analysts, parties were all about having conversations, and faithful *New York Review of Books* subscribers wore their jewels on the outside of their turtlenecks. Revolution itself is no longer in the air, quite, but talk of revolution lingers powerfully. Everyone either smokes or has just quit. Because Fox sets the scene with a minimum of props, though (a campaign poster that apparently shows George Wallace is the only specific time stamp), readers are free to fill in from their own memories and private reservoirs of associations. What Fox supplies is the basic palette: gray. The gray of hungover faces, of late-spring skies, of morning-after ashtrays. If that sounds bleak, well, it is and it isn't, much like Sophie and Otto's marriage, which somehow comes off as both brittle and sustaining. What Fox, an exacting colorist, does with gray, most SoHo designers wish that they could do.

As a writer, Fox is all sensitive, staring eyeball. Her images break the flesh. They scratch the retina: "The woman's black chamber-pot hat seemed to rise slightly above her head. Her mouth snapped shut as if she'd bitten off a thread." Fox lays the bricks of her paragraphs with precision and doesn't trowel in much interpretation between them, which doesn't make her a minimalist, just careful. She picks up and uses pieces of daily life that most writers would leave lying on the ground, assuming that they could spot them in the first place. Here is how Sophie remembers her own mood the night of her first

Writers nowadays tend to leave no heroine unhealed; Fox, to her credit, leaves her characters desperate.

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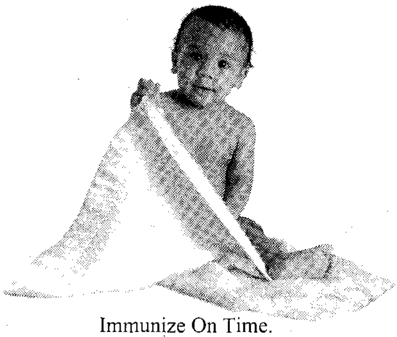

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encounter with a publisher who will later become her lover: "Sophie had met him the evening she and Otto had gone to see the French National Theater's production of *Andromache*. She had been aware of a special animation in herself attributed with some truth by Otto to the fact that he would have to wear earphones for the English translation while she could sit there in her bilingual authority." Observations like this make the book—a stream of seemingly throwaway epiphanies that breed in the reader an almost painful alertness. Fox's prose hurts. It's written on the nerves. It's a good hurt, though, like using a fresh, dry washcloth on a sleep-numbed face.

Maybe it's the case of rabies that Sophie fears she's contracted from the cat bite, but something makes her the perfect human camera, focused to a hallucinatory clarity while giving off a dim internal whirring sound. The story consumes just three days of an existence whose months and years, one feels, tend to run together. What's different about this long weekend, though, is the sudden smelting of free-form irritation into a singular nugget of panic. Fox gives Sophie the perfect professional background for someone whose malaise is turning septic: She's a translator of important-sounding literature who lately can't find anything worth translating. Otto, the constipated old curmudgeon in the couple's ongoing George-and-Gracie routine, is facing a professional crisis himself, but one that has thickened his skin instead of thinning it. He's just parted ways with the partner in his legal practice, a liberal named Charlie who champions the downtrodden more out of surplus narcissism than out of real concern. His motives, like those of the story's other people, are fundamentally lost to him, however, and even though almost all of the characters in the book spend their dialogue analyzing the others, none of them arrive at any solid conclusions about themselves or anyone else. Human identity isn't fixed with Fox; it's mostly just talk, and round and round it goes. When Sophie has finally had enough, and snaps, the charge she hurls at Otto affirms this point: "For God's sake—be a little uncertain!"

What's been missing from fiction since the novel was published (and the quality that makes one grateful it's resurfaced) is just this scrupulous, closely wrought uncertainty. Once, it was enough to *make* a Sophie—dreamy, acute, dissatisfied yet complacent. Now, though, most writers would need to heal her, too. There would be revelations, lessons, challenges, a sincere application of the latest quackery. But Fox leaves Sophie at her most agitated—that moment that just precedes the diagnosis. The moment that, let's be honest, never ends. ■

Walter Kirn's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

SHORTS

WILL SELF IS SO SMART HE TENDS TO BE LAZY, writing books about premises rather than about people. In *Cock & Bull*, people grow new genitals. In *Great Apes*, evolution goes in reverse. Several of the stories in **Tough, Tough Toys for Tough, Tough Boys** (Grove; $23) suffer from this cleverer-than-thou syndrome. In "Flytopia," a misanthropic graduate student aligns himself with the insects infesting his cottage, who then devour his nagging girlfriend. But in "The Nonce Prize," the novella that ends the book, Self manages to stop being so high-concept. His crackhead hero, Danny, is trying to win a short-story contest—his ticket out of prison for a child-sex crime he didn't commit. The stakes are high, the descriptions of Danny's real-nonce (Brit-speak for "pedophile") competitors disturbing, and Danny's newfound way with words believable. Self jolts his jaded soul into something resembling feeling. ALEXANDRA LANGE

THERE'S SOMETHING SICKENING ABOUT JANET Fitch's first novel, **White Oleander** (Little, Brown; $24), and it's not entirely intentional. Her premise certainly shouts melodrama: Ingrid, beautiful blonde poet, murders her ex; her beautiful blonde daughter, Astrid, is sent to a series of foster homes, dropping swiftly from the cultural elite to white trash. This is the kind of book in which, as soon as you meet Uncle Ray, Astrid's foster mother's boyfriend, you know there's going to be sexual abuse. *White Oleander* is a loosely stitched-together series of these worst nightmares: a mother who starves her young, a high-class prostitute, a suicidal fading actress, a tough-talking Russian flea-market hustler. Ingrid is the most monstrous and yet the most refined, like an Aryan vampire. Fitch's writing has trippy, visceral power, but the reader remains unconvinced that she hasn't just written this as an exercise in high-brow shock lit—A. M. Homes Lite. A.L.

IN **Véra** (RANDOM HOUSE; $27.95), CO-DEPENDENCE proves engrossing and utterly romantic as biographer Stacy Schiff reconstructs the life and wifehood of the brilliant, stoic Véra Slonim, a.k.a. Mrs. Vladimir Nabokov. She was not just the quadrilingual masked girl he met in St. Petersburg, the mother of his child, the editor whose handwriting crowds the margins of his manuscripts, or the T.A. of his courses, nor was she merely his crystal-blue-eyed muse. She was his wife, in the most complete and complicated sense of the word. Schiff's elegant prose and fanatical attention to detail establish this unequivocally. In 52 years, the only thing the two did not share was the spotlight. BRETT KELLY

JOHN SIMON

Blood Brothers

'The Lonesome West,' Martin McDonagh's latest addition to the Leenane saga, carries sibling rivalry to giddy heights and stultifying depths.

MARTIN MCDONAGH'S **The Lonesome West** is said to be his response to Sam Shepard's *True West,* another play about skirmishing brothers in a lonely and stagnant setting. Coleman Connor has blown off his father's head for mocking his hairstyle; his brother, Valene, has made him sign away his share in the house and meager inheritance in exchange for testifying that the shooting was accidental. Now Valene keeps Coleman on a tight financial leash while exulting in his plastic figurines of saints and a new but totally unnecessary orange stove, all marked with a defiant V. You may have guessed that—despite the frantic efforts of Father Welsh, the hapless young priest who views the Leenane parish as Siberia—neither the stove nor the saints will end happily, caught as they are in internecine fraternal crossfire.

Poor Father Welsh is trying to cope with the Leenane villagers, already responsible for three murders to which a suicide will soon be added. Vainly, he struggles to make peace between the Connors; resist the discreet but persistent advances of Girleen, the pretty teenager sweet on him; and control his craving for poteen, which (he claims) his parish is driving him to. The thankless Leenaners won't even learn his name, calling him Walsh as often as Welsh. No wonder Father Walsh—oops!—Welsh is the laughingstock of the entire Irish Catholic church, which (we are told), given the competition, takes some doing.

That is your basic situation. McDonagh has an ear for rowdy and ribald rant, with *fecking* and *arse* the favored *mots justes,* and threats and insults raining as thick as the downpour outside the windows. Yet the inspiration is not so much Shepard as Synge, Brueghel, Ghelderode, and *Tobacco Road,* what with these neo-Rabelaisian rustics indulging their violent (although, being Catholic, sexless) antics. There is something comic, or tragicomic, there, but less in the writing than in the fine acting of Maelíosa Stafford, Brían F. O'Byrne, David Ganly, and Dawn Bradfield, and in the expert direction of Garry Hynes. But not even they can keep Act Two from seriously dragging.

And one other, minor lapse: How could a father mock the hairstyle of a Coleman portrayed by a near-bald actor?

Foul ball: The cast of *That Championship Season.*

Photograph by Susan Cook.

CHRISTOPHER FRY'S ADAPTATION OF JEAN ANOUILH'S *L'Invitation au château* as **Ring Round the Moon** consists mostly of cutting, changing the name of Horace into Hugo, and a few quaint substitutions. Where Anouilh wrote "pink as a flower," Fry has "pink as a strawberry," though strawberries are properly red. Perhaps, despite Fry's pleasing adaptation, Anouilh's original should, if possible, be read.

The play falls into the third of the three categories Anouilh divides his plays into: "Brilliant," and thus meant to dazzle. It concerns Isabelle, a charming dancer from the Opéra's corps de ballet, who has been invited to a ball at rich old Mme. Desmermortes's chateau by the wheelchair-bound crone's nephew, Hugo. A dashing but thoroughly amoral youth, Hugo wants Isabelle to break up what he considers the unsuitable engagement of the wealthy and headstrong Diana Messerschmann to his identical twin, Frederic. Identical at skin level only; Frederic is timid, decent, and capable of romantic passion, and thus the exact opposite of Hugo, who senses that it is really for himself that Diana is pining.

Her billionaire father, Messerschmann, a former Jewish tailor from Kraków, can buy everything, perhaps even his daughter's happiness, but not his own: His weak stomach can keep down only noodles—without butter and salt! Nor, as he knows, can he keep down his mistress, Lady Dorothy India, who is betraying him

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with his slippery secretary, Patrice Bombelles. Isabelle arrives accompanied by her silly and pretentious mother and Romainville, a middle-aged roué and friend of Mme. Desmermortes. He must pass off Isabelle as his niece, though he really wants her for his mistress.

Mme D. likes to pull strings, and uses her pallid lady's companion, the spinster Capulat, as her factotum. Hugo, the other string-puller, relies on the services of the faithful retainer, Joshua. But finally, it is fate that proves even better at pulling strings, though here, unlike in many Anouilh plays, it lets things end amicably. Needed is a delicately gauged production, balancing dreamy fairy-tale atmosphere with satirical bite. But the director, Gerald Gutierrez, spends all his invention on managing the rapid exits and entrances of the one actor who must play both antithetical twins. The mischief is either too muted or heavily underlined; the froth is missing altogether.

The English actor Toby Stephens makes a somewhat flabby, undashing Hugo, and a rather too sappy, yokelish Frederic. But he has two things going for him: Robert Stephens and Maggie Smith, his famous parents. Gretchen Egolf is a handsome, well-spoken Isabelle, but without a dancer's lightness and lyricism, as she towers over most of the men around her. As Mme. D., Marian Seldes, for all her good timing and general savvy, lacks aristocratic hauteur and bounces around in her wheelchair as if it were a mere prop.

The others are largely misdirected by Gutierrez, who cannot even convey that a grand ball is in progress. Especially misled are Candy Buckley, Joyce Van Patten, Fritz Weaver (former Jewish tailor, not Old Testament prophet), and Haviland Morris (a caricature Diana in a beastly gown by John David Ridge). Richard Clarke comes off best as the manservant Joshua, but this is not supposed to be a play in which the butler did it all.

ANOTHER REVIVAL COMES UP SHORT: JASON Miller's **That Championship Season**. It's about the twentieth annual reunion of a prize-winning small-town high-school basketball team at the house of their coach, a ritual attended by only four of the five. George, the town's smug mayor, is up against a strong candidate in his bid for re-election; James, the junior-high-school principal and his campaign manager, secretly harbors higher aspirations; James's brother, Tom, the town drunk, has seen a bit of the world and enjoys needling the others with not inapposite sarcasm; Phil, who inherited his father's strip mines and is the town nabob, plays around with the women, not least the mayor's wife. Martin, the missing teammate, abstains because he is most aware of the shoddy tricks by which the coach won that silver cup with their names on it, proudly displayed on his coffee table. Coach (he has no other name) is a petit bourgeois full of quasi-philosophical bluster, still trying to run his overgrown but undermatured boys. Beneath his bluff exterior, he is a narrow-minded reactionary with merely some financial success.

The play was impressive in 1972, when we had only one idiotic war instead of one around every corner and presidential scandals seemed safely buried with Warren Harding. So Jason Miller's exposé of down-home corruption had real punch as it aptly blended Lillian Hellman and William Inge. At the time, I wrote of Miller: "An author who can be both surgically probing and charitable, both muckraking and forgiving, performs that marriage of incisiveness and generosity from which truths are born."

The 1972 play feels in 1999 like our twenty-seventh reunion with petty sinners whose sins have shrunk further. They have only gambled away morally a puny trophy, a mere paper cup compared to the cup of iniquities our politics keep forcing down our throats. Things are not helped by Scott Ellis's homogenizing direction or the cast that, though highly capable, is not quite up to the original one. Still, there are fine performances from Michael O'Keefe, Ray Baker, Dylan Baker, and Dennis Boutsikaris. The usually excellent James Gammon, however, lacks that demonic extra something that made Richard A. Dysart, as the coach, so powerful back then.

NOTE THE NAMES MEL MARVIN, LARRY Hochman, Paul J. Ascenzo, and Joseph Church. These are the arrangers of the great songs in the revue **The Gershwins' Fascinating Rhythm**. On the evidence of what is perpetrated here, they should stick to arranging flowers in a second-rate funeral parlor. Current pop music, toward which the show is slanted, has its own rights, but hands off what was perfection as is.

Marvin is an old hand and has done good work in the past; Mark Lamos, even more so. The two are co-conceivers of this abomination, and Lamos, alas, has also directed it. Contempt would need very sharp eyes indeed to espy a work so far beneath its feet. The performers range from foul to forgettable, the choreography is derivative, the décor cut-rate, the costumes spaghetti with ice cream. Peggy Eisenhauer's lighting labors valiantly to thread things together, but hose with more darning than stocking aren't worth a damn. ■

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

Look Back in Angst

Haunted by deathly imagery, 'Requiem for a Young Poet,' Bernd Alois Zimmermann's massive millennial downer, finally has its U.S. premiere.

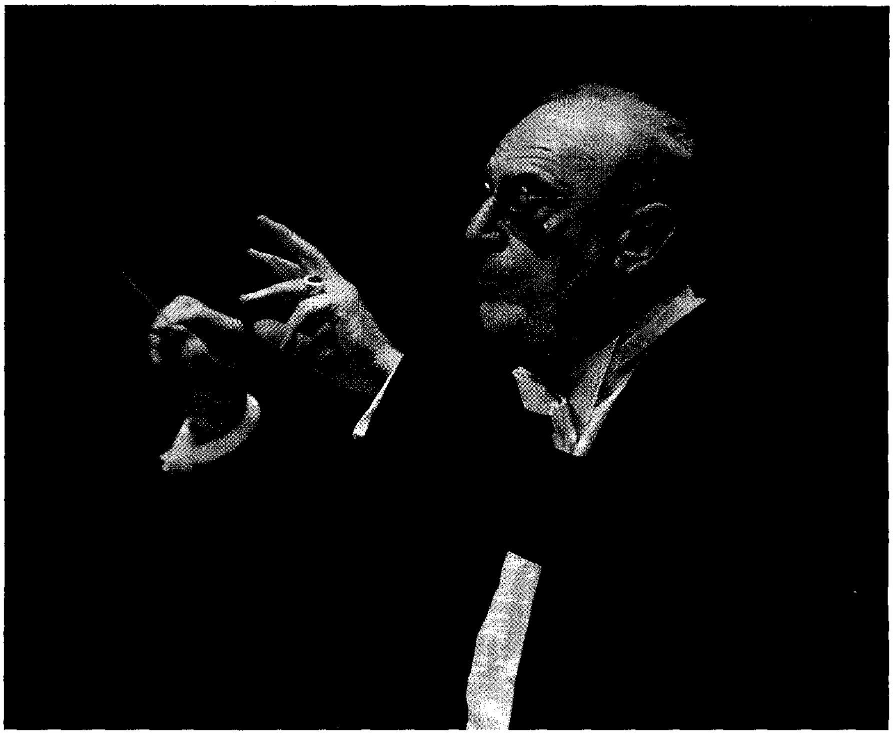
HAD BERND ALOIS ZIMMERMANN NOT TAKEN HIS life in 1970, nine months after the premiere of his **Requiem for a Young Poet**, he would be 81 and right in tune with today's end-of-millennium angst. Perhaps the pervading global unease over Y2K partly explains why Zimmermann's final apocalyptic cry of despair seemed to resonate extra loudly when the Southwest Radio Symphony Orchestra of Freiburg, under conductor Michael Gielen, brought the score to Carnegie Hall. Then, too, New York concertgoers almost always respond eagerly to cultural events on a grand scale, no matter how grim, and the sound of more than 350 musicians proclaimed that something very important must be in the offing.

To accommodate this massive ode to chaos, Zimmermann requires an orchestra, two actors, soprano and baritone soloists, three choirs, a jazz combo, and an organ. In addition to the live performers, a vast array of electronic equipment is spread about the auditorium to feed loudspeakers with the recorded voices of, among others, Hitler, Mao Tse-tung, Churchill, Stalin, Alexander Dubček, and Pope John XXIII; taped readings from the works of Albert Camus, Ludwig Wittgenstein, Ezra Pound, and James Joyce; and the writings of three young poets—Vladimir Mayakovsky, Sergei Esenin, and Konrad Bayer—who committed suicide. The score is also pregnant with significant musical quotes from the Catholic liturgy, Wagner (*Tristan*), Beethoven (the Ninth Symphony), Messiaen (*L'Ascension*), and the Beatles ("Hey Jude"). All this is packed into a bulging score lasting little more than an hour, a tightly compressed but still gargantuan apparatus that Gielen and his forces controlled with awesome virtuosity.

Anyone who saw Zimmermann's unremittingly bleak *Die Soldaten* at the City Opera in 1991 and figured he had gone as far as he could in assembling insanely complex sound montages was wrong. Completed in 1964, that opera might now be thought of as just a prologue to the *Requiem,* a work that stretches the composer's elaborate pluralistic and contrapuntal layering techniques, both musical and verbal, to the limit. Zimmermann even invented a new name for the genre, which he called a *lingual,* a piece that blends elements of the cantata, oratorio, radio play, journalism, and feature film. So much simultaneously purveyed information would, one might think, be impossible to take in all at once, but an attentive listener armed with a schematic plan of the score's structure and translations of the texts can follow its progress easily enough. For better or worse, the entire piece is actually surprisingly coherent, and Zimmermann is nothing if not a master of theatrical effect—the finale, a collage of taped mass protests from around the world, is hair-raising.

What seems most likely to keep the *Requiem* out of the repertory, aside from the sheer expense of performing it, is its irritating German-centrist point of view. Apparently, one source of Zimmermann's depression was a conviction that German music, a dominant force in Western culture from Bach through Beethoven and Wagner to Schoenberg, had now reached the end. That numbing sense of finality is present throughout the *Requiem,* which in fact has precious little real musical content—the whole score is more of a language game than a piece of music, and in that respect seems little more than a dated artifact of the sixties. Beyond that, to promote the idea that suicide is one option for a composer who feels aesthetically out of joint with his times almost seems obscene. No, when I'm in the mood for music of overwhelming nihilism, I'll take the inspired work of that dogged survivor and incorrigible pessimist Shostakovich every time.

NOT ALL MUSICAL INSTITUTIONS ARE ENTERING THE TWENTY-FIRST century biting their nails and fighting off a sense



The biggest band: Michael Gielen conducts the *Requiem,* at Carnegie Hall.

Photograph by Steve J. Sherman.

Cue

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of impending doom. Looking forward to its centenary in 2005, the Juilliard School has just announced a $100 million campaign that will bring the total endowment up from $101 million in 1984—the year that the school's current president, Joseph Polisi, took office—to $525 million. The major portion of the money will go to student scholarships, but faculty salaries, educational development in nonperformance fields, and building renovations will also benefit. Best of all, $10 million is slated for a "creative process initiative" that will develop up to ten works annually in all disciplines, ranging from string quartets to operas and dance works. The first project, scheduled for performance in 2000, will be an opera, *Heloise and Abelard*, by Stephen Paulus to a libretto by Frank Corsaro.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Corsaro, of course, has been the artistic director of the Juilliard Opera Center since 1987, and he generally stages two productions there each year. The quality of opera performance at Juilliard has improved beyond recognition during his tenure, and this season's offerings have been choice. I especially enjoyed last winter's *The Italian Straw Hat*, by Nino Rota, the favored composer of film directors Fellini and Visconti. Perhaps Italian opera buffa's last gasp, this inspired piece of lunacy depicts the adventures of a bridegroom on his wedding day as he frantically searches for a replacement Florentine hat similar to one accidentally eaten by his horse. Directed with wit and a light touch, the production flew like the wind, but never so quickly that the zany personalities got lost in the rush. The orchestra played with polished elegance for Randall Behr, a cast of talented students relished every opportunity, and Franco Colavecchia designed an enchanting Art Deco set—what a shame that such a delightful presentation disappeared after just three performances.

Kurt Weill's *Der Kuhhandel*, planned for this spring, has been postponed until next year, the composer's centenary. In its place, Corsaro dreamed up an elegant potpourri entitled **Liaisons . . .**, an evening of romantic, heroic, and humorous encounters taken from operas and musicals by Barber, Hoiby, Kern, Lehár, Menotti, Moore, Mozart, Porter, Rodgers, Sondheim, and Tchaikovsky. A seamless sequence of 27 selections in contrasting but complementary musical styles, the entertainment was put together so that each number cleverly suggested its successor, exactly as in a carefully balanced vocal recital. Seventeen Juilliard voice majors gratefully seized the moment to excel in a repertory, mostly by Americans, that brought out their best, both as singers and actors. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Lady Killers

An NBC mini-series tells the weird tale of a charismatic pacifist with a decidedly dark side; Mary-Louise Parker is a lily in Sidney Poitier's field.

Photograph by Allen Yee/NBC Photos.

Music for Einhorn: Kevin Anderson as convicted killer Ira Einhorn in NBC's *Hunt for the Unicorn Killer.*

AS IF TO APOLOGIZE FOR A MINI-SERIES JUST A "sweep" ago that was surprisingly sympathetic to the sixties, NBC reverts to a more conventional demonizing in **The Hunt for the Unicorn Killer** (Sunday and Monday, May 9 and 10; 9 to 11 P.M.). Ira Einhorn, played by Kevin Anderson in this heavy-breathing docudrama, is everything our mothers warned their daughters about—an antiwar agitator with a Charlie Manson beard, a hippie guru who saw UFOs, a psychedelic-drug-fiend eco-freak who personally presided over the very first Earth Day, a charismatic flim-flam artist, a misogynistic womanizer, a "planetary enzyme," and a killer pacifist. That he should still be hiding out in a French village, Champagne-Mouton, known for its fine wine, its quality cognac, and its goat cheese, is merely added seasoning to a crêpe suzette of dread.

Like the mini-series, the book by *Newsweek*'s Steven Levy from which it is adapted, and a Philadelphia court that tried Einhorn in absentia, I'm assuming that he murdered Holly Maddux (Naomi Watts) in 1977. It is, of course, remotely possible, as he claims, that the CIA framed him—by breaking most of Holly's bones, including her skull; stuffing her body in a steamer trunk; and letting the corpse rot for eighteen months in a locked closet in Ira's very own apartment while he was off wowing co-eds at Harvard—after which, despite the best advice of Arlen Specter, his defense attorney, he skipped a ludicrously low bail of $40,000 and fled the country. But then there's the previous girlfriend whom he almost strangled when she sought to leave him. And isn't it more likely that the agency, predisposed as it has been to paranormal phenomena, LSD experiments, and computer geekiness, would have tried to hire the guy instead?

That low bail, by the way, was courtesy of Ira's supportive and influential friends, from a corporate heavy (Josef Sommer) who thought he could cash in on Ira's futurist fantasies to a police lieutenant (Bill MacDonald) who used the radical poseur to defuse potential student riots, not to mention Barbara Bronfman (Mimi Kuzyk), Edmund Muskie (John Bayliss), and Uri Geller (Yuval Daniel). Not so supportive and much less influential were Holly's father (Tom Skerritt), her sisters (Kellie Overbey and Kristin Booth), the private detective they hired to find out what happened to her (William G. Schilling), and her post-Ira Fire Island boyfriend (Brian Kerwin). While it may be true that upon his arrest, Ira was told that "a hippie Jew who killed a blonde *shiksa* cheerleader" didn't stand a chance, the fact is that almost everybody in Philadelphia found Ira brilliant, and almost nobody believed he'd harm a fly.

To update you to the nineties, they finally found Ira in France, but the French refused to extradite because, under French law, convictions-in-absentia are invalid, and so Pennsylvania rewrote its own statutes to provide for a new trial, and now Ira is appealing extradition and Holly's still dead, as are her parents. The French have a point, about which the mini-series is far too casual, even contemptuous.

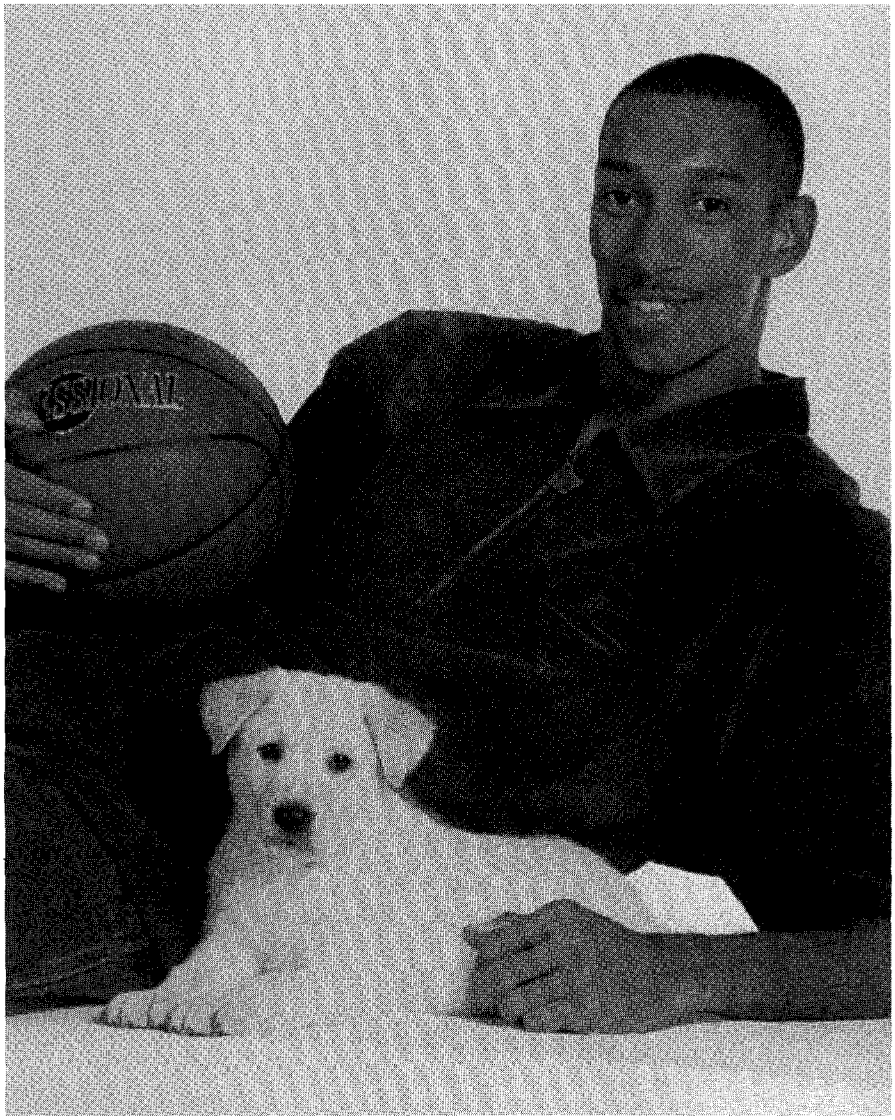
To the part of Ira, Anderson, who was last seen on television as the troubled priest Father Ray in the canceled series *Nothing Sacred,* brings some genuine intelligence and charm, plus an Abstract Expressionist streak of the volatile-sinister, as if Abbie Hoffman were looking over his shoulder at a Unabomber who seemed to be gaining on him. As Holly's father, Fred, Skerritt is an open wound from which the will to live is seeping. (He diminishes before our eyes; that he will shoot himself is preordained in shadowy wince.) As Holly, "Miss Congeniality" of Tyler, Texas, Watts isn't asked to be much more than blonde and wholesome, naïve and vulnerable, in need of a vacation and a therapist. (In the sixties especially, bad things happened to good girls.) To every minor role, character actors contribute a surprising conviction and the welcome sense of being more complicated than they can briefly suggest. And William A. Graham directs by crosscutting as if his condo were on fire. Nevertheless, it's Family Values versus Sixties Excess. We have graduated in a single generation from the bogeyman of the Vietnam vet turned sociopath to the bogeyman of the antiwar radical turned Bluebeard. The killer pacifist is as tailor-made for the Culture Wars as the killer lesbian and the killer baby-sitter.

The Simple Life of Noah Dearborn (SUNDAY, May 9; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) brings together Sidney Poitier, Mary-Louise Parker, and Dianne Wiest for a much happier occasion. Sidney may be the world's oldest carpenter, down-home in some idyllic South where he's the best-kept secret of appreciative town folk—tireless, ageless, philanthropic, and undisturbed in splendid isolation until the usual greedy developers seek his land for the usual shopping mall. And when he declines to sell, they try to have the courts declare him incompetent, importing Mary-Louise to do this dirty psychiatric work. Mary-Louise will, of course, fall for him, as has Dianne, who runs the local diner and whose strong feelings are of much longer duration but of less utility than the visiting shrink's. Everybody will end up in a hospital for a lube job and a life change. It's a lovely little movie, and Mary-Louise is a lovely huge talent.

Great Expectations (SUNDAY AND MONDAY, May 9 and 10; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) is determined to give David Lean a *Masterpiece Theatre* run for his Oscar-winning money—with Ioan Gruffudd at least as good as John Mills was as Pip in 1946, Charlotte Rampling distinctly better than Martita Hunt as Miss Havisham, Gemma Gregory a lot creepier than Jean Simmons as the young Estella, and the coldly beautiful Justine Waddell more likely to capture an older version of that creepiness than Valerie Hobson was, although no one will ever surpass Alec Guinness as Herbert. What's more, as in last year's *Our Mutual Friend,* the BBC seems on a crusade to darken Dickens, as if Newgate prison cast a shadow over the entire novel, as if there were bugs and worms in every bowl of gruel, as if Abel Magwitch himself (Bernard Hill) were the secret hero, a sort of New South Wales Oedipus to Pip's Peter Pan. For Rampling alone, in the great house purchased with the ill-gotten gains of a bygone brewery, this production is must watching: "Who am I, for God's sake, that I should be kind?" And she certainly isn't. ■

John Leonard's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Love Needs No Pedigree



Kerry Kittles of the New Jersey Nets with 8 week old "Dunkin". Photo by Mary Bloom

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THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Old Wine, New Money

Zoë, an old favorite in SoHo, gets a new chef, a new menu, and scary new prices—but even tightwads may find themselves unzipping their wallets.

GUESS I'VE BEEN DISTRACTED OR SIMPLY OUT to lunch. I didn't quite notice how galloping greed is swallowing the last dingy corners of go-go SoHo. I shouldn't be surprised to be looking at a $300 bill for a dinner for four at **Zoë** with just one bottle of wine and no designer fizzy. Is it my imagination, revisiting this seven-year-old favorite and its latest chef, or has the place sprouted a few more tables? And they're jumping, cranked up with the buzz of post-orgasmic shoppers, the savvy class of tourists, and our own nouvellish rich flushed from the hunt for lofts at $900 a square foot.

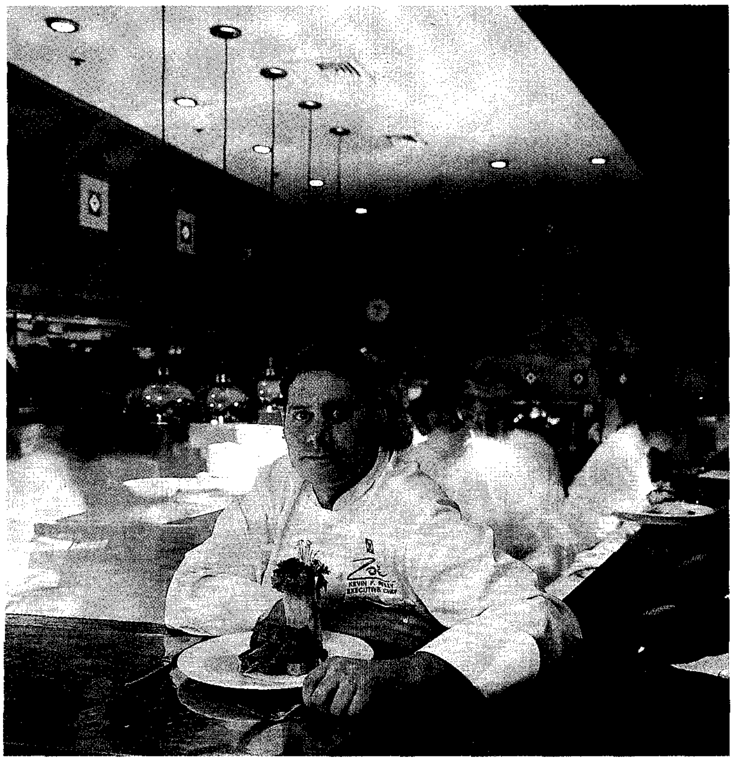
Anyway, I'm a bit nouvellish myself. While I was escaping winter abroad, AOL did its latest split. So, bring on your $14 appetizer of grilled porcini and asparagus with roasted grapefruit, manchego cheese, and Nuñez de Prado olive oil. We're not in Kansas anymore. We're just occasionally in denial. And this is some of the best fussy American food in New York. It's funny too, unless you're so stuffy and pedantic you can't get a giggle out of the surf and turf—excellent sirloin sliced and served alongside crabmeat-stuffed shrimp with a side of sensational fried rice heaped in a Chinese-restaurant carryout carton. ("Try to see it as a fish course followed by the meat course," I counsel a guest horrified by the revived concept.)

Back from a coming of age in kitchens around town and influenced by a stint at China Grill, chef Kevin Reilly, Zoë's opening sous-chef seven years ago, can't help an occasional Asian parenthesis—as in the too-sweet Vietnamese dipping sauce for the crusty fried calamari we see getting rushed to almost every table. But all is forgiven once I've tasted his exquisite roasted scallops, caramelized yet barely jelled, in an aromatic broth with slivers of radish and jalapeño crudités, a play on the bagna cauda of Italy. A single fried squash blossom with a melt of Camembert hidden inside floats in a heady spring-mushroom soup. And the lemon spaghetti with crab, smoked bacon, dandelion greens, and fried shallots lacks only a small squeeze of lemon. The focaccia-crusted oysters in his radicchio and romaine salad deserve less of its too cloying Caesar sauce.

But these few quibbles seem minor as our quartet starts to revel in the entrées: roasted halibut with couscous-and-sausage-stuffed squid in a heady broth that tastes of smoked mussels and saffron and sheer alchemy. Rich Chilean sea bass parked on pak choy with pea shoots in a lemon-soy sauce. Sturdy and rare lamb loin with the sweet-bitter taste of roasted endive and scalloped potatoes in a miniature iron skillet. And marvelous nori-wrapped tuna, just this side of sushi, with a scallion-risotto croquette and a pastry tower topped with ruffled greens and enoki mushrooms. "My homage to Alfred Portale," Reilly later confides. "Whatever he does that is visually exciting always makes taste sense."

Maybe SoHo doesn't blink at these prices, but I'm in sticker-shock everywhere these days. At Zoë, with food this good and remarkably genial service, I must try to relax and enjoy the splurge. (Though I want everyone in restaurants everywhere to stop interrupting the conversation three times a night to ask "Is everything all right?" We'll let you know if we need a fork.)

It's definitely spring on this corner of Mercer. Reilly, whose mission is to keep Zoë's prize-winning wine list in mind as he designs the menu, is properly obsessed with the first soft-shell crabs, the season's morels and porcini, spring vegetables, squash blossoms, and asparagus (in the nude or beer-battered). As for the vaunted wines, I am stumbling through the all-American listings with numerical ratings from *The Wine Spectator.* I keep running into $72 and $85 and $140 roadblocks and am impressed (and chagrined) to see how many vineyards I've never heard of. The sommelier doesn't even cringe at my cry for help; specifically, my request for a red with bouquet



Slice of Reilly: Zoë's new chef, Kevin Reilly, shows off a plate of his nori-wrapped tuna.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

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and complexity that's ready to drink "tonight" for about $40. He returns with a Merlot the house sells by the glass as well as the bottle. It's too acidy. But his $42 Hendry Ranch Zinfandel Block 7 (love that tony grapespeak) is fruity, smooth, and no pushover, perfect at yet another $300 dinner for four.

And, as a guest observes, the house-smoked Scottish-salmon appetizer with its caviar club sandwich, barbecued chips, tiny hard-boiled quail egg, and mizuna greens could be supper all by itself. That same salmon is even better in a thick filet, grilled rare and riding a pair of delicious truffled potato ravioli in a sorrel sauce. The tartness of scattered blueberries helps temper the sweetness of honey-lavender sauce under the rotisserie duck and its confit salad. Only the night's special jasmine-rice-crusted snapper is a dud—dull in a spring-pea sauce that cries for more acid to pep it up. Another squeeze of lemon helps.

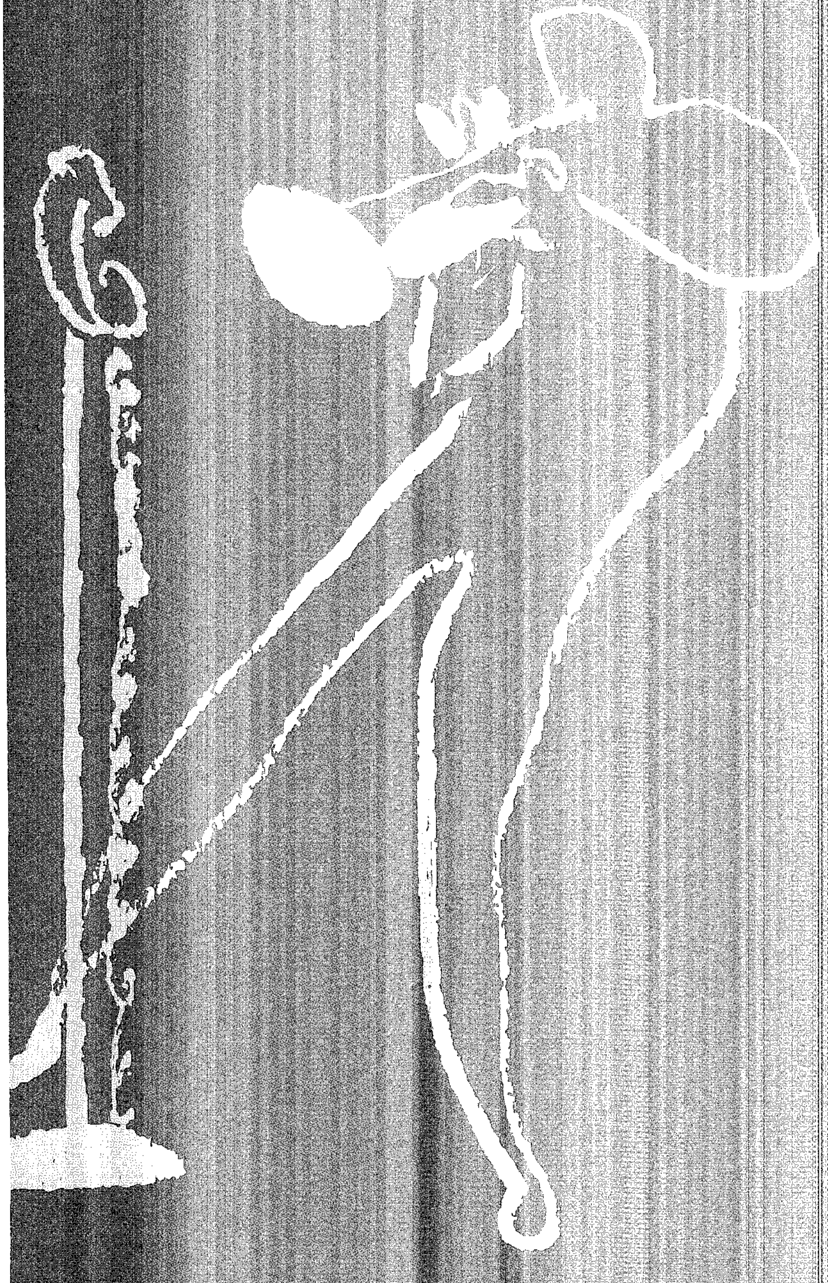
Local merchants, artists who aren't hungry anymore, and Mercer hotel guests, some with young in tow, keep lunch lively, and even budgeteers can afford the daily special at $13 and entrées from $10.75. We tuck into lobster-and-monkfish-studded tomato risotto drizzled with gremolata butter, then lapped with an added buttery lobster broth—high risk for the arteries, but I figure I have a chance of surviving if we all share it. Smoked onions add to the tapestry of flavors in blue-crab soup with sourdough croutons. Peppered salmon "steak frites" with sauce Diane is another riff that pleases. But our trio is not thrilled with the updated Waldorf and its too-dry turkey, nor the very ordinary burger.

Jennifer McClintick adds her own American sensibility to the dessert technique she learned at Le Cirque. Tangy fruit sorbets come in a pizzelle cone. The cream-cheese-frosted carrot cake sits in a whiskey-pecan sauce. Intense rhubarb compote and frozen strawberry soufflé say spring. Just-baked cookies, still warm from the oven, evoke memories of Mom. When you're about to move into a $3 million condo, surely a salute to Mom is worth $8. It's all funny millennium money, anyway.

Zoë, 90 Prince Street, between Mercer Street and Broadway (966-6722). Dinner, Monday through Thursday 6 to 10:30 P.M., Friday till 11 P.M., Saturday 5:30 to 11:30 P.M., Sunday 5:30 to 10 P.M.; lunch, Tuesday through Saturday noon to 3 P.M; brunch, Sunday 11:30 A.M. to 3 P.M.; bar menu, Tuesday through Friday 3 to 4:30 P.M. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

Gael Greene's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

The Official Program Guide



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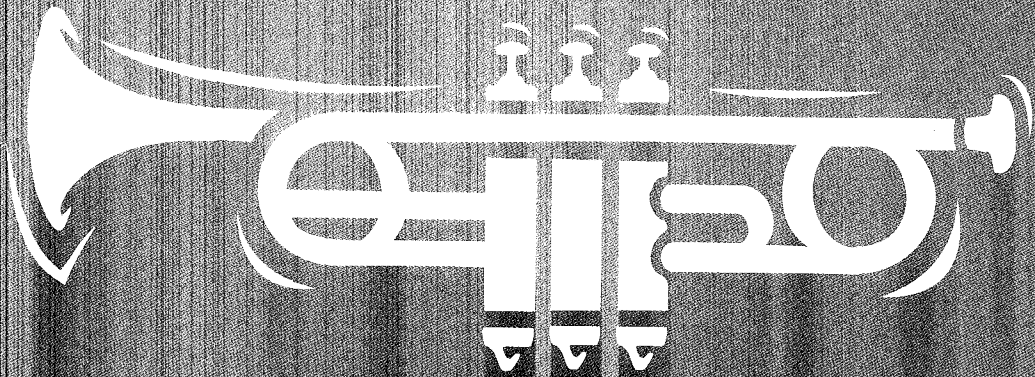

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Bell Atlantic is empowering our festival to make the connection between the jazz community and the rest of the world. For the last ten years, we have challenged the very definition of jazz, asking "what is jazz?" as a way to explore the boundaries of the evolving form. And new technology is helping us to grow and communicate in ways we never thought possible. Alexander Graham Bell said, "Leave the beaten path and dive into the woods." With that challenge in mind, we have put together an ambitious package of music that will not fit everyone's definition of jazz. This year's program stretches from traditional swing and big band music to avant-garde and acid-jazz and beyond. We have left the beaten path and are happy to present our findings in this 1999 festival. In the words (and timbre) of James Earl Jones, "Welcome to the Bell Atlantic Jazz Festival."

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Coming soon to Massachusetts and Washington, D.C.

PROUD TO BE A PART OF THE BELL ATLANTIC JAZZ FESTIVAL

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Warmdaddy's - $TBA - 9, 10:30pm, & 12mid

SLAM ALLEN BLUES BAND

Zanzibar Blue - $20 - 8 & 10pm

KIM WATERS

The Pie - $12 - 7:30pm

TOPAZ

May 9

The Electric Factory - $20 - 8pm

MEDESKI MARTIN & WOOD + DJ LOGIC

MARC RIBOT Y LOS CUBANOS POSTIZOS

The Five Spot - $10 - 8:30pm

CITY RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

Ortlieb's Jazzhaus - $10 food min - 7pm

ELLA GAHNT WITH THE DR. JAY TRIO

Warmdaddy's - $TBA

GOSPEL BRUNCH FEAT. THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST - $TBA - 11am

KEISA BROWN & THE ROLLING THUNDER BLUES BAND - 7, 8:30, & 10pm

Zanzibar Blue - $10 - 11am

SUNDAY JAZZ BRUNCH: FORTUNE, VINSON, & CRUSE WITH BRENDA SMITH

WASHINGTON D.C.
May 12th - 16th

Local Support from

jazz arts

produced by district curators, inc.

May 12

DC Jewish Community Center - $14 - 8pm

URI CAINE: MAHLER REVISITED

May 13

9:30 Club - $20 - 8pm

MEDESKI MARTIN & WOOD + DJ LOGIC

Blues Alley - $TBA - 8 & 10pm

MCCOY TYNER TRIO

One Step Down - $6 - 9pm

MICHAEL THOMAS QUINTET

Twins Lounge - $10 - 9pm

FLUTIST, WALTER BELL

State of the Union - $7 - 9:30pm

LAKE TROUT

DC Jewish Community Center - $16 - 8pm

KRAKAUER'S KLEZMER MADNESS

May 14

Lincoln Theatre - $28/$35 - 8pm

AN EVENING WITH DAVE BRUBECK

BILL WARE'S VIBES

Blues Alley - $TBA - 8 & 10pm

MCCOY TYNER TRIO

One Step Down - $13.50 - 9:30pm

ANDREW WHITE

Twins Lounge - $12 - 9:30pm

MILES GRIFFITH QUARTET

State of the Union - $10 - 9:30pm

OPUS AKOBEN

May 15

Millennium Stage at Kennedy Center

Free show - 6pm

LEON PARKER SOLO

Blues Alley - $TBA - 8 & 10pm

MCCOY TYNER TRIO

One Step Down - $13.50 - 9:30pm

ANDREW WHITE

Twins Lounge - $12 - 9:30pm

MILES GRIFFITH QUARTET

State of the Union - $10 - 9:30pm

JAZZ POETS SOCIETY

DC Jewish Community Center - $12 - 10pm

NAFTULE'S DREAM

May 16

Millennium Stage at Kennedy Center

Free show - 5pm

JOE LOVANO ENSEMBLE CELEBRATING SINATRA...AND MORE

Blues Alley - $TBA - 8 & 10pm

MCCOY TYNER TRIO

State of the Union - $7 - 9:30pm

BOSSALINGO

BOSTON
May 26th - 30th

Local Sponsorship by

BOSTON Marriott CAMBRIDGE

May 26

Scullers - $16 - 8 & 10pm

KURT ELLING & HIS TRIO

May 27

Ryles - $8 - 8:30pm

BILLY PIERCE QUARTET

Regattabar - $14 - 8:30pm

PHAROAH SANDERS TRIO

Scullers - 8pm ($25) & 10pm ($35)

HUGH MASEKELA

May 28

Orpheum Theater - $20 - 7:30pm

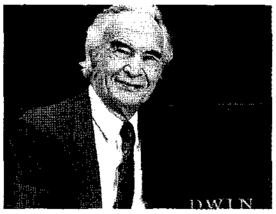
MEDESKI MARTIN & WOOD + DJ LOGIC

LEON PARKER SOLO

Berklee Performance Center - $28 /$35 - 8pm

AN EVENING WITH DAVE BRUBECK

BILL WARE'S VIBES



Dave Brubeck

Ryles - $12 - 9pm

RYLES JAZZ ORCHESTRA WITH SPECIAL GUEST BARITONE SAX LEGEND NICK BRIGNOLA

Regattabar - $16 - 8 & 10pm

PHAROAH SANDERS TRIO

Scullers - $25 - 8 & 10:30pm

HUGH MASEKELA

John Zorn (Masada)

May 29

Somerville Theater - $25 - 8pm

MASADA

DON BYRON: MUSIC FOR 6 MUSICIANS

Ryles - $10 - 9pm

EDU TANCREDI Y EL BANDON 33

Regattabar - $18 - 8 & 10pm

PHAROAH SANDERS TRIO

May 30

City Hall Plaza - Free Outdoor Show - 1pm

BELA FLECK & THE FLECKTONES

MATT DARRIAU'S PARADOX TRIO

Middle East - $8/$10 - 8pm

NEW YORK SKA JAZZ ENSEMBLE

NEW YORK
June 3rd - 13th

June 3

$45 Wild Pass; $30 Knit Ticket

Knitting Factory · Main Space

RENEGADE WAY FEAT. COLEMAN, COLTRANE, OSBY, & THOMAS - midnight

Steve Coleman - alto sax, Ravi Coltrane - tenor sax, Greg Osby - alto sax, Gary Thomas - tenor sax, Anthony Tidd - bass, Sean Rickman - drums

STEVE COLEMAN AND FIVE ELEMENTS - 10pm

Steve Coleman - alto sax, Ralph Alessi - trumpet, Sean 'The Rick' Rickman - drums, Anthony Tidd - electric bass

RAVI COLTRANE QUARTET - 8pm

Ravi Coltrane - soprano & tenor saxes, Andy Milne - piano, Darryl Hall - acoustic bass, Steve Hass - drums

·Alterknit Theatre

TRIO X

Joe McPhee - reeds & pocket trumpet, Dominic Duval - bass, Jay Rosen - drums

·Tap Bar

MICHAEL BLAKE'S FREE ASSOCIATION

Michael Blake - saxes, Tony Scherr - guitar, Ben Allison - bass, Mike Mazor - drums

·Old Office

NED ROTHENBERG'S SYNC

Ned Rothenberg - clarinets, saxes & shakuhachi, Samir Chatterjee - tabla, Jerome Harris - acoustic guitar & acoustic bass guitar

Seaport Atrium - $25

RABIH ABOU-KHALIL GROUP

Rabih Abou-Khalil - oud, Howard Levy - harmonica, Michel Godard - tuba, Mark Nauseef - drums, Nabil Khaiat - frame drums

DON BYRON: MUSIC FOR SIX MUSICIANS

Don Byron - clarinets, Edsel Gomez - piano, Leo Traversa - bass, Milton Cardona - congas, James Zollar - trumpet, Johnny Almendra - percussion, TBA - additional percussion

PACHORA

Chris Speed - clarinet, Jim Black - dumbek & percussion, Brad Shepik - tamboura & electric saz, Skuli Sverrisson - bass

South Street Seaport - Pier 17 - Free Outdoor Show - 5:30pm

G LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE

ELLIOTT SHARP'S TERRAPLANE

Sim Cain - drums, Sam Furnace - bari sax, Dave Hofstra - bass, Elliott Sharp - guitar & tenor sax

Bryant Park - Free Show: 12 noon - 6:30

BELL ATLANTIC TALENT SHOWCASE: CONTESTANTS TBA - 12 NOON

DANILO PEREZ TRIO

Danilo Perez - piano, John Benitez - bass, Antonio Sanchez - drums

STEFON HARRIS QUARTET

Jason Moran -piano, Tarus Mateen - bass, Eric Harland - drums, Stefon Harris - vibes

JASON MORAN QUARTET

Greg Osby - sax, Eric Harland - drums, Lonnie Plaxico - bass, Jason Moran - piano

Lotus Club - $TBA

MARK WHITECAGE & THE OTHER OTHER QUARTET

Mark Whitecage - saxes & clarinet, Sabir Mateen - clarinet, saxes & flute, Chris Dahlgren - bass, Harvey Sorgen - drums

TOWER RECORDS *Salutes*

MEDESKI MARTIN & WOOD

COMBUSTICATION REMIX EP
MEDESKI MARTIN & WOOD

Combustication Remix EP

8.99 CD

GROVER WASHINGTON JR.

GROVER WASHINGTON JR.
SOULFUL STRUT

Soulful Strut

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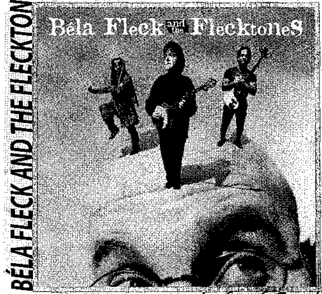
RUSSELL GUNN

RUSSELL GUNN

Ethnomusicology Volume I

13.99 CD

BÉLA FLECK AND THE FLECKTONES

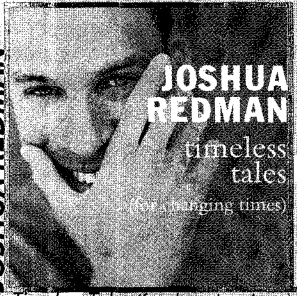

Bela Fleck and the Flecktones

Left of Cool

13.99 CD

Bell Atlantic 1999 JAZZ FESTIVAL

JOSHUA REDMAN


JOSHUA REDMAN
timeless tales
(for changing times)

Timeless Tales (for changing times)

13.99 CD

friends of dean martinez
atardecer

Atardecer

12.99 CD

JIMI TENOR

jimi tenor
ORGANISM

Organism

10.99 CD

JASON MORAN

soundtrack to human motion
jason moran

Soundtrack to Human Motion

12.99 CD

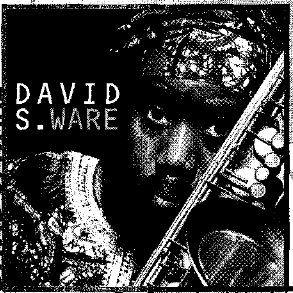
PARADOX TRIO

matt darriau paradox trio
source

Source

12.99 CD

DAVID S. WARE


DAVID
S.WARE

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PHILADELPHIA AND WASHINGTON D.C.
ON SALE 5/3/99 THRU 5/17/99

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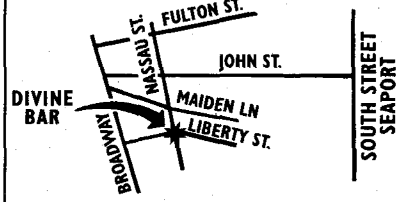
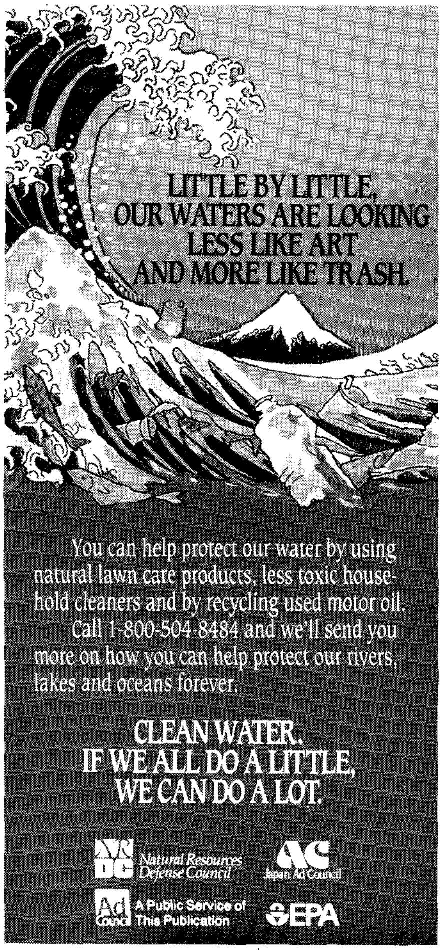


55 Liberty St./corner Nassau St.
212.791.WINE



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CLEAN WATER.
IF WE ALL DO A LITTLE,
WE CAN DO A LOT.

NRDC Natural Resources Defense Council
Japan Ad Council
Ad Council A Public Service of This Publication
EPA

Dharma - $5
ADAM ROGERS TRIO
Adam Rogers - guitar, Bill Stuart - drums, Scott Colley - bass

The Screening Room
'Round Midnight: Classic Jazz Film Series
MOVIE: 'ROUND MIDNIGHT
Directed by Bertrand Tavernier

Sweet Basil - $17.50 + $10 food/drink min
"A JAZZ MESSAGE"
featuring Jean Toussaint, Donald Harrison, and others.

Music Under New York - Free
N.Y. EXPRESS Location A
CHICKEN WINGS Location B

June 4

$35 Wild Pass; $26 Knit Ticket; $22 *CT*

Knitting Factory ·Main Space: 8pm ($22 *CT*) & 10:30pm (Knit Ticket)
PHAROAH SANDERS TRIO
Pharoah Sanders - saxes, Santi Debriano - bass, William Henderson - piano

Pharoah Sanders

WHAT WE LIVE
Lisle Ellis - bass, Lawrence Ochs - saxes, Don Robinson - drums

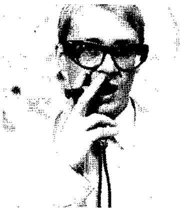
·Alterknit Theatre
ERIC PERSON SEXTET
Eric Person - sax, John Esposito - piano, Carlos Henderson - bass, E.J. Strickland - drums, Cary Denigris - acoustic guitar, Jim Finn - flute, bass clarinet, tenor sax

·Tap Bar
AVRAM FEFER'S JAZZ QUARTET
Avram Fefer - reeds, James Zollar - trumpet, Eric Revis - bass, Pheeroan akLaff - drums

·Old Office
STEVEN BERNSTEIN'S SEX MOB
Steven Bernstein - slide trumpet, Tony Scherr - bass, Briggan Krauss - sax, Kenny Wollesen - drums

Seaport Atrium - Jazzelectronight - $20
DON BUCHLA / PETER APFELBAUM DUO
NILS PETTER MOLVAER
DJ SPOOKY & THE UNIVERSAL ROBOT BAND
with Jojo Mayer (of Nerve), Wiz (of Steelworkers) and Dan Yashiv (of Lure)
JIMI TENOR
TALVIN SINGH (TABLA SET)

Jimi Tenor



Town Hall - $40/$50, 8pm
GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.
Grover Washington, Jr. - saxes, Donald Robinson - music director & keyboards, Adam Holzman - keyboards, Richie Morales - drums, Gerald Veasley - bass, Pablo Batista - congas & percussion, Richard Lee Steacker - guitar
BILL WARE'S VIBES
Bill Ware - vibes, Brad Jones - bass, E.J. Rodriguez - drums

Lotus Club
SIDESHOW (SONGS OF CHARLES IVES)
Matt Moran - vibes, Adam Good - guitar, John Hollenbeck - percussion, Oscar Noriega - reeds

Dharma - $7
FORBIDDEN FRUIT
Abraham Burton - sax, James Hurt - piano, Yoskue Inoue - bass, Eric McPherson - drums

Bill Ware

The Screening Room
'Round Midnight: Classic Jazz Film Series
MOVIE: BIRD
Directed by Clint Eastwood

Sweet Basil - $20 & $10 food/drink min
See June 3 for details

Wetlands - 7:30pm - $12 Adv./ $14 Day
THE JAMBANDS.COM TOUR 1

The Lenox Lounge - 9, 10:30pm & midnight
TBA

Music Under New York
NOTORIUS SAX QUARTET Location A
AFRO ANDES Location B

June 5

$35 Wild Pass; $25 Knit Ticket

Knitting Factory · Main Space
T.S. MONK SEXTET - midnight
Ray Gallon - piano, Gary Wang - bass, Willie Williams - tenor sax, Bob Porcelli - alto sax, Don Fickler - trumpet, T.S. Monk - drums
GERI ALLEN QUARTET- 10pm
Geri Allen - piano, Oliver Lake - alto sax, Wallace Roney - trumpet, TBA - drums

Geri Allen

SEPHARDIC TINGE W/ OPENING DUET BY ROY NATHANSON & ANTHONY COLEMAN- 8pm
Anthony Coleman - keyboards, Ben Street - bass, Mike Sarin - drums, Roy Nathanson - sax

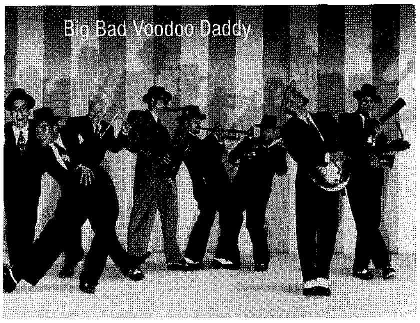
·Alterknit Theatre
NE-NE
Michiko Takatani- piano, keys, perc. & vocals, Yayoi Yoshida- marimba, perc. & vocals, Mika Tanaya- drums, perc. & vocals

·Tap Bar
THE RAY CORVAIR TRIO
Christian Dyas - guitar, Pete Sutton - bass, Nick White - drums

·Old Office: Berlin Jazz Focus
SYMPHONY FROM THE WILD WORLD
Claas Willeke - saxes, compositions, Daniel Cordes - double bass & compositions, Sam Auinger - samples, electronics & soundscapes, Michael Schiefel - vocals, voice & electronics, Christian Kögel - guitar, Dirk Berger - guitar, Martin Fonfara - drums, Florian von Ploetz - photography, Welfhard Schneider - light design
SHANK
Tom "T-Bone" Ralls - trombone & electronics, Andreas Weiser - percussion & electronics, Andreas Advocado - bass, Matthias Trippner - drums & keyboard

Seaport Atrium - $20
MORPHINE
Mark Sandman - vocals & bass guitar, Dana Colley - baritone, tenor & bass sax, Billy Conway - drums
FIREWATER
Tod A - bass & vocals, Oren Kaplan - guitar, Heather Pauuwe - violin, George Javori - drums, Ori Kaplan - saxophone, Paul Wallfisch - piano & organ
FRIENDS OF DEAN MARTINEZ
Bill Elm - guitar & lap steel, lineup TBA

Roseland - $32
BIG BAD VOODOO DADDY



MINGUS BIG BAND

Lotus Club
BRIGGAN KRAUSS' 300
Briggan Krauss - sax, Wayne Horvitz - keyboards, Kenny Wollesen - drums

Dharma - $7
RICHARD BONA

The Screening Room
'Round Midnight: Classic Jazz Film Series
MOVIE: STRAIGHT, NO CHASER
Directed by Charlotte Zwerin

Sweet Basil - $20 & $10 food/drink min
See June 3 for details

Lenox Lounge - 9, 10:30pm & midnight
TBA

Wetlands - $12 Adv/ $14 Day - 7:30pm -
THE JAMBANDS.COM TOUR 2

Music Under New York
DEBBIE SPITZ GROUP Location A

Tarrytown Music Hall
13 Main St., Tarrytown, NY - (914) 631-1000
Jazz Forum Arts presents:
JON HENDRICKS & ANNIE ROSS
"Sing the Lambert, Hendricks & Ross Songbook"
Contact Tarrytown Music Hall for more info.

June 6
$45 Wild Pass; $30 Knit Ticket

Knitting Factory · Main Space
PREVITE-HORVITZ-ANDERSON - midnight
Bobby Previte - drums, Ray Anderson - trombone, Wayne Horvitz - keyboards
HENRY THREADGILL - 10pm
Henry Threadgill - alto sax & flute, Tony Cedras - accordion & harmonium, Brandon Ross - guitars, Stomu Takeishi - electric bass, J.T. Lewis - drums
EQUAL INTEREST - 8pm
Joseph Jarman - woodwinds & percussion, Leroy Jenkins - violin & viola, Myra Melford - piano & harmonium

·Alterknit Theatre
JEF LEE JOHNSON TRIO
Jef Lee Johnson - guitar, Charles Baldwin - bass, Ted Thomas Jr. - drums

·Tap Bar
MATT WILSON QUARTET
Andrew D'Angelo - alto sax & bass clarinet, Joel Frahm - tenor & soprano saxes, Yosuke Inoue - bass, Matt Wilson - drums

·Old Office: Berlin Jazz Focus
DER ROTE BEREICH - 9pm
Rudi Mahall - bass clarinet, Frank Möbus - guitar, John Schröder - drums
STRIT - 10:30pm
Sebastian Hilken - cello, Bert Wrede - guitar, Patrick Leuschner - drums
PALOMA FEAT. GERT ANKLAM - midnight
Johannes Strobl - electric & upright bass, Hanno Leichtmann - drums, synthesizers & emulator, Ralf Metzler - sound design, with Gert Anklam - sax

Seaport Atrium - $25
BELA FLECK & THE FLECKTONES

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May 27	Jon Lucien
June 3	Pieces of a Dream
June 10	Roy Ayres
June 17	Alex Bugnon
June 24	Nelson Rangell
July 1	Chuck Loeb
July 8	Marion Meadows
July 15	Special EFX
July 22	Peter White
July 29	Stanley Turrentine
Aug 5	Nestor Torez
Aug 12	Gato Barbieri
Aug 19	Chuck Mangione
Aug 26	Tom Grant

Produced by Rich Engel
Schedules subject to change without notice.

THURSDAYS: May 27 - Sept 23
TWO SHOWS: 7pm & 9:30pm
$30 - $40 p.p.

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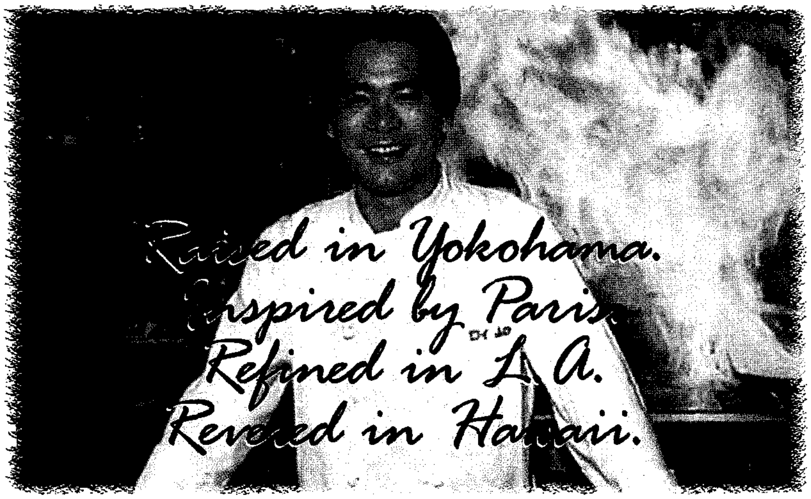
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Refined in L.A.
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Bela Fleck - banjo, Jeff Coffin - sax, Victor Lamonte Wooten - bass, Future Man - synthaxe

Bela Fl

OLU DARA
Olu Dara - vocals, guitar & horns, Kwatel Jones-Quartey - guitar & vocals, Coster Massamba - congas, Alonzo Gardner - bass, Larry Johnson - drums

Lotus Club
BEN PEROWSKY TRIO - CD RELEASE PARTY
Chris Speed - tenor sax & clarinet, Scott Colley - bass, Ben Perowsky - drums

Dharma - $5
MAMBO MACOCO
Chris Albert - trumpet, Jay Collins - flute & sax , Gene Golden - congas, Jose Deleon - bongo & percussion, Eddie Bobe - timbales, Donald Nicks - bass, Jonathon Crayford - piano

Sweet Basil - $17.50 & $10 food/drink min
See June 3 for details

Wetlands – $10 - 5pm
THE TOASTERS & SPECIAL GUESTS

June 7

$40 Wild Pass; $28 Knit Ticket

Knitting Factory · Main Space
JAMES BLOOD ULMER JAZZ QUARTET
midnight
James Blood Ulmer - guitar, John Hicks - piano, Reggie Workman - bass, Rashied Ali - drums

OLIVER LAKE STEEL QUARTET - 10pm
Lymdon Achee - steel drums, Pheeroan akLaff - drums, Reggie Washington - electric bass, Oliver Lake - sax

CHARLES GAYLE TRIO - 8pm
Charles Gayle - tenor sax, piano, Rashid Bakr - drums, Gerald Benson - bass

·Alterknit Theatre
ANDREA PARKINS TRIO
Briggan Krauss - woodwinds, Kenny Wollesen - drums & percussion, Andrea Parkins - accordion, sampler & piano

·Tap Bar
E-Z POUR SPOUT: PLAYS LED ZEPPELIN & OTHER FAVORITES
Briggan Krauss - sax, J.A. Granelli - bass, Jamie Saft - keys, Curtis Hasselbring - guitar & trombone, John Mettam - drums

·Old Office
LEON PARKER SOLO
Leon Parker - percussion

Seaport Atrium - $20
MEDESKI MARTIN & WOOD + DJ LOGIC
John Medeski - keys, Chris Wood - bass, Billy Martin - drums, DJ Logic - turntables

Lotus Club
LENI STERN QUARTET
Leni Stern - guitar & vocals, David Binney - alto sax, Kenny Wollesen - drums, Don Falzone - bass

Dharma - $5
DAVID FIUCZYNSKI'S KIF
Rufus Cappadoccia - cello, Zach Danzinger - drums, David Fiuczynski - guitar

Sweet Basil - $17.50 + $10 food/drink min
See June 3 for details

Lenox Lounge
JAM SESSION

Music Under New York
NEW PERSPECTIVES Location A
NINTH ST. STOMPERS WITH **FREELANCE** Location B

June 8

$50 Wild Pass; $30 Knit Ticket

Knitting Factory • Main Space

CHARLIE HADEN / GERI ALLEN - 8pm
Charlie Haden - bass, Geri Allen - piano

MARK DRESSER TRIO (Program A)
Denman Maroney - "hyper" piano, Matthias Ziegler - multiple flutes, Mark Dresser - bass

CHARLIE HADEN & SURPRISE GUEST - 10:30pm
Charlie Haden - bass

MARK DRESSER TRIO (Program B)

•Alterknit Theatre

THE FAR EAST SIDE BAND
Jason Kao Hwang - violin & electronics, Sang-Won Park - kayagum, ajang & vocals, Joe Daley - tuba & electronics, Satoshi Takeishi - percussion

•Tap Bar

LAN XANG
Dave Binney - alto sax, Donny McCaslin - tenor sax, Scott Colley - bass, Kenny Wollesen - drums

•Old Office

CHICO HAMILTON & EUPHORIA
Chico Hamilton - drums & vocals, Eric Person - sax, Cary DeNigris - guitar, Paul Ramsey - bass

Seaport Atrium - $30

BOB WEIR-ROB WASSERMAN TRIO
Rob Wasserman - bass, Bob Weir - guitar, Jay Lane - drums

GARY LUCAS SOLO
Gary Lucas - guitar

TBA

Angel Orensanz Foundation - $20 - 8 & 10pm

MASADA
Joey Baron - drums, Greg Cohen - bass, Dave Douglas - trumpet, John Zorn - alto sax

Lotus Club

CHRIS KELSEY QUARTET
Chris Kelsey - sax, Phillip Johnston - sax, Ken Filiano - bass, Ed Ware - drums

Dharma - $5

GREG TUOHEY QUARTET
Matthew Penman - bass, Joachen Rueckert - drums, Mark Turner - tenor sax, Greg Tuohey - guitar

Sweet Basil - $17.50 + $10 food/drink min

EDDIE HENDERSON SEXTET
Eddie Henderson - trumpet + TBA

Wetlands - 8pm - $15 adv. / $20 day

MAGMA

Music Under New York

TOM BRUNO & TEST W/ DANIEL CARTER Location A
ARK & THE OLOGISTS W/ SPECIAL GUEST EVELYN BLAKEY Location B

June 9

$45 Wild Pass; $30 Knit Ticket; $25 *CT*

Knitting Factory • Main Space - 8pm ($25 *CT*) & 10:30pm (Knit Ticket)

CHARLES LLOYD QUARTET
John Abercrombie - guitar, Marc Johnson - bass, Billy Higgins - drums, Charles Lloyd - tenor sax & flute

MARIO PAVONE'S NU TRIO
Mario Pavone - bass, Peter Madsen - piano, Matt Wilson - drums

•Alterknit Theatre

RASHID BAKR QUARTET
Rashid Bakr - drums, Billy Stein - guitar, Brian Glick - tenor sax, *Matt Hayner - bass*

Charles Lloyd

•Tap Bar

THE WOLLESENS
Kenny Wollesen - drums, Dave Binney - sax, Jesse Murphy - bass

•Old Office

MARTY EHRLICH'S TRAVELERS TALES
Tony Malaby - tenor & soprano sax, Jerome Harris - bass, Bobby Previte - drums, Marty Ehrlich - reeds

Seaport Atrium - $20

FRITH/LOMBARDO/ZORN/LASWELL
John Zorn - alto sax, Bill Laswell - bass, Fred Frith - guitar, Dave Lombardo - drums

THE BOREDOMS
Eye Yamantaka - vocals, Seichi Yamamoto - guitar, *Hila - bass, Yoshimi - drums & trumpet,* Atari - drums

LARVAL
Bill Brovold - guitar, Mike Smith - violin, Matt Bauder - sax, Toby Summerfield - guitar, Josh Tillingast - bass, Genivieve Padgett - cello, Marco Smith - drums

Lotus Club

BERN NIX TRIO
Bern Nix - guitar, Bill Zola - bass, Adrian Valosin - drums

Dharma - $5

JAZZHEADS
Ari Hoenig - drums, Tim Motzer - guitars & compositions, Chris Cuzme - tenor & soprano saxes, *didgeridoo, Ben Bocardo - upright electric bass &* Fender jazz bass

Sweet Basil - $17.50 + $10 food/drink min
See June 8 for details

Music Under New York

PATRICK POLADIAN QUARTET Location A
CAMILA BENSON & ENSEMBLE Location B

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June 10

$45 Wild Pass; $30 Knit Ticket

Knitting Factory · Main Space

JAZZ PIONEERS - midnight
Tom Harrell - trumpet, Joanne Brackeen - piano, Billy Hart - drums, Cecil McBee - bass, Dave Liebman - sax

DAVID S. WARE QUARTET + SPECIAL GUEST - 10pm
David S. Ware - tenor sax, Matthew Shipp - piano, William Parker - bass, Guillermo E. Brown - drums, Special guest Alex Lodico - trombone

ODEAN POPE TRIO - 8pm
Odean Pope - sax, Tyrone Brown - bass, Craig McIver - drums

·Alterknit Theatre

CLAUDIA QUINTET
John Hollenbeck - drums, Drew Gress - bass, Chris Speed - clarinet, Matt Moran - vibes, Ted Reichman - accordian

·Tap Bar

BRILLIANT CORONERS
John McDonough - trumpet, Andy Pritikin - keyboards, Tom Shad - bass, Jody Espina - alto sax, Ed Littman - guitar, Rob Garcia - drums

·Old Office

GRESS/BERNE/WOLLESEN/PEROWSKY
Drew Gress - bass, Tim Berne - alto sax, Ben Perowsky - keyboards, Kenny Wollesen - drums

Seaport Atrium - Tropical Night - $25

THE SKATALITES

MARC RIBOT Y LOS CUBANOS POSTIZOS

Marc Ribot

Marc Ribot - guitar, Brad Jones - bass, E.J. Rodriguez - percussion, Robert Rodriguez - drums, Anthony Coleman - keyboards

CONRAD HERWIG'S LATIN SIDES OF MILES & TRANE FEAT. VERY SPECIAL GUEST EDDIE PALMIERI

Angel Orensanz Foundation - $15 - 8pm

FRED FRITH / JOEY BARON DUO
Fred Frith - guitar, Joey Baron - drums

Lotus Club

PETER EPSTEIN BAND
Peter Epstein - sax, Jim Black - drums, Jamie Saft - organ & keyboards, Chris Dahlgren - bass

Dharma - $5
TBA

The Screening Room
'Round Midnight: Classic Jazz Film Series

MOVIE: BIRD
Directed by Clint Eastwood

Sweet Basil - $17.50 + $10 food/drink min
See June 8 for details

Music Under New York

ROY CAMPBELL & TAZ Location A
Roy Campbell - trumpet, Ricardo Strobert - alto sax & flute, Zane Massey - tenor sax, Alex Lodico - trombone, Michael Marcus - baritone sax

TONY WALLS POTS & PANS Location B

June 11

$40 seated Wild Pass; $28 Knit Ticket; $20 *CT*

Knitting Factory · Main Space - 8pm ($20 *CT*) & 10:30pm (Knit Ticket)

JACKSON/REID/GIBBS
Ronald Shannon Jackson - drums, Vernon Reid - guitar, Melvin Gibbs - bass

WILLIAM HOOKER/LEE RANALDO
William Hooker - drums, Lee Ranaldo - guitar

·Alterknit Theatre

KEVIN NORTON ENSEMBLE
Kevin Norton - drums, vibes & compositions, Bob DeBellis - woodwinds, David Bindman - woodwinds, Tomas Ulrich - cello, Joe Fonda - bass

·Tap Bar

HYDRA
Tom Rainey - drums, Herb Robertson - trumpet, Drew Gress - bass, Andy Laster - alto & baritone sax

·Old Office

URI CAINE TRIO
Zach Danziger - drums, Drew Gress - bass, Uri Caine - keyboards

Seaport Atrium - Divas in Jazz - $30

ABBEY LINCOLN
Abbey Lincoln - vocals,
Marc Cary - piano,
Terrein Gully - drums,
John Ormond - bass

Abbey Lincol

THE TERI THORNTON TRIO PLUS SPECIAL GUEST HOWARD JOHNSON
Teri Thornton - piano, vocals,
Pat O'Leary - bass, Bernice Brooks - drums,
Howard Johnson - tuba

DOMINIQUE EADE BAND
Dominique Eade - vocals & TBA

NORA YORK
Nora York - vocals, Larry Baeder - guitar,
Claire Daly - baritone sax,
Barbara Merjan - drums, Dave Hofstra - bass

CLAUDIA ACUNA
Claudia Acuna - vocals + TBA

Lotus Club

AARON ALEXANDER & MUSICIANS
Cuong Vu - trumpet, Jamie Saft - keyboards, Stomu Takeishi - bass, Aaron Alexander - drums

Dharma - $7
Bill Ware's Y2K Jazz Quartet

The Screening Room
'Round Midnight: Classic Jazz Film Series

MOVIE: STRAIGHT, NO CHASER
Directed by Charlotte Zwerin

Sweet Basil - $20 + $10 food/drink min
See June 8 for details

Music Under New York

SAYYD Location A (12-3pm)

MR. SPOONS AND HIS SWING BAND WITH EDDIE DAVIS Location A (3-5pm)

MECCA BODEGA Location B

June 12

$50 Wild Pass; $30 Knit Ticket

Knitting Factory · Main Space

ROY NATHANSON - ANTHONY COLEMAN AND SPECIAL GUEST MARC RIBOT - midnight
Roy Nathanson - saxes, Anthony Coleman - keyboards & sampler, Marc Ribot - guitar

BILL FRISELL & THE WILLIES - 10pm
Danny Barnes - banjo, Eyvind Kang - violin, Keith Lowe - acoustic bass, Bill Frisell - guitar

JOE MORRIS QUARTET - 8pm
Joe Morris - guitar, Mat Maneri - violin, Chris Lightcap - bass, Gerald Cleaver - drums

·Alterknit Theatre

MISAKO KANO PLAYS JOHN COLTRANE WITH DAVID LIEBMAN & GEORGE GARZONE
Misako Kano - piano, David Liebman - tenor sax (7pm set), George Garzone - tenor sax (11pm set), Yosuke Inoue - bass, TBA - drums

·Tap Bar
MICHAEL ATTIAS CREDO SEXTET
Michael Attias - sax, Sam Bardfeld - violin, Reut Regen - trombone, Mark Taylor - french horn, Chris Lightcap - bass, Igar Funi - drums

·Old Office
SONNY FORTUNE TRIO
Sonny Fortune - alto sax & flute, Santi Debriano - bass, Billy Hart - drums

Seaport Atrium - $30
TBA
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Lotus Club
STEVE SWELL'S ATMOSPHEELS
Steve Swell - trombone, Will Connell - alto sax & bass clarinet, Lou Grassi - drums, Wilber Morris - bass

BAM MajesticTheater - $35 / $20
TRIBUTE TO BETTY CARTER - THE MUSIC NEVER STOPS
651 ARTS honors the life and work of jazz legend Betty Carter and her great influence on the world of Jazz in Tribute to Betty Carter - The Music Never Stops. The *program features* Betty Carter "veterans" and "graduates" - Geri Allen, Jack De Johnette, Dave Holland, Curtis Lundy, The Reed Sisters, James Gibbs, Miri Ben-Ari, Benjamin Casey, Andre Hayward, Vashou Johnson, Brandon Mc Cune, and many others.

Presended by 651 ARTS

Dharma - $7
DAVID GILMORE
David Gilmore - guitar, James Genus - bass, Rodney Holmes - drums, TBA - keys

The Screening Room
'Round Midnight: Classic Jazz Film Series
MOVIE: 'ROUND MIDNIGHT
Directed by Bertrand Tavernier

Sweet Basil - $20 + $10 food/drink min
See June 8 for details

Music Under New York
BRUCE EDWARDS, DAVE GORDON & SADIQ GROUP
Location A

June 13

$40 Wild Pass; $25 Knit Ticket

Knitting Factory · Main Space
AN EVENING WITH DAVE DOUGLAS: 8PM, 10PM & MIDNIGHT
DAVE DOUGLAS SEXTET
Dave Douglas - trumpet, Greg Tardy - sax & clarinet, Joshua Roseman - trombone, Uri Caine - piano, James Genus - bass, Joey Baron - drums
CHARMS OF THE NIGHT SKY
Dave Douglas - trumpet, Guy Klucevsek - accordion, Mark Feldman - violin, Greg Cohen - bass,
DAVE DOUGLAS QUARTET
Dave Douglas - trumpet, Chris Potter - sax, James Genus - bass, Ben Perowsky - drums

·Alterknit Theatre
ROB REDDY'S QUTTAH
Charles Burnham - violin & mandolin, Rufus Cappadoccia - cello, Jef Lee Johnson - guitar, Dom Richards - bass, Hearn Gadbois - dumbek & percussions, Rob Reddy - saxes

·Tap Bar
BALLIN' THE JACK
Matt Darriau - leader, alto sax & clarinet, Andy Laster - bari sax & clarinet, Art Baron - trombone, Frank London - trumpets/mutes, Joe Fitzgerald - bass, George Schuller - drums, Ben Sher - guitar

·Old Office
TIM BERNE'S NO(H) BAG
Tim Berne - baritone & alto saxes, Tom Rainey - drums, Mike Formanek - bass, Tony Malaby - tenor sax

Seaport Atrium - $22
NEW YORK ART QUARTET 35 YEAR REUNION
John Tchicai - alto sax, Roswell Rudd - trombone, Milford Graves - drums, Reggie Workman - bass, Amiri Baraka - words
SONIC YOUTH
Kim Gordon - bass, guitar & vocals, Thurston Moore - guitar & vocals, Lee Ranaldo - guitar & vocals, Steve Shelley - drums

Sonic Youth

Angel Orensanz Foundation: Blue Note Organ Summit - $15 - 8pm
REUBEN WILSON & BIG JOHN PATTON BAND
Reuben Wilson - Hammond B3, Big John Patton - Hammond B3, rhythm section TBA

World Trade Center - 2pm
ROBIN EUBANKS QUINTET WITH GONZALO RUBALCABA (WORLD PREMIERE)
Robin Eubanks - trombone, Duane Eubanks - trumpet, Lonnie Plaxico - bass, Gene Jackson - drums, Gonzalo Rubalcaba - piano
STEVE COLE
Steve Cole - sax, lineup TBA
PRYSM
Pierre Debethmann - piano, Christophe Wallenne - upright bass, Benjamin Henocq - drums
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Lotus Club
BUTZ
Brendan Burke - drums & vocals, Jeffrey Morris - guitar & vocals, Jesse Selengut - trumpet & percussion, James Grecco - "strang" & vocals

Dharma - $5
JAY RODRIGUEZ
Jay Rodriguez - sax

Sweet Basil - $TBA
See June 8 for details

For complete ticket info, visit us at:
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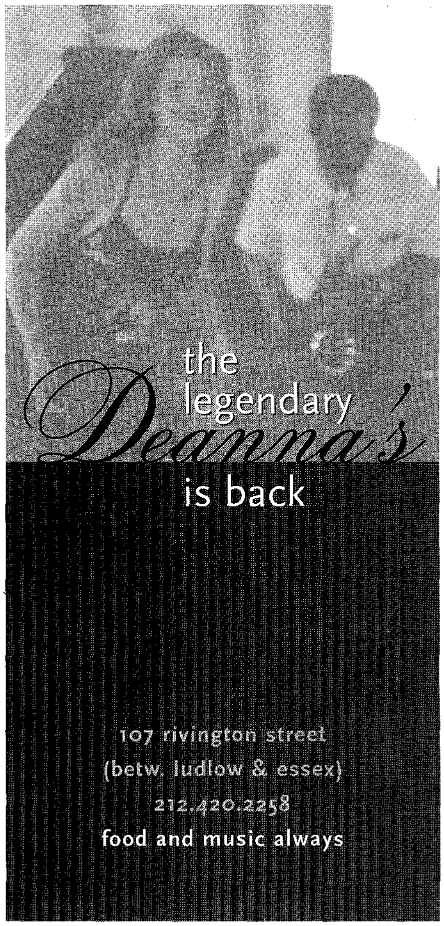

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Confirmed Schedule as of March 31st, 1999

Note! Unless specified:
All Atrium Shows are at 8:30pm. All Alterknit Sets are at 7pm and 11pm. All Tap Bar Sets are at 9pm and 1am. All Old Office Sets are at 9pm and 11pm. All Lotus Club Sets are at 7pm and 9pm; $5 or free with Wild Pass. All Dharma Sets are 10pm, 11:30pm and 1am. All Screening Room shows at midnight, $8.50 or $5 with Wild Pass. All Sweet Basil Sets are 9pm & 11pm Sun-Thurs; 9pm, 11pm and 12:30am Fri & Sat. Wild Pass gives access to the Atrium, Knitting Factory and Lotus Club. Knit Ticket gives access to all four Knitting Factory rooms, except special closed ticketed events (indicated by *CT*). All Shows in the Old Office (except June 4 and 5) are part of the New York Jazz Series and are brought to you by *New York* Magazine. The Berlin Jazz Focus is presented with the help of Wolf Kampman and Bianka Gebel and is supported by the Goethe Institute of New York. All information is subject to change (check www.jazfest.com for most current schedule).

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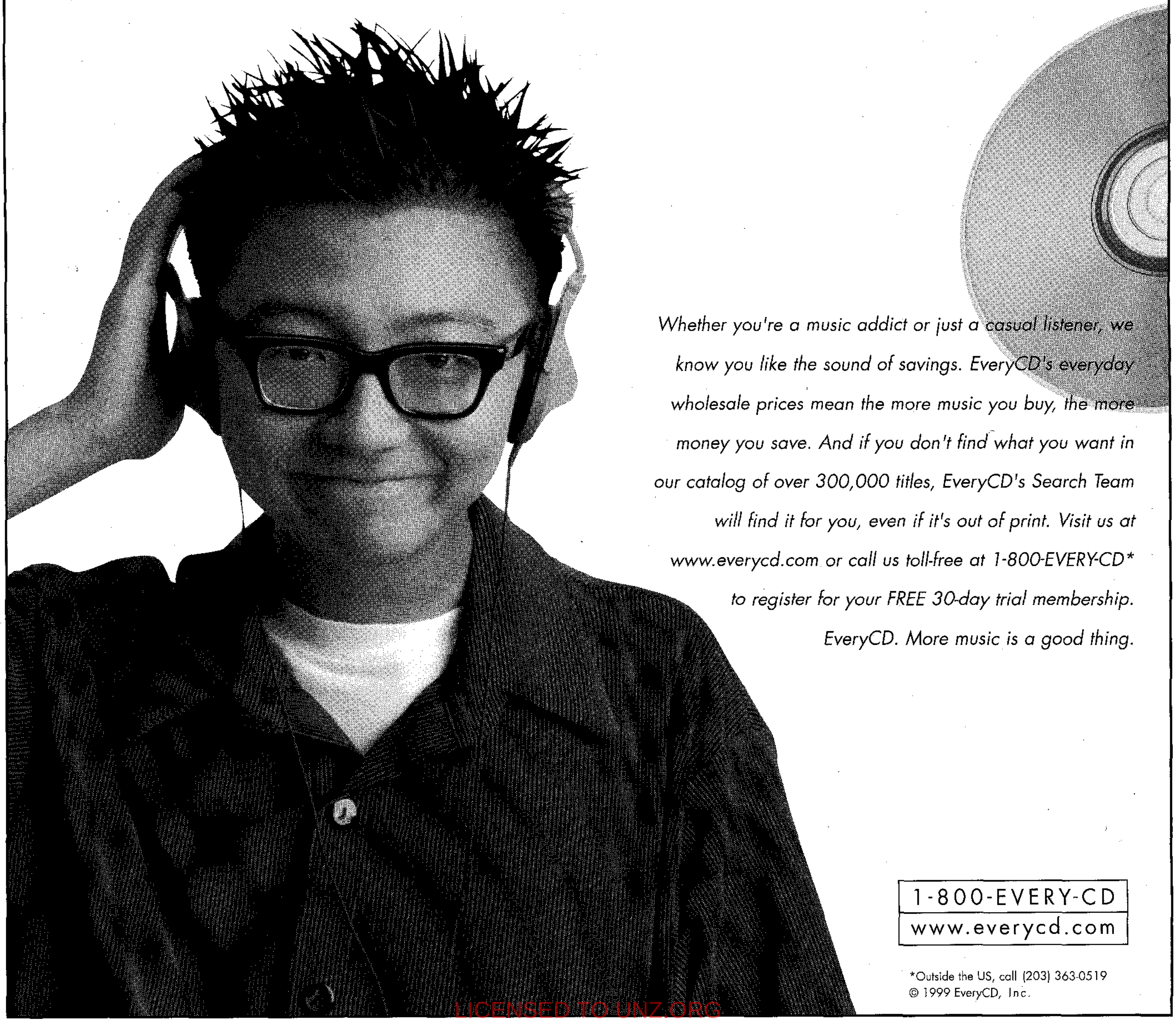

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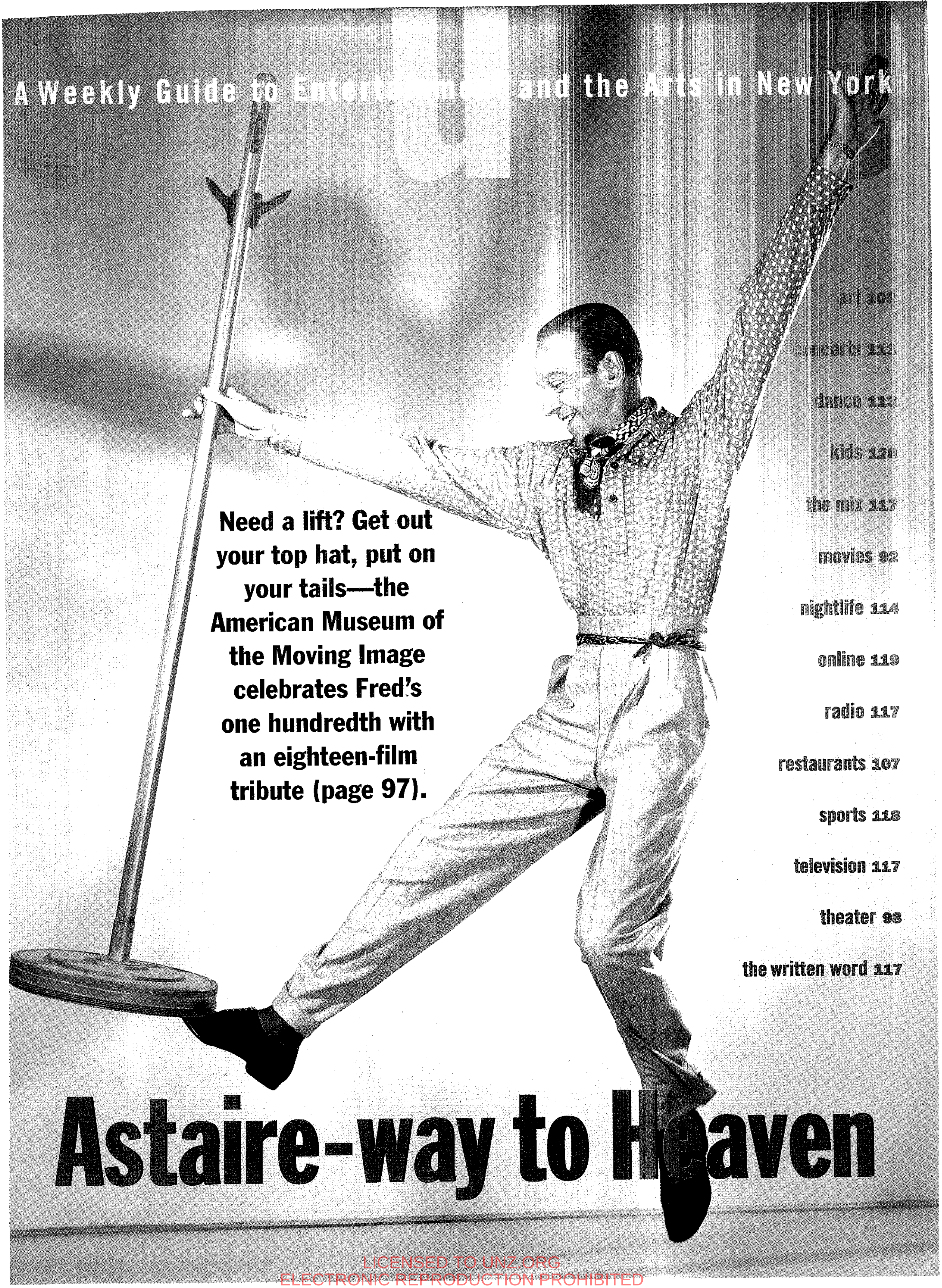
A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Need a lift? Get out your top hat, put on your tails—the American Museum of the Moving Image celebrates Fred's one hundredth with an eighteen-film tribute (page 97).

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Astaire-way to Heaven

movies

Xiu Xiu: The Sent-Down Girl...Fred Astaire...*The Mummy*

Opening
Girl, Interrupted

In *Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl*, a city girl (Lu Lu, above) is forced into prostitution after she is "sent down" to the countryside during the Chinese Cultural Revolution. Joan Chen's directorial debut—based on the novella by Yan Geling—starts May 7 at Clearview's Metro Cinema, CC Eastside Playhouse, and CC Village East.

New Films

★**Affliction**—Writer-director Paul Schrader's adaptation of the 1989 Russell Banks novel is a heavy dose of oppressiveness. Small-town New Hampshire looks like hell frozen over. Barreling his way through this frostbitten inferno, Wade Whitehouse (Nick Nolte) is the archetypal walking wounded. There's excellent supporting work by Sissy Spacek, Willem Dafoe, Mary Beth Hurt, and James Coburn. Nolte is near the top of his form. The character he plays is afflicted, all right—beyond reckoning. The movie is his dirge. (Rainer; 1/11/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Analyze This—Robert De Niro plays a Mafia boss who suddenly finds himself experiencing panic attacks. Delivered up to a psychiatrist (Billy Crystal), he approaches the sessions as if they were summit meetings. Initially on guard, he begins to catch on to the ritual. It's like learning a new scam. Harold Ramis, who directed, brings off some classic sequences, but he sets up the capo and the psychiatrist as matching mopes. They learn life lessons from each other. And what we learn yet again is that potentially terrific comedies are often whacked by filmmakers feeling the need to spread a little therapy themselves. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Baby Geniuses—A talking-baby movie. With Kathleen Turner. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II.*

The Castle—A proud homeowner fights an airport extension that would take away his house. With Michael Caton and Sophie Lee. Directed by Rob Sitch. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Opens 5/7.*

★**Central Station**—I can't join in with the prevailing opinion that Walter Salles's *Central Station* is on par with early De Sica—I love early De Sica too much. But in this otherwise rather schematic swatch of social catharsis, Brazil's Fernanda Montenegro gives the best performance by an actress I've seen all year. De Sica might not have made this movie, but he would have recognized in her bitter, beseeching portrayal a kindred character. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Cookie's Fortune**—Robert Altman's latest, set in small-town Mississippi, is a pleasingly shaggy parody of southern gothic. His feints and throwaways are very easy on the eyes; he shows off his townsfolk, played by the likes of Glenn Close, Liv Tyler, Patricia Neal, Chris O'Donnell, Julianne Moore, and Ned Beatty, with wiggy affection. The film is a goosey little jape, and it's crowned by a performance by Charles S. Dutton, as a man fingered for a phony murder rap, that's perfection. He has such an easygoing comic grace that he practically dances the part. (Rainer; 4/12/99) (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Beekman; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion.*

The Corruptor—An idealistic NYPD cop learns how power has corrupted his superiors. Starring Chow Yun-Fat and Mark Wahlberg. Directed by James Foley. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Days of Heaven—Terrence Malick's 1978 film about a couple who leave Chicago to work for a wheat farmer in the Texas panhandle. Starring Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, and Sam Shepard. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Film Forum.*

Doug's First Movie—The animated story of a boy's quest to save the local monster from certain death. (1 hr. 17 mins.; G) *CC Sutton; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Main Street Cinemas.*

★**The Dreamlife of Angels**—This first feature by the 42-year-old French director Erick Zonca is marvelously observant of the ways of friendship. Isa (Elodie Bouchez) is a 21-year-old free spirit with close-cropped black hair and saucer eyes. Marie (Natacha Régnier), her newfound roommate, seems prematurely hard-bitten. At first, they hit it off: They throng the malls and pull pranks and try to crash nightclubs; they smoke in bed together and razz men. But Marie is temperamentally Isa's opposite; she looks at life not as a lark but as a minefield. The tragedy of their friendship is that they damage each other without meaning to. The two performers deservedly shared the Best Actress award last year at Cannes. (Rainer; 4/12/99) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

EDtv—Could we please have a moratorium on movies about the soul-sapping and celebrity-mongering powers of television? The new Ron Howard comedy is perhaps the least of them. Matthew McConaughey, livelier than usual, plays a good ol' boy whose life is transformed into a 24-hour television show by a cable network, and viewers can't turn away from it, even when he's on the potty. It's part of the film's doofus-ology that Ed is portrayed as slow on the uptake. For a long time he doesn't realize he's trapped by his celebrity, while we, of course, see it right away. It's not remotely believable that Ed's soap-opera world becomes a national obsession. Jenna Elfman co-stars as his media-phobic girlfriend, along with Woody Harrelson, Sally Kirkland, Ellen DeGeneres, and, in a sweetly addled performance, Martin Landau. (Rainer; 4/5/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Loews 19th St. East; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square.*

8½—Federico Fellini's 1963 film about a film director who alternates between his dreams and his reality. Starring Marcello Mastroianni and Claudia Cardinale. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; NR) *Paris Theatre.*

Election—Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor—the director-writer team that gave us the abortion comedy *Citizen Ruth*—are back with this facetious smarty-pants satire about a popular Midwest-high-school history teacher (Matthew Broderick) who acquires as his nemesis the school's No. 1 student overachiever (Reese Witherspoon). The filmmakers should be commended for making a high-school movie that, for a change, isn't aimed only at high-school students. It's an anti-high-school high-school movie, and it captures the drear institutional climate: the ugly green hallways and generic auditoriums and all the other memento mori of those years. But *Election* could stand to be a little less satisfied with its smarts. Like brainy

'Cue' cover photograph from Photofest.

adolescents, Payne and Taylor mock everything in sight. After a while, you begin to wonder what makes them so all-fired special. (Rainer; 5/3/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; CO Coronet; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Elizabeth—This film, about the daughter of King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, has real verve. It's not all that great even so, but in the historical-bio genre, liveliness counts for a lot. Cate Blanchett plays the young Elizabeth from the time she is nearly rendered headless by her half-sister Queen Mary (Kathy Burke) to her final ascension as the Virgin Queen. We are not to take that moniker literally. The Elizabeth on view here is a frolicker who knows how to dangle her spinsterhood before her panting suitors. She's a sexy queen, especially when she realizes she needs to ensure her power by lopping off a few heads of her own. The Indian director Shekhar Kapur and his screenwriter, Michael Hirst, would like us to see her as a feminist icon: She could do it all—dance the volta with her lover Robert Dudley (Joseph Fiennes) in full scandalous view of her court and lord it over the old fuds in Parliament. "I am no man's Elizabeth," she cries out while still in her marriageable mode. Later, she amends that: "I am married to England." Lucky England. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Entrapment—See Rainer, page 63. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

eXistenZ—A video-game designer becomes the target of a fringe group when her new game takes its players too far into an alternate reality. With Jennifer Jason Leigh, Jude Law, Willem Dafoe, Ian Holm, and Sarah Polley. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion.*

Fare Games—The story of two New York City cabdrivers and the younger women they become involved with. With Russell Stuart and Eddie Estefan. Directed by Brian O'Hara. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Opens 5/7 at Quad Cinemas.*

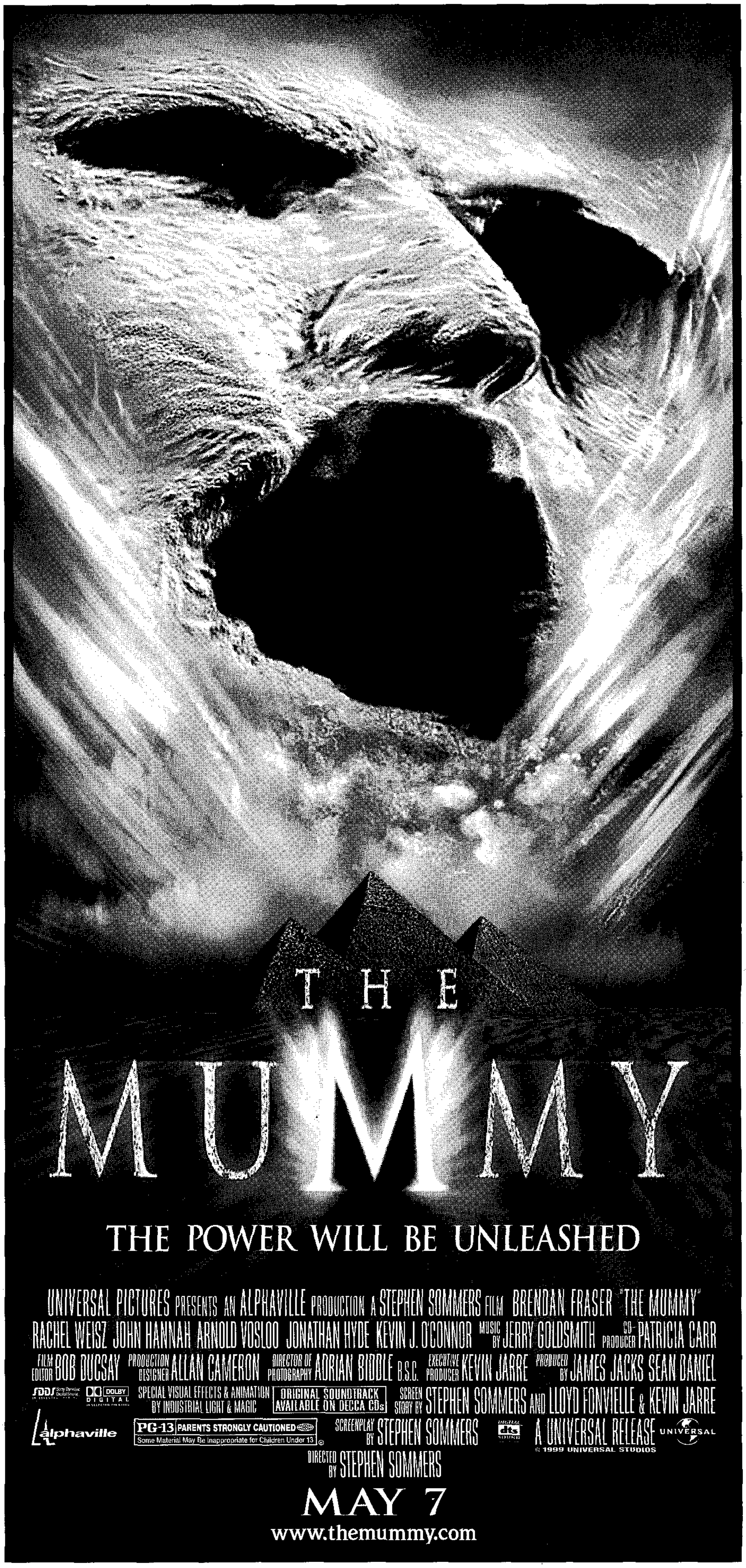
Forces of Nature—Ben Affleck meets Sandra Bullock on the way to his wedding. With Blythe Danner and Maura Tierney. Directed by Bronwen Hughes. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Sony Lincoln Square.*

Get Real—A gay British teen falls for the big man on campus and discovers, to his surprise, the BMOC may be gay, too. With Ben Silverstone. Directed by Simon Shore. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Go—Directed by Doug Liman from a script by John August, this is one of those Sundance specials that seem to incorporate just about everything on the current Young Turk–indie-producer checklist: It has drug deals and hip chicks and lap dancing, it has cartoon violence and real blood, it has Vegas and L.A., it has a turn-back-the-hand-of-time dramatic structure. Liman (*Swingers*) is a virtuoso talent with a knack for locating the pulse of a scene, and he's good with actors—Sarah Polley, as a chicklet set up by a narc, is particularly good. But finally, there's nothing much to this movie except a lot of funky attitude. (Rainer; 4/19/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Atrium; UA Gemini; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Midway; UA Movies at Bayside;*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.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UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island; Bay Plaza; Whitestone Multiplex; Sony Lincoln Square; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Village; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7.

Gods and Monsters—The story of aging director James Whale (Ian McKellen) and his relationship with his lawn boy, played by Brendan Fraser. With Lynn Redgrave. Written and directed by Bill Condon. Based on the novel *Father of Frankenstein.* (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; CC Eastside Playhouse.*

Goodbye Lover—Patricia Arquette claws her way up the social ladder despite her alcoholic husband. With Dermot Mulroney, Ellen DeGeneres, Mary-Louise Parker, and Don Johnson. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Loews State; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

★**Hands on a Hard Body**—It's about one of those homespun real-life gothic events just crying out to be chronicled. Every year in Longview, Texas—population 70,000—an auto dealership stages a contest in which entrants are required to stand around a fully loaded Nissan hard-body pickup with at least one hand on the truck at all times. Director Seth Bindler doesn't turn the contestants into freaks or saps. Errol Morris might have turned this subject into a creepy-crawly sideshow, but it's probably best he didn't get wind of it. Weirdness this good deserves the plain treatment. (Rainer; 2/15/99) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) CC *Sutton; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

The Harmonists—A pretty good German film about the legendary a cappella vocal ensemble the Comedian Harmonists, who gave to the waning days of Weimar a bubbly frivolity before being broken up by the Nazis. (Three of the six vocalists were Jewish.) The destruction of the arts in Germany by the Nazis is often framed in terms of high culture. Here's an instance of pop culture being blown apart. (Rainer; 3/22/99) (2 hrs.; NR) *CC Sutton.*

Hideous Kinky—Far from a masterpiece but worth seeing for Kate Winslet's performance and the lush rendition of Morocco, which at times resembles Matisse's Moroccan paintings. Winslet plays Julia, a mother of two small daughters who wanders about Marrakech and then more remote territory looking for spiritual salvation. She's the apotheosis of hippieness. (The time is 1972.) It's to Winslet's credit that she doesn't soft-pedal Julia's narcissism; the film is very good at conveying how lust—for an exotic country and for exotic lovers—can fog our good sense. As the film moves along, Julia seems to become more childlike while her two daughters come to resemble miniature English ladies of breeding. (Rainer; 4/26/99) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; Cinemart.*

Idle Hands—The devil possesses the right hand of a pot-smoking high-school slacker. With Devon Sawa and Vivica Fox. Directed by Rodman Flender. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

In Search of Kundun With Martin Scorsese—The documentary of the making of the movie. Directed by Michael H. Wilson. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Clearview's 59th Street East.*

The King of Masks—See Rainer, page 64. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

★**The Last Days**—A superb documentary, directed by James Moll, from the Survivors of the Shoah Visual History Foundation centering on testimony from five Hungarian Jewish survivors of the Holocaust. The film's tone is ostensibly inspirational, but what stays with one, too, is the abomination of these people's lives. (Rainer; 2/15/99) (About 2 hrs.; NR) *North Shore.*

Let It Come Down: The Life of Paul Bowles—A profile of the 88-year-old writer-composer, with candid interviews from his Tangier home. Directed by Jennifer Baichwal. (1 hr. 13 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Life—Somehow, a comedy in which Eddie Murphy and Martin Lawrence are serving life sentences in Mississippi. Directed by Ted Demme. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) CC *Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews 19th St. East; Guild 50th Street; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews 84th Street; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemart.*

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels—It's about four petty hoodlums from London's East End who fight their way out of debt and throw in a double-cross. First-time writer-director Guy Ritchie sets four separate gangs against each other in what amounts to a serial Gunfight at OK Corral, and he stages the splatter like an MTV-generation Peckinpah; it has a hideous giddiness. He's a director to watch. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Loews Village.*

Lost & Found—David Spade is an L.A. restaurateur who woos his beautiful French neighbor (Sophie Marceau) by kidnapping her dog. With Martin Sheen. Directed by Jeff Pollack. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Lovers of the Arctic Circle—Two stepsiblings fall in love and follow each other to the ends of the earth. Starring Najwa Nimri and Fele Martínez. Directed by Julio Medem. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Cinemart.*

The Matrix—Keanu Reeves investigates an alternate reality. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CO Coronet; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Shakespeare's tale, set in nineteenth-century Tuscany and acted by Rupert Everett, Calista Flockhart, Christian Bale, Kevin Kline, Sophie Marceau, Michelle Pfeiffer, David Strathairn, and Stanley Tucci. Directed by Michael Hoffman. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG) *Opens 5/7.*

Mighty Peking Man—A group of Hong Kong explorers try to track down a giant ape. Starring Danny Lee and Evelyne Kraft. Directed by Ho Meng-Hua. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

The Mummy—Brendan Fraser is a dashing explorer

Talent

Family Matters

Aidan Quinn—who never engaged in anything so showy as "singing or doing plays or taking dance classes" when he was growing up with four siblings in Chicago—recently learned the uncomfortable truth about his childhood. "Apparently, when I was 3," he says, "I banged on a table with a spoon and got all my cousins' attention and said, 'When I grow up, I'm going to be a film star, and I'm going to take care of my Mammy.' It was kind of horrifying to hear." He laughs now, safe in the knowledge that his once-forgotten proclamation has come true. And, perhaps, that he's inspired three of his siblings to work in the film business, too. The family's first joint production, *This Is My Father* (opening May 7), was shot by brother Declan, written and directed by brother Paul, and acted by Aidan and, in a small part, sister Marian. It's a bittersweet story of a schoolteacher (James Caan) who travels to Ireland to discover the sad tale of the father he never met (Aidan, below, with Moya Farrelly). The screenplay even stemmed from a story his Ireland-born mother used to tell, of ill-fated lovers in her old town. The couple's secret, Paul learned upon trying to uncover it, is something tight-lipped locals still won't talk about today. "It was just like it happened yesterday," sighs Aidan. "And it was 50 years ago." The actual film shoot fared far better, so well in fact that it's no surprise there's another potential Quinn collaboration on the horizon. Ireland-based sister Marian is shopping a script about four Dublin girls alternately enjoying and suffering through their first blush of adulthood. Aidan is set to play, once again, a father. His one regret is that, for all the time he's spent in Ireland—a place he often visited as a kid—he never became a property owner. "I'm kicking myself," he laughs. "I should have bought something there a long time ago, because it would be worth ten times what it was even three years ago now." No matter: He can always crash at his sister's. PATRICIA FALVO

Photograph by J. Hession/Sony Pictures Classics.

who fights to save the world from curse of the Keeper of the Dead. With Rachel Weisz, John Hannah, and Omid Djalili. Directed by Stephen Sommers. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Opens 5/7.*

★**Never Been Kissed**—Drew Barrymore really comes into her own in this teen comedy about a twentysomething copy editor for the Chicago *Sun-Times* who is assigned the job of going undercover at a local high school. The joke is, Barrymore's Josie was out of it then, and she's out of it now. The film, in its present-day sequences and also in flashbacks to Josie's choicest high-school humiliations, turns the worst embarrassments of high school into sicko horror-movie scenarios—which, of course, is how we remember them now. Trying to be cool, Josie reenters high school wearing white jeans and a pink feather boa and big hair. It's a disastrous getup, and pretty soon her only allies are the geeky math-club brains. Barrymore works up the awfulness of being ostracized with such comic brio that we almost dread her inevitable cool-girl transformation. And yet when she becomes a winner, she's just as loosey-goosey as ever. Barrymore gives her so much grace and passion and smarts that she makes this pop schlock matter. (Rainer; 4/19/99) (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) *UA Criterion; UA East; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Nô—A Montreal actress touring Japan in 1970 discovers she's pregnant, but when she calls her boyfriend back home, she finds he's distracted by his involvement in a separatist terrorist plot. Written and directed by Robert Lepage. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 23 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Open Your Eyes—A Spanish psychological thriller about a man who loses touch with reality after a car crash. Subtitled. With Eduardo Noriega and Penelope Cruz. Directed by Alejandro Amenábar. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

The Out-of-Towners—A midwestern couple visit New York on a business trip that turns into a series of mishaps. Starring Goldie Hawn, Steve Martin, and John Cleese. Directed by Sam Weisman. (91 mins.; PG-13) *Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; UA Marboro; Cinemart; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Pusher—A heroin dealer runs afoul with his supplier. Directed by Nicolas Winding Refn. In Danish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Opens 5/7 at Cinema Village.*

Pushing Tin—Whose bright idea was it to make a *M★A★S★H*-style movie about air-traffic controllers? Done up as a black comedy, this new-to-movies subject might have worked, but what we get instead is a film that should warm the cockles of all the fear-flying fliers in the audience: an unfunny romp in which our friendly skies are shown to be at the mercy of a gaggle of hypercaffeinated yahoos. The cast is a spiffy assortment of talent, mostly wasted, including John Cusack as the controller at Long Island's Terminal Radar Approach Control Center, and Billy Bob Thornton, a new arrival to the center, as his cooled-out rival. Cate Blanchett, playing Cusack's wife, shows up sporting a Long Island accent; and Angelina Jolie, in the film's best performance, plays Thornton's wife—a tarty, blasé bombshell. (Rainer; 5/3/99) (2 hrs.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Rushmore—Fun but overrated. Fifteen-year-old Max Fischer (Jason Schwartzmann) is a tenth-grader at Rushmore Academy who is on sudden-death academic probation despite (or because of) being captain of everything from the drama club to the Double-Team Dodgeball Society. His counterpart is Mr. Blume, a clinically depressed tycoon and the academy's chief benefactor, extremely well played by Bill Murray. Wes Anderson, the co-writer and director, has an affinity for deadpan obsessives and a flukey sense of comic timing. (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Clearview's Waverly.*

★**Saving Private Ryan**—This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. After the beach has been secured, Captain Miller (Tom Hanks) and some of his men (Adam Goldberg, Vin Diesel, Barry Pepper, Ed Burns, Jeremy Davies, and Tom Sizemore) are sent on a special mission. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, sent home. When they at last find Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to be saved. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

The School of Flesh—A successful fashion designer falls for a dangerous young bartender. Starring Isabelle Huppert and Vincent Martinez. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone.* (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; Main Street Cinemas.*

Opening
Indiana Fraser

Strapping Brendan Fraser—who continues to make Hollywood's most interesting role choices—swashbuckles again in 'The Mummy,' an action-adventure homage to the dusty role Boris Karloff originated. Set in 1923 Egypt (the movie was actually filmed in Morocco), Fraser must save the world from the rotting remains of Imhotep, Keeper of the Dead, with the help of a brainy beauty (Rachel Weisz, in an inspired pairing) and her rogue brother (charmer John Hannah of 'Sliding Doors'). Along the way, they battle sandstorms, the ten plagues, and a plane crash, all while maintaining a PG-13 rating. Starts May 7.

★**A Simple Plan**—A crashed small plane with 4 million bucks in tow is discovered in a remote game preserve by three local townspeople. Theft, murder, double-crosses ensue. Director Sam Raimi is primarily known as a gonzo goremeister with a hyperkinetic visual style, but he's pared down his act here. In his new film, wintry rural Minnesota gets the dark, elemental treatment. The snowdrifts seem to be covering up some vast horror and the *noir* fatalism is limiting. Once again we are told that greed turns good men into bad—it doth make suckers of us all. But the action is compelling and the performances by Bill Paxton and Billy Bob Thornton, playing night-and-day brothers, as well as Brent Briscoe and Bridget Fonda, are superb. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (2 hrs.; R) *North Shore.*

SLC Punk—A punk-rocker in Salt Lake City has to decide whether to go to law school or continue to rebel. With Matthew Lilard, Annabeth Gish, and Michael Goorjian. Directed by James Merendino. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Tango—A tango dancer falls in love with his beautiful partner and clashes with her gangster boyfriend. With Miguel Ángel Solà and Mia Maestro. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Metro Cinema.*

10 Things I Hate About You—An anti-social high-school girl is transformed when she meets a similar-minded guy. With Julia Stiles, Larisa Oleynik, and Heath Ledger. Directed by Gil Younger. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Concourse Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Third Man—Carol Reed's classic film noir based on a story by Graham Greene, restored and rereleased for its 50th anniversary. With Joseph Cotten, Trevor Howard, and Orson Welles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

This Is My Father—A Chicago schoolteacher visits Ireland to learn the story of the father he never met. With Aidan Quinn, Stephen Rea, James Caan, Colm Meaney, and John Cusack. Directed by Paul Quinn. (2 hrs.; R) *Opens 5/7 at Clearview's Chelsea, Loew's 84th St, and Loew's Village VII.*

Three Seasons—See Rainer, page 64. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Twin Dragons—Twin brothers separated at birth join together to fight the Hong Kong mob. Starring Jackie Chan. (About 2 hrs.; R) *UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

A Walk on the Moon—Diane Lane is a young housewife in 1969 who begins an affair at a summer resort in the Catskills. With Liev Schreiber, Anna Paquin, Tovah Feldshuh, and Viggo Mortensen. Directed by Tony Goldwyn. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Windhorse—The story of three Tibetans struggling to live in their Chinese-occupied society. Directed by Paul Wagner. (2 hrs.; NR) *Screening Room; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

The Winslow Boy—See Rainer, page 63. (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl—A city woman is sent to the countryside during the Chinese Cultural Revolution and is forced into prostitution. Based on the novella *Celestial Bath* by Yan Geling. Directed by Joan Chen. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Opens 5/7 at CC Eastside Playhouse, Clearview's Metro, and*

Photograph by Keith Hamshere/Universal Studios.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (929-3350) *SLC Punk; A Walk on the Moon.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Cookie's Fortune; eXistenZ; Get Real; Life Is Beautiful; Mighty Peking Man; Open Your Eyes; Three Seasons.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Entrapment; Lovers of the Arctic Circle; Pushing Tin; Shakespeare in Love; The Rocky Horror Picture Show.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *The King of Masks; The School of Flesh.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Idle Hands; Rushmore.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Days of Heaven; Let It Come Down: The Life of Paul Bowles; The Third Man.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Analyze This; Election; Go; Hideous Kinky; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; Lost & Found.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *The Dreamlife of Angels; Gods and Monsters; Testimento.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Windhorse.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; 10 Things I Hate About You; A Walk on the Moon; The Winslow Boy.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Life; The Matrix.*

Clearview's 34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (777-FILM#700) *The King of Masks; Life; Shakespeare in Love.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM #597) *Cookie's Fortune; Hideous Kinky; Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; Pushing Tin.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Entrapment.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#558) *Analyze This; EDtv; Go; Life Is Beautiful; Lost & Found; The Out-of-Towners.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *eXistenZ; Hideous Kinky; Shakespeare in Love.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *A Walk on the Moon.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Gods and Monsters.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Doug's First Movie; Hands on a Hard Body; The Harmonists.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *In Search of Kundun With Martin Scorsese.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Pushing Tin.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Election; The Matrix.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Affliction; The Corruptor; Elizabeth; The Faculty; Hilary & Jackie; Saving Private Ryan.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Life Is Beautiful.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *The Matrix.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *Goodbye Lover; Life; The Out-of-Towners; Go.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *8½.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Foolish; Lost & Found; Never Been Kissed; Twin Dragons.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *Cookie's Fortune.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *EDtv; Idle Hands; The King of Masks; Life; The Out-of-Towners; Pushing Tin.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Entrapment.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Life Is Beautiful.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Analyze This; Lost & Found.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS #964) *Analyze This; Idle Hands; Life; Lost & Found; The Matrix; 10 Things I Hate About You; Go.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Never Been Kissed.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Entrapment; Go.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Entrapment.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Life; Tango.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Analyze This; The Matrix.*

CO Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Central Station; Cookie's Fortune; The Dreamlife of Angels; Lovers of the Arctic Circle; Three Seasons; The Winslow Boy.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Life; Life Is Beautiful; Lost & Found; The Out-of-Towners; 10 Things I Hate About You.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Entrapment; Life; The Matrix.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Entrapment; Life; The Matrix.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Analyze This; EDtv; Election; eXistenZ; Forces of Nature; Get Real; Go; Goodbye Lover; Hideous Kinky; Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; The Out-of-Towners; Shakespeare in Love; A Walk on the Moon.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Entrapment; Foolish; Go; Idle Hands; Life; Lost & Found; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; Pushing Tin; Twin Dragons.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Entrapment; Foolish; Idle Hands; Life; Lost & Found; The Matrix; 10 Things I Hate About You; Twin Dragons.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Entrapment; Foolish; Go; Idle Hands; Life; Lost & Found; The Matrix; The Out-of-Towners; Twin Dragons.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *The Dreamlife of Angels; Hands on a Hard Body; Lovers of the Arctic Circle; Windhorse.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Life; Lost & Found; The Matrix.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Goodbye Lover; Analyze This; Cookie's Fortune; Doug's First Movie; Life Is Beautiful; A Walk on the Moon.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Entrapment; Life; The Matrix.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Doug's First Movie; Entrapment; Foolish; Idle Hands; Life; Lost & Found; The Matrix; Twin Dragons.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *Cookie's Fortune; Doug's First Movie; Entrapment; eXistenZ; Life; Lost & Found; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; Pushing Tin.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Entrapment; Life; The Matrix; Twin Dragons.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Lost & Found; The Out-of-Towners; Pushing Tin.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Go; Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; A Walk on the Moon.*

Festival

Indies for the Masses

The five-city tour of the Classically Independent Film Festival kicks off here on May 7. Sponsors the Independent Feature Project and Dockers pair classic indies like 'My Dinner with André' and 'Paris Is Burning' with 'Restaurant,' a new film starring Adrien Brody (below, with Catherine Kellner) and, in her film debut, Lauryn Hill. At Film Forum, through May 10. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph by Robert Stolarik.

Queens

Area Code 718

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Baby Geniuses; Entrapment; Idle Hands; Life; Lost & Found; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Baby Geniuses; Hideous Kinky; Life Is Beautiful; Lovers of the Arctic Circle; The Out-of-Towners; Twin Dragons.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Entrapment; Life; The Matrix.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd., Queens (441-9835) *Affliction; Central Station; The Dreamlife of Angels; Gods and Monsters; The Harmonists; Shakespeare in Love.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Entrapment; Life; Lost & Found; Never Been Kissed; Shakespeare in Love.*

North Shore—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Central Station; The Last Days; October Sky; A Simple Plan.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Entrapment; Life.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; Twin Dragons.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *The Matrix.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Idle Hands; The Matrix; Twin Dragons.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Entrapment; Life; Lost & Found; Never Been Kissed; Pushing Tin.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Go; Life; Lost & Found; Never Been Kissed; Pushing Tin; A Walk on the Moon.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Go; Idle Hands; Life; Pushing Tin.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Go; Life; Lost & Found; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; The Out-of-Towners.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Entrapment; Go; Idle Hands; Life Is Beautiful; Lost & Found; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; Pushing Tin.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Entrapment; Life; Lost & Found; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Go; Idle Hands; Life; Lost & Found; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; The Out-of-Towners; Pushing Tin; 10 Things I Hate About You; Twin Dragons; A Walk on the Moon.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Fred Astaire Centennial Celebration." 5/8: *The Gay Divorcee* (1934) and *Top Hat* (1935). 5/9: *Swing Time* (1936) and *Roberta* (1935). "Mother's Day With the Movie Mom." 5/9: *National Velvet* (1944). Mothers with children will be admitted free. AMMI: 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). $4.50–$8.50, members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"Thessaloniki Film USA Festival." See separate listing below. "Turkish Film Festival." 5/4: *Istanbul Beneath My Wings* (1996). 5/6: *Journey of the Clock-Hand* (1997). 5/7: *Sawdust Tales* (1997). In Turkish with English subtitles. "New Filmmakers." 5/5: *The Return* (1997) and *Persistence of Vision* (1998). "Hans-Jürgen Syberberg Films." 5/8 and 5/15: *The Night* (1985). In German with English subtitles. "James Benning." 5/4–5/5: *Utopia* (1998). "Igor Vamos." 5/6–5/7: *Le Petomane: Fin-de-Siècle Fartiste* (1998). "Andrej Zdravic." 5/6–5/7: *Riverglass* (1997). "Takeshi Kitano." 5/7: *Violent Cop* (1989). "Women in Abstract Cinema." 5/7: Various artists. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Cinema Classics—"Mayhem: A Month of Horror." 5/4–5/6: *The Shining* (1980). 5/7–5/9: *Horror of Dracula* (1958) and *The Mummy* (1959). 5/10–5/11: *Five Million Years to Earth* (1968). Double feature $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

Classically Independent Film Festival—5/7–5/10: Classic and new independent films. Call 800-362-5377 for more info. Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).

Different Light—5/9: *Suddenly Last Summer* (1959). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Director's Take Series—5/5: *Besieged* with a discussion by director Bernardo Bertolucci. Tickets $15 from Ticketmaster (307-7171). DGA Theater, 110 W. 57th St. For more info, call 465-8200.

Film Forum—"Classically Independent Film Festival." See listing above. "Tout Truffaut." Through 5/24: Eleven features and two shorts by France's seminal New Wave figure. 5/4: *The Story of Adele H.* (1975). 5/5–5/6: *Stolen Portraits* (1993) and *Les Mistons* (1957). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater) "Spotlight on African Filmmakers." Through 5/4: Films by Flora Gomes and Sarah Maldoror. "Bunco: The Art of the Con." 5/5–5/6: *House of Games* (1987) and *The Spanish Prisoner* (1998). 5/7–5/8: *Paper Moon* (1973) and *The Sting* (1973). 5/9–5/10: *Gaslight* (1944) and *Whirlpool* (1949). "Independents Night." 5/6: *Afraid of Everything* (1999). "Movies for Kids." 5/8: *The Sun, the Moon, and the Stars* (1996). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"Cinéclub." 5/11: *May Fools* (1990). Subtitled. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Guggenheim Museum—"The Worlds of Warren Sonbert." Through 5/9: Films by the independent filmmaker. Peter B. Lewis Theater, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Japan Society—"Tai Kato Retrospective." Through 5/21: Nine of Kato's best-known yakuza films. 5/11: *Tokijiro of Katsukake: Lone Yakuza* (1966). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Modern Art—"Alfred Hitchcock." 5/4: *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (1934). 5/4 and 5/6: *The 39 Steps* (1935). 5/6 and 5/8: *Secret Agent* (1936). 5/7: *Waltzes from Vienna* (1933). 5/7 and 5/9: *Sabotage* (1936) and *Young and Innocent* (1937). 5/8 and 5/10: *The Lady Vanishes* (1938) and *Jamaica Inn* (1939). 5/11: *Rebecca* (1940) and *Foreign Correspondent* (1940). "Ann Sothern." 5/7: A segment from Mike Kaplan's forthcoming documentary *The Sharpest Girl in Town* (1999), *Lady Be Good* (1941), and *Maisie Was a Lady* (1941). 5/8: *Folies Bergère de Paris* (1935) and *Shadow on the Wall* (1950). 5/8 and 5/10: *Let's Fall in Love* (1934) and *Hooray for Love* (1935). 5/9: *Maisie Gets Her Man* (1942), *Lady in a Cage* (1964), and *A Letter to Three Wives* (1949). 5/10: *The Killing Kind* (1973). "Documentaries." 5/6–5/7: *Witness to the Future: A Call for Environmental Action* (1996–97). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New York Public Library—"Strike Three, Yer Out." Throughout May: films about baseball. 5/5: *Headin' Home* (1920) and *The Busher* (1919). 5/12: *Dodgers Sym-Phony* (1998) and *Rhubarb* (1951). Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Ocularis—5/9: *Distant Thunder* (1973). 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn; 718-388-8713. $5.

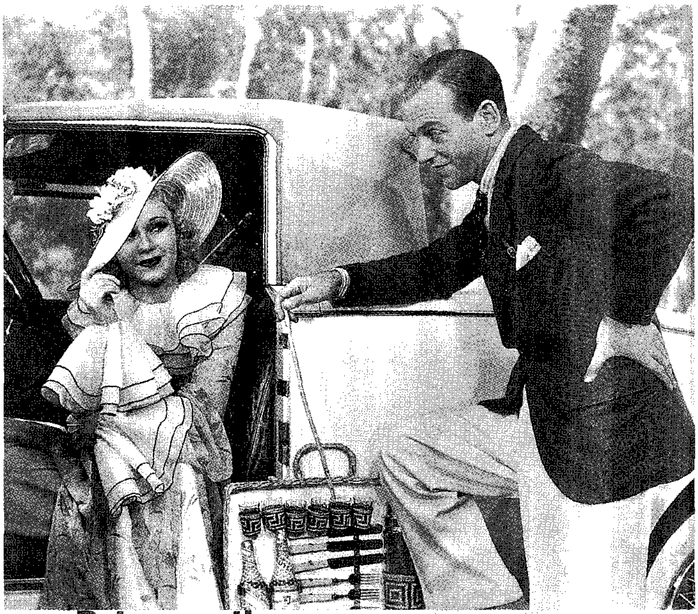
Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Marcello Mastroianni Salute." Through 6/15: A 21-film tribute to the film star. 5/11: *Vie Privee* (1962) and *Ginger and Fred* (1986). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

Thessaloniki USA Film Festival—Through 5/6: Recent films from Greece and the Balkans. Call 358-5951 for information. Tickets $8; $10 closing night. At Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave.

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 5/10: *Ile de Beaute.* Tickets, $4. 107 Norfolk St. For more info, call 358-7501 or visit www.tonic107.com.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 5/8–5/9: *Rashomon* (1950). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.



Retrospective

Come On, Get Tappy

Song-and-dance man Fred Astaire is remembered best as an easygoing perfectionist who maintained control over his arrangements and choreography (as in 1934's *The Gay Divorcée,* above, with Ginger Rogers). Those talents are the focus of "A Fred Astaire Centennial Celebration," the five-week, eighteen-film series at the American Museum of the Moving Image (starting May 8). The retrospective includes all ten of the films the toe-tapper made with Rogers, but curiously leaves out his later, straight acting roles in films like 1974's *The Towering Inferno,* which won him a Best Supporting Actor nomination. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph from Photofest/AMMI.

theater

Nathan Lane...EST Marathon '99

Broadway

Now Playing

Amy's View—You may want to know what this new play by David Hare is about. Hard to answer—the best I can do is: It's about life. About mothers and daughters, husbands and wives, human relations. It is about the childlike artist and the diligent worker; about theater versus real life; about art versus pseudo-art; about being right but ultimately wrong, or wrong but ultimately proven right. Being about life, it is about surprises all the way and about dots that you yourself must struggle to connect. For example: Does art imitate life or vice versa? Who is saved: the actressy, irresponsible star and grande dame, the seemingly defeated Esme; or the largely realistic and clear-sighted daughter, the morally involved activist yet probably even more defeated Amy? It would be an insult to this multifarious play to reveal more. It defies easy summary, prompt evaluation. As Esme, Judi Dench is all you have heard in advance of her dazzling skill, all you have seen of her powerful personality on film, and much, much more. (Simon: 4/26/99.) $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with Judd Hirsch, Joe Morton, and George Wendt. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Andrea McArdle plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Starring Alan Cumming. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—Revisiting this splendid production two years later presents three big obstacles. As Velma, the German star Ute Lemper cannot duplicate Bebe Neuwirth's devastating sardonicism, sprightly kittenishness, and superhuman timing. Similarly, Karen Ziemba, a lovely dancer and likable singer, radiates innocent chirpiness that is all wrong for Roxie. Still, there are compensations. You now pay more attention to the glittering ensemble work of the rest, and relish the new and even better Mary Sunshine of R. Bean. (Simon: 11/30/98.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Civil War—With this musical, Frank Wildhorn—a man who has made a career out of pleasing crowds and underwhelming critics—has three shows running simultaneously on Broadway. (His other two are *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and *Jekyll & Hyde.*) He wrote the book with Gregory Boyd and Jack Murphy; Jerry Zaks, an old pro, did the staging. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theater, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

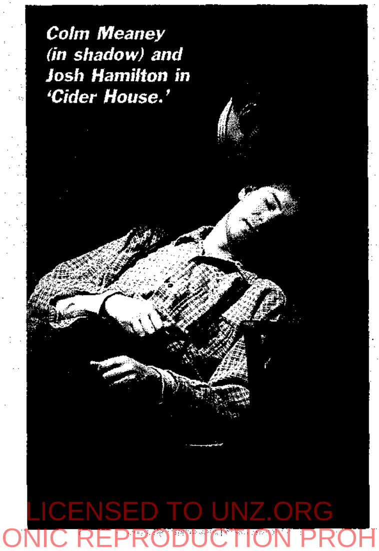
Closer—A sad, savvy, often funny play that casts a steely, unblinking gaze at the world of relationships and lets you come to your own conclusions. There are four characters. As several years go by, everyone ends up sexually and emotionally involved with everyone else, each trying vainly to get closer to the other. Patrick Marber tells his story in short, staccato scenes in which the unsaid talks as loudly as the said. Although Ciaran Hinds, as Larry, may be a bit excessively unwinning, he conveys well the weaknesses of a strong man. Rupert Graves gets the volatile, puppyish but nevertheless hurtful mischievousness of Dan perfectly, and Natasha Richardson splendidly balances coolness and passion, irony and pain. As for Alice: No one could capture the intermingled aggressiveness and vulnerability of youth with more empathy than Anna Friel. *Closer* does not merely hold your

Opening

The World According to Josh

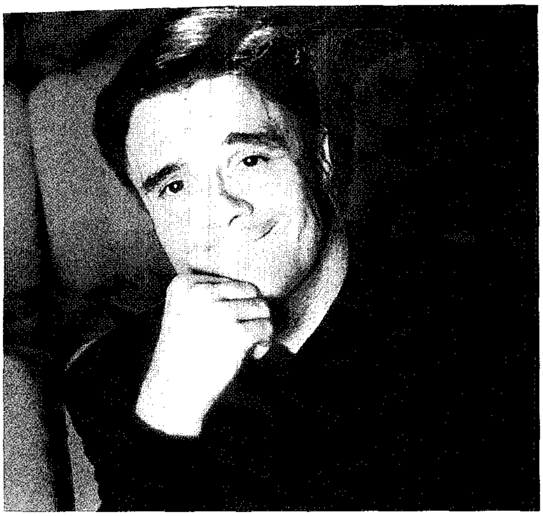
Anyone familiar with the work of Josh Hamilton knows that there's a magical unself-consciousness about him, as though he happened upon the stage on his way to the bank. He was an effortless blowhard in *This Is Our Youth,* the perfect dupe in *As Bees in Honey Drown;* now he's orphan Homer Wells in *The Cider House Rules, Part I: Here in St. Cloud's,* and never once does he rely on props, costumes, or laboratory-tested mannerisms to convey his little-boyishness. Such grace serves him well in Peter Parnell's 200-minute adaptation of John Irving's novel—the *first half* of his novel, about Wells's relationship with the orphanage director and part-time abortionist who cares for him—opening this Thursday at the Atlantic Theater Company. The show could otherwise come across as precious and peculiar, as Story Theater sometimes does. The Chicago-born style requires that actors narrate the story while acting in it, and therefore speak as much in the third person as they do in the first. (Remember *Nicholas Nickleby*?) It also requires a fair deal of pantomime. "It's incredibly liberating, actually," says Hamilton. "They'd say, 'Be a truck!' and I'd have to be a truck. It was all that stuff people did in drama school and hated—but I never did it." Indeed he didn't. Hamilton grew up in a New York theater family (Mom was an actor; Dad acts and directs) and started his stage career in high school. His first paying role, in fact, was in another Parnell play, *Romance Language,* in which he got to shout one line after being stabbed (or vowel, really: "Aaaaaaaagh!"). After two years at Brown University, he came back to New York in order to fully realize the acting career he'd already begun. A wise choice, as it turns out: He did three lead roles Off Broadway, a film (*The House of Yes*), and a mini-series (*The 60s*), all by age . . . twentysomething. (Hey, he's open onstage—what more do you want?) We ask whether he's as boyish in real life as he is in *Cider House.* "Oh, no," he says. "I'm terribly jaded and cynical." Honest? He reconsiders. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe only on bad days."

JENNIFER SENIOR



Colm Meaney (in shadow) and Josh Hamilton in 'Cider House.'

Photograph by Joan Marcus.



Onstage

Mob Scene

Gangsters! Big shots! Schnooks! Nathan Lane! (Encores! presents 'Do Re Mi,' the 1960 musical about a striving jukebox tycoon and his thuggish associates. Music by Jule Styne; lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; book by Garson Kanin. Runs May 6 through May 9 at City Center. Call 581-1212 for tickets.)

attention; it burrows into you. (Simon: 4/5/99.) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. "I sell, therefore I am" is the neo-Cartesian maxim Willy is meant to embody and explicate. Rightly, Arthur Miller embeds this value system in a business, social, and family context, but the interaction of the elements is achieved more by contrivance than by a sense of the inevitable. Yet most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naïve optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. Elizabeth Franz settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. Kevin Anderson welds Biff's duality as unmoored drifter and canny *raisonneur* into a totally believable and heartrending amalgam. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Kenny Loggins, Tom Snow, et al., did the lyrics; Dean Pitchford and director Walter Bobbie did the book. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Gershwins' Fascinating Rhythm—A sexed-up and svelte revue about the brothers Gershwin. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Longacre Theater, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Iceman Cometh—This masterwork of American and world theater needs little more summary than *Hamlet*. You all know that it is a long but riveting play about hopeless drunks in Harry Hope's saloon downtown—or even farther down, in hell—who survive on a mix of rotgut and pipe dreams, the opium of the messes. However well you may know *Iceman*, you must see this wondrous production, staged by Howard Davies with consummate artistry. The staging is splendidly pictorial and tirelessly resourceful, and the actors, including five repeaters from the London cast, perform this comic nightmare like an intoxicating dream. Kevin Spacey plays a Hickey who, by the time we meet him, is ice-cold, sinisterly charming, radiating a diabolic beauty. It is a performance to make every nonactor want to take up acting and every actor want to give up in despair. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $50–$100. Mon.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 1 and 7. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—The latest entry in the free-for-all for Best Musical, a wide-open category this Tony season. Powered by seven electrifying singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues, starting with chants from the plantation and ending with sets from the bars of Chicago. $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion in Winter—One of the iffy things a play can do is try too hard. That is precisely what James Goldman's 1966 play does. Dialogue should be witty; so every line is, or tries to be, an epigram. On the other hand, many of the lines really are funny, or at least clever, and the actors are given plenty of chances to strut their stuff. As for the plot, it is ingenious and complex. We get the continuous machinations of England's Henry II; his queen and adversary, Eleanor of Aquitaine; and their three sons, each of whom covets the crown. Laurence Fishburne's Henry is good enough to erase memories of Peter O'Toole in the movie version but not good enough to efface Robert Preston in the play's premiere. (Could anyone?) Stockard Channing is sassily sparkly as Eleanor, but I recall Rosemary Harris's achieving as much with greater ease. The others are problematic. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

The Lonesome West—*See Simon, page 67.* Martin McDonagh, author of *Beauty Queen of Leenane,* riffs on two of his favorite themes: cabin fever and family warfare (between brothers this time). $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

Night Must Fall—Another Broadway revival of an old spine-tingler, this time with Matthew Broderick as the charming sociopath. Judy Parfitt plays the elderly English woman who employs him, J. Smith-Cameron plays her niece, and John Tillinger directs. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Not About Nightingales—It is not often that a lost early work of a playwright is exhumed smelling like roses rather than of corpse. That, however, is the case of this remarkable fourth play by Tennessee Williams. The play shuttles between the prison block—where a number of diverse prisoners roister, quarrel, and struggle to survive under the draconian regime of a psychopathic prison warden, Boss Whalen—and the warden's office and waiting room. What he wrote here lends itself splendidly to both small and thunderously big performances—none bigger than Corin Redgrave's grotesque yet scary Boss Whalen. *Stupendous* is the word for Trevor Nunn's direction, the kind you see only a few times in a life of theatergoing. Even if you shun so-called depressing plays, you'd better catch this one, unless you want regrets for the rest of your days. (Simon: 3/15/99.) $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Peter Pan—Cathy Rigby is flyin' again, much to the delight of the kiddies. $25–$75. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Through 8/29. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Ten leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, which braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. Book by Terrence McNally; music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Ring Round the Moon—*See Simon, page 67.* Jean Anouilh's 1950 comedy about two identical twins who woo the same beautiful woman. A cast of stalwarts, including Marian Seldes, Toby Stephens, and Frances Conroy, star; Gerald Gutierrez directs. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—The show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—*A must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and

Photograph by Andy Schwartz.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Laura Benanti plays the nun turned governess, and Richard Chamberlain plays the widower captain. $30–$75. Tues. at 8, Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Via Dolorosa—Does a playwright's holding forth in person for 90 minutes about journeying to Israel and the Gaza Strip sound like good theater? No? Guess again; you'll be riveted by this new drama. David Hare can observe, write, think (already rare enough in a dramatist), and also *act*. I could quote forever from a play—and it is a play, not a lecture—whose every other line is quotable. But you must hear it from Hare, in what he calls a monologue "ideally to be performed by its author." And ideally performed it is: with great but controlled flourishes, sparing but effective scenery, searching light effects, and subtle direction by Stephen Daldry. (Simon: 3/29/99.) $35–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Tues.–Fri at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 5/30. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This revival is a curious hybrid, half delightful, half letdown. Clearly, if an adult cast of six is to animate a half-dozen popular cartoon figures, they have to be expert performers as well as something even more important: able to dig up the buried child (or dog) in themselves. Three cast members can; three fail. Clark Gesner's music and lyrics never rise above the functional, but at least they are that. The book is better, thanks to the original "Peanuts" vendor, Charles Schulz. Michael Mayer's direction tirelessly whips these ex-drawings into exciting life. Kristin Chenoweth, as Sally Brown, is something you won't often encounter: perfection. (Simon: 2/15/99.) $15–$75. Tues.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 5:30. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Cider House Rules, Part I: Here in St. Cloud's—The first part of Peter Parnell's ambitious adaptation of the John Irving novel, conceived and directed by Tom Hulce and Jane Jones. Josh Hamilton plays Homer Wells, the orphan who never gets adopted; Colm Meaney plays Dr. Wilbur Larch, the orphanage director and part-time abortionist who cares for him. $39–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 5/6 opening. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

East Is East—Ayub Kahn-Din's debut play about the tensions in a large London family helmed by a traditional Pakistani father and a more liberal English mother. Directed by Scott Elliott. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Previews begin 5/4 for a 5/25 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Gimmick—A coming-of-age tale about two childhood friends, both artists and outcasts, who fantasize about life beyond their East Harlem tenements. Written and performed by Dael Orlandersmith; directed by Chris Coleman. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 5/4 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Goodnight Children Everywhere—Five years after they were separated and evacuated from London for their safety, three siblings try to reconstruct their lives in the grueling aftermath of World War II. Written and directed by Richard Nelson. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Previews begin 5/7 for a 5/26 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Molloy—An adaptation of Beckett's novel of the same name, with Irish actor Conor Lovett in the lead role. $30–$35. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. In previews for a 5/6 opening. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (581-4125).*

Much Ado About Nothing—Set on the American plains of 1876, the year of Custer's last stand. Presented by the Irondale Ensemble Project. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. In previews for a 5/5 opening. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., bet. 9th and 10th Sts. (633-1292).*

Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight—A comedy in three beds by freshman playwright Peter Ackerman. $19–$48. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 5/13 opening. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

This Lime Tree Bower—Three men on a misadventure Conor McPherson–style, meaning booze and tall tales dominantly figure into the action. Ireland and London had it first; directed here by Harris Yulin. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 5/5 for a 5/19 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Vicki Sue Robinson . . . Behind the Beat—A bio-musical starring the disco diva; may she turn the beat around. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 5/9 opening. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Wizard of Oz—Surrender, parents. Mickey Rooney is the wizard, Jo Anne Worley is the wicked witch, and 17-year-old Jessica Grové is Dorothy. $29–$59. Call for specific show times. Runs 5/6 through 5/16. *Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave., at 32nd St. (307-7171).*

Now Playing

Ancestral Voices—Another family story by A. R. Gurney at Lincoln Center, playing on the dark nights of *Far East*. With a splendid cast, including David Aaron Baker, Elizabeth Wilson, Linda Emond, and Donald Moffat. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. Through 6/6. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Angel Street—Patrick Hamilton's delectably sadistic thriller about a man who makes his wife believe she's going mad. Later made into the movie *Gaslight* starring Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten. $20–$33. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (598-9802).*

Ashes to Ashes—David Strathairn stars in this 1996 Harold Pinter play about a marriage in crisis. $24–$48. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 5/9. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (777-4900).*

Beautiful Thing—Jonathan Harvey's 1993 play (and later, acclaimed film) about two working-class teenage boys who fall in love. $45–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Bitter Lemon—Jamie Salom's play about a man caught on the horns of an age-old dilemma: Should he stay with his wife and child—or abandon them both for true love? The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre performs. $20. In English: Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8. In Spanish: Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their growing-up story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Malachy himself. $45. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

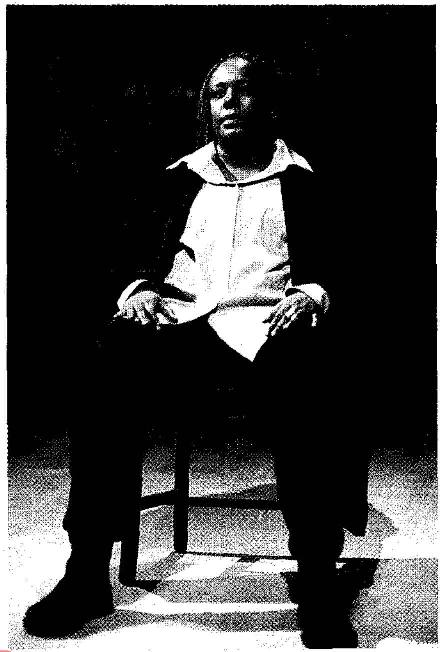
Dream True—A new musical tracing a 50-year friendship between two men. Tina Landau (*Floyd Collins*) wrote it; Ricky Ian Gordon did the book; Judy Kuhn, Jeff McCarthy, and Daniel Jenkins star. $45. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Through 5/8. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Dreaming in Cuban—Two solo pieces conceived and directed by Wynn Handman about young Latinos grappling with their identities. Performed by Eileen Galindo and Michael John Carcés. Rum drinks, café con leche, and classic Cuban food will be served. $25–$30. Mon, and Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 1:30 and 7:30, Sun. at 2:30. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Exactly Like You—Shows with music by Cy Coleman will not be without gratifying tunes, and this one is no exception. The same blanket endorsement cannot be extended to A. E. Hotchner, the librettist and co-lyricist. Still, thanks also to the endearing direction of Patricia Birch and an eager cast in which Kate Levering and Michael McGrath stand out, you will not be bored. Just leave any greater expectations at home. (Simon: 4/26/99.) $35–$40. Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at

Opening Summer in the City

Dael Orlandersmith plays two childhood friends who fantasize about life beyond their East Harlem tenements in *The Gimmick*, opening May 4 at the New York Theatre Workshop.



Photograph by Joan Marcus

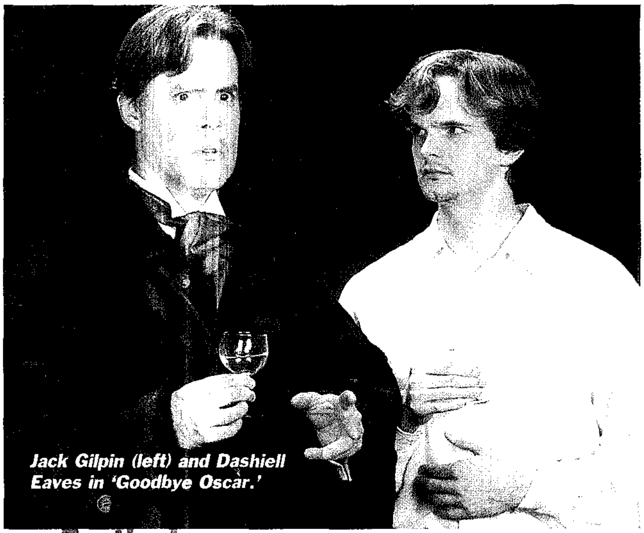
2:30 and 7:30. Through 5/30. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, Citicorp Center, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (935-5820).*

Fables in Slang—A Ragtime Revue—A new musical based on the writings of social satirist George Ade; with music by Irving Berlin, Scott Joplin, Bert Williams, and others. Melting Pot Theatre presents. $25–$35. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Theater 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (279-4200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Far East—A new play from A. R. Gurney about a young American Navy lieutenant who finds himself caught between the wife of his commanding officer and the woman he loves. Starring Michael Hayden. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/6. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*



Jack Gilpin (left) and Dashiell Eaves in 'Goodbye Oscar.'

Festival

Brand-New Heavies

"Marathon '99," that annual spring salad of new and daring works from established and emerging playwrights, begins May 5 at Ensemble Studio Theatre. As always, the festival lasts six weeks and is divided into three parts; series 'A' includes one-acts by Cherie Vogelstein and Romulus Linney, whose 'Goodbye Oscar' is pictured above.

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, bizarre rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Michael Cerveris stars; Stephen Trask did the music and lyrics. $20–$49.50. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Killer Joe—A new cast of television and movie types reinvigorates Tracy Letts's play about gore and dysfunctional ugliness in a Texas trailer park. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

Lake Hollywood—To cap off its John Guare season, Signature presents his new comedy examining both the beginning and end of a couple's life. Along the way, we meet a bitter sister, a sottish uncle, and a randy neighbor who speaks like Dietrich. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Signature Theatre Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Lips—A play about Washington political intrigue, involving hackers, sex, and the first female president of the United States. Written by Constance Congdon. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

The Mineola Twins—This is neither top- nor bottom-drawer Paula Vogel. It is the story of how the twins Myrna (conventional, bourgeois, reactionary) and Myra (rebellious, promiscuous, radical) fared through the Eisenhower, Nixon, and Bush eras. Vogel writes farce here, and the jokes come thick and fast. Many of the gags are recycled or ersatz, but some manage to squeeze fresh laughs out of old fallacies. What helps the play enormously is the letter-perfect production. And then there's the acting. As the twins, Swoosie Kurtz lets her exemplary facial play, timing, inflection, and body language perform double miracles in antipodal roles. (Simon: 3/1/99.) $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-9300).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with Stephen DeRosa. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

Never on a Friday—A showcase for the vocal talents of David (Dudu) Fisher, the cantor turned Broadway star. Jewish Repertory Theatre presents. $35. Tues. at 8, Wed., at 2 and 8, Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 9, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 5/16. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro about the efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Savion Glover/Downtown—The soft-shoe-shufflin' wunderkind is back for a limited engagement. No two performances are exactly alike, a variety of surprise guests swings through, and the NYOTs (Not Your Ordinary Tappers) provide valiant assistance. $25–$50. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. Through 5/22. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Even the Cathtilian lithp geth a tuneful thong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Shadow of a Gunman—A revival of Sean O'Casey's love story about a young woman who mistakes a penniless poet for a gunman on the lam. Directed by Charlotte Moore. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 5/30. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Snakebit—This is a small, well-made play. In a Hollywood home he is forced to vacate (he has been dumped by his boyfriend), a young social worker hosts visitors from New York: an ambitious actor friend up for a fat movie role and his forlorn wife, an ex-actress who is the last woman our hero ever bedded. The actor-author, David Marshall Grant, says smart things about East Coast and West Coast, theaters and movies, homos and heteros, men and women. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

The Stumbling Tongue—An evening of six short plays, all new, including one by Kenneth Lonergan (*This Is Our Youth*) and Craig Lucas (*Prelude to a Kiss*). Performed by a cast of semi-familiar faces. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 5/8. *New York Performance Works, 85 West Broadway. (840-8400, ext. 54).*

This Is Our Youth—Kenneth Lonergan's play is one that young people will adore and their elders embrace. It concerns smooth Dennis, a school dropout and drug dealer; his friend the dopey and klutzy Warren Straub, who shows up with a suitcase full of his prized possessions plus fifteen grand he swiped from his remarried old man; and Jessica Goldman, a stylish and mildly promiscuous design student. A world is conjured up—a world observed and overheard with spine-tingling accuracy. Mark Ruffalo is the perfect Warren. Missy Yager is a gem of a Jessica. Mark Brokaw's direction remains exemplary. (Simon: 11/16/98.) $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Thwak—The latest bit of slapstick buffoonery from the Umbilical Brothers, a well-matched but unrelated pair of kinetic Australians. $25–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/9. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

2.5 Minute Ride—Lisa Kron, one fifth of the Obie-winning Five Lesbian Brothers, breaks away in her one-woman show, which juxtaposes a trip to Auschwitz with her family's annual pilgrimage to an Ohio amusement park. Mark Brokaw directs. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. For this play alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer Prize. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

art

Cecilia Vicuña...Paul Feeley

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

John Beech/Christopher Lesnewski—Collaborative drawings made up at the Chinati Foundation, in Marfa, Texas, and individual sculptures by both; through 5/13. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

Bruce Edelstein—New polychromed sculptures of contorted figures, and related charcoal drawings; through 5/29. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

Elias Goldberg—Paintings and watercolors of cityscapes, figures, still lifes, and interiors by this New York native (1886–1978), whose impressionist style recalls Pissarro; through 5/31. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Steve Greene—Paintings of industrial scenes collaged with clippings from hardware catalogues, aptitude tests, and tape-recorder diagrams; through 5/28. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

David Hockney—New oil pastels from the artist's "Grand Canyon" series and a survey of his drawings from the past 30 years; through 5/28. Gray, 1018 Madison Ave. (472-8787).

Jasper Johns—A selection of monotypes dating from 1978 to 1999; through 5/29. Castelli, 59 E. 79th St. (249-4470).

Per Kirkeby—Recent paintings by the Danish artist; through 6/11. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Brice Marden—Eight triptychs from the early seventies whose vertical panels of subtle colors epitomize the artist's painting at that time; through 5/29. C & M Arts, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Herman Maril—Early landscape, still-life, and figure paintings drawn from the estate of the Baltimore artist (1908–1986) that show his interest in analytic cubism; through 6/5. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

J. M. W. Turner/Josef Sudek—Paintings, watercolors, and oil sketches made by the artist during the later part of his career, including works on loan from the Tate Gallery and other institutions/A selection of the Czech photographer's works from the twenties and thirties, including images of landscapes taken along the Elbe River, figures in the parks of Prague, and interiors of St. Vitus Cathedral. Through 6/5. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Cy Twombly/John Lees—A selection of prints and drawings from the fifties through the seventies/Small-scale works on paper. Through 6/12. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Andy Warhol—A selection of paintings from the 1985 series "Philip's Skull" that incorporate silk screens made from CAT-scan films of the skull of Philip Niarchos, who commissioned the artist to paint his portrait, through 5/22, at Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313); the artist's 1981–82 series of silk-screen paintings depicting kitchen knives, through 5/15, at Holm, 17 E. 71st St. (734-8270).

57th Street Area

Pat Adams—New abstract paintings whose geometric shapes consist of gritty encrustations of paint, crushed shells, beads, and sand; through 5/22. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Joe Andoe—New paintings depicting mares with their foals; through 6/5. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

John Baldessari—New large-scale paintings that employ imagery from film, video, art, and life as well as excerpts of text from the Portuguese writer Fernando Pessoa; through 5/21. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Ed Baynard—New paintings that depict the artist's arrangements of bowls and vases; through 5/30. Wright, 41 E. 57th St. (702-0132).

Brett Bigbee/Rudy Burkhardt—New paintings of solitary figures in interiors and landscapes/Recent photographs of Maine. Through 6/4. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

John Buck—Recent carved-wood sculptures that combine the human figure and symbolic objects; 5/4–6/4. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Sue Coe—A new series of narrative mixed-media paintings by the political artist titled "The Pit: The Tragical Tale of the Rise and Fall of a Vivisector"; through 6/5. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Ruth Duckworth—A survey of the 80-year-old ceramicist's stoneware and porcelain sculptures; through 5/22. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

Red Grooms—Recent sculptures, paintings, reliefs, and drawings of New York scenes, as well as the largest painting the artist has created in years, which depicts the imagined moment when Picasso nears completion of *Guernica*; through 5/18. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Roy Lichtenstein—Four large paintings from the late artist's last series, "Interiors With Still Life (Virtual)," and drawings, prints, and collages; through 6/5. Rubin Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (445-0444).

Peter Poskas—Small oil-on-panel paintings of New England farms; through 5/28. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Julian Schnabel—Recent plate-painting portraits, through 6/5, at PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292), and early large-scale plate paintings from the late seventies, through 6/5, at PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

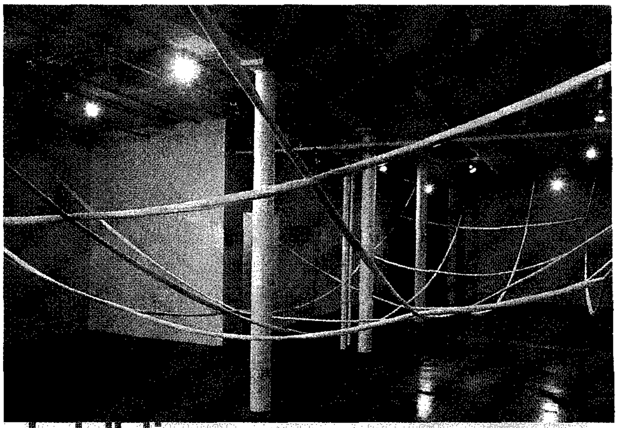
Sean Scully—Recent monumental paintings and works on paper; through 6/11. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-04770).

Serse—Graphite drawings of imaginary landscapes; through 6/30. Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. (752-5135).

John Sloan—A survey of the artist's prints, including nudes, portraits, Santa Fe subjects, and vignettes of New York City life; through 6/5. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

James Valerio—Large-scale figure paintings and graphite drawings from 1974 to 1998; through 5/15. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

Daisy Youngblood—New sculpture; through 5/29. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).



Installation

Dream Weaver

Art in General is the third and last stop for Cecilia Vicuña's mesmerizing "Cloud-Net," a room-size web of alpaca wool woven on-site by the Chilean-born artist. The work, which is meant to evoke a collision of Andean and Western culture, also includes Vicuña's "precarios," small, multicolored assemblages of twigs, bones, wire, string, and other found materials. At 79 Walker Street; through June 26.

Photograph by Ocrutt & Van Der Putten.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Robert Birmelin—Recent paintings and works on paper that depict quotidian domestic objects invested with portent; through 6/5. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2261).

Yung Ho Chang—A site-specific installation by a Chinese architect and his architectural firm, Atelier FCJZ; through 5/22. Apex Art C. P., 291 Church St. (431-5270).

Helmut Dorner—New paintings; through 6/26. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Tracey Emin—Large-scale sculptures, drawings, neon pieces, video, and a quilt by the English artist, whose subject matter is her own life; through 6/19. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Eric Heather Chan Schatz—Wall works that incorporate computer-controlled embroidery and appliqué processes by the collaborative team Eric Chan and Heather Schatz; through 6/5. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Paul Feeley—Oil and enamel paintings of abstract curved forms from 1962 by the artist, who died in 1965; through 5/22. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Robert Feintuch—Recent paintings of objects and life-size nude self-portraits; through 5/29. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Teresita Fernandez—*Borrowed Landscape,* an installation whose five suspended veils of scrim dyed in brilliant colors divide the gallery into rectangular spaces; through 6/5. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Viola Frey—New monumentally scaled ceramic figures and tile walls; through 6/2. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Michele Harvey/Steven Skollar—Triptych paintings of dreamlike landscapes/Paintings that depict psychological portraits of toys and objects. Through 5/22. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Doug Hilson—Paintings whose geometric compositions are overlaid with futuristic cityscapes; through 5/22. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Elizabeth King—An installation of sculpture and videography drawing on early automata, the history of articulated mannequins, and the alchemist's homunculus; through 5/22. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Guillermo Kuitca—New paintings whose imagery is based on the architecture of public places and representational systems like mapping and charting; through 6/12. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-36885).

Margaret Curtis/Erika Rothenberg and Tracy Tynan—Recent paintings whose images include lines of wash, trucks, tractors, flowers, and ribbons/A collaborative installation of wallpaper and prints based on the true stories of ten women who killed their lovers or family members. Through 5/29. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (941-8642).

Antoine Pevsner—A selection of 120 drawings made by the Russian Constructivist sculptor between 1912 and 1956; 5/1–7/10. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Debra Priestly—Assemblages and an installation that draw on the artist's recollections of her relationship with her family; 5/7–6/2. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Michael Rouillard—*Minimal paintings comprised of* layers of sheet aluminum; through 5/27. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (925-4484).

Nancy Rubins—A monumental sculpture composed of accumulated found airplane parts collected from the Mojave Desert; through 5/29. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Julian Schnabel—Early plate paintings from the late seventies, through 6/5, at PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224), and recent plate-painting portraits, through 6/5, at PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Cecilia Vicuña—The latest installment of the touring exhibition "Cloud-Net," for which the Chilean-born artist creates an installation based on each hosting venue's original use; sites have included a former cotton warehouse, a Model-T Ford factory, and, in this case, a tool manufacturer's warehouse; through 6/26. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Franz West—New sculpture; through 5/22. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Chelsea

Serena Bocchino—New abstract paintings whose rhythmic lines and marks were inspired by the artist's way of recalling memory; through 5/22. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (741-1149).

Abraham David Christian—A series of drawings made by the artist in Kalighat, Calcutta, in 1998, and sculptures; through 5/29. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (645-9417).

Jack Featherly—New abstract paintings that draw on pop-art and color-field painting; through 5/29. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (279-9219).

Max Gimblett—New paintings whose calligraphic images suggest universal symbols; through 5/22. Thatcher Projects, 529 W. 20th St. (675-0222).

Gary Gissler—New paintings and drawings in which incised abstract markings undulate in rhythmic patterns; through 6/5. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Jon Kessler—New sculpture; through 6/4. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (206-9100).

Bob Knox—*Paintings that transform American domestic interiors into carefully premeditated geometric structures;* through 5/22. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Jutta Koether—Paintings that focus on the idea of the sun as a universal touchstone for all cultures; through 5/29. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Sean Landers—New paintings from the artist's imagination and partially inspired by a group of paintings made by Magritte in 1948; through 5/22. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Tracey Moffatt—Nineteen photogravures that depict an erotic Victorian narrative involving two female characters; through 6/25. Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (727-2753).

Fiona Rae—New paintings that employ geometric shapes and painterly brush marks within solid black backgrounds; through 5/28. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (206-9100).

Bill Scanga—Recent sculptures based on theme-park underwater fantasies; through 6/5. Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. (564-7662).

Calvin Seibert—Cartoonlike drawings from the artist's ongoing project *The Encyclopedia of Twisted Sub-Plots;* through 5/22. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

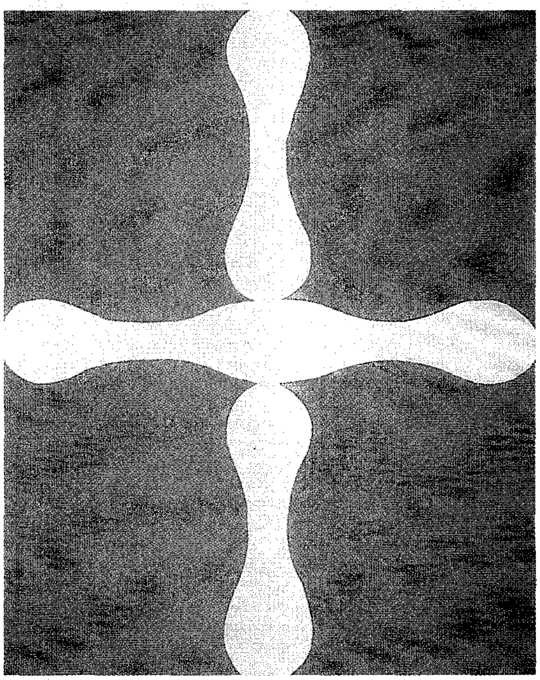
Robert Selwyn—Monochromatic grisaille paintings based on photographs, and photographs of those paintings; through 5/22. Martz, 529 W. 22nd St. (206-3686).

Yinka Shonibare—Photographs depicting the artist in the role of a dandy leading a Victorian lifestyle, dress forms in Victorian costumes made with African fabrics, and a large work comprising painting and fabric; through 5/29. Sikkema, 530 W. 22md St. (929-2262).

Other

Frederic Matys Thursz—A survey of the artist's monochromatic abstract paintings; through 5/15. New York Studio School of Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466).

On View **No wonder the watercolors of Paul Feeley *(1910–1966) were such a hit* when they were shown by Lawrence Markey Gallery two years ago—after twenty years of obscurity, Feeley's ultra-simple compositions and quirky geometric shapes suddenly looked as archetypally modern as an Eames chair. Now Markey has mounted his first solo show of paintings by the artist and much-loved Bennington professor (Helen Frankenthaler was his student), all from 1962 (55 Vandam Street; through May 22).**



Photograph courtesy of Lawrence Markey Gallery.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Artemis—23 E. 73 St. (288-8488). "Dutch Paintings of the Golden Age," works by Bendz, Dahl, Dreyer, Eckersberg, Købke, Skovgaard, others; through 5/28.

Shapolsky—152 E. 65th St. (452-1094). Works by Latin American masters Celis, Fernandez, Seguí, Vigas; through 6/5.

57th Street Area

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). Recent small-scale paintings of parlor interiors, backyards, and suburban countryside views in London and of rural landscapes in southwestern France by Helen Berggruen; and "Wet Paint," a group show of new works by gallery artists; through 5/22.

PaineWebber—1285 Avenue of the Americas (713-2000). "Comfort Zone," furniture designed by artists, including works by Acconi, Deutsch, Judd, Noguchi, Rauschenberg, others; through 6/5.

Yoshii—20 W. 57th St. (265-8876). "Petits Format," small-scale twentieth-century works by Arp, Basquiat, Calder, Kahlo, Lichtenstein, Matisse, Oldenburg, Picasso, Torres-Garcia, others; through 6/19.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). Multimedia works by Buell, jazz-derived works by Jafa, miniature sculptures by Stevens, and works by Hawkins, Kolatan, and MacDonald; through 5/29.

Cowles—420 W. Broadway (925-3500). "Altered States," works by artists who manipulate photographic techniques, including Baldesarri, Christo, Fisher, Kruger, Mapplethorpe, Warhol, others; through 5/22.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "The Stroke," paintings by contemporary stars Bleckner, Dunham, Gallagher, McClelland, Marshal, Murray, Pittman, Reed, Sikander; through 7/2.

Fung—537 Broadway (334-6242). A reconstruction of Gordon Matta-Clark's *Infraform* architectural cutting with wall drawings by Barry, LeWitt, and Huebler; 5/5–6/19.

Harris—383 W. Broadway (431-3600). Topographical realist paintings by Dudley, digitally derived paintings by Levi, sculpture by Long, New York photographs by Nogami, and pastel drawings by Zago; through 5/22.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). Drawings from the sixties by women artists Baer, Bontecou, Hesse, Martin; through 5/29.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (691-5956). Installation by Margaret Evangeline and large-format photographs by Petra Gerschner and Lisa Endriss, through 5/17; photographs by Joe Ovelman and paintings by Marlene Vine, through 5/16; Aura Rosenberg's photographic series "Berliner Kindheit," through 5/23; a Nabokov-inspired installation by Karen Shaw, through 5/23.

Feigen—535 W. 20th St. (929-0500). Recent paintings and drawings by Chang, Fish, Matzko; through 5/27.

Martinez—515 W. 27th St. (563-1075). Graffiti paintings from 1970 to the present by CASE 2, RIFF 170, and TRACY 168, with photographs by Chalfant and Stewart; through 5/30.

White Box—601 W. 26th St. (727-0767). "Unquiet Urbanism," installations by Iair Rosenkranz and Allan Wexler and photographs and sculpture by Bill Barrette exhibited with Pablo Neruda's poem "The Heights of Macchu Picchu"; through 6/8.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (924-4212). New works by Kirschner, Levy, Mesa-Pelly, Parr, Taylor, others; 5/7–6/20.

Other

Lehman College Art Gallery—Bedford Park Blvd. West and Goulden Ave., Bronx (718-960-8731), Tues.–Sat. 10–4. "Peter d'Agostino: Interactivity and Intervention, 1978–1999," a survey of the artist's installations; and photographs by Terry Boddie, André Cypriano, Sulaiman Ellison, and Suzanne Saylor, winners of En Foco's 1998 Photography Awards; through 5/15.

Rotunda—3 Clinton St., between Cadman Plaza West and Pierrepont St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047), Tues.–Fri. 12–5, Sat. 11–4. "Formulas for Revelation," works exploring spirituality by Beirne, Joseph, Just, Scott, Zittel, others; through 5/22.

Meltzer's on view—588 Broadway (343-8256). "I'm the Boss of Myself," works that draw inspiration from toys by 20 artists; through 6/12.

Photography

Fernando Bengoechea—New photographs by the Brazilian-born artist; through 5/29. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Marta Maria Perez Bravo—Stylized self-portraits by the Latin American artist; through 5/18. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (644-9090).

Thomas Joshua Cooper—Landscape photographs executed by the Cherokee artist in Newfoundland around the time of the spring equinox whose prints have been chemically altered to cultivate subtle tones of maroon and blue; through 6/19. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Willie Doherty—New photographs and a video installation by the Irish artist; through 6/12. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Roe Ethridge—An installation of color photographs depicting the trees, shrubs, and flora of highway medians and embankments in and around Atlanta and New York City; through 5/22. Kustera, 41 Wooster St. (965-1527).

Frank Gohlke/Stuart Klipper—A photographic meditation on the life and length of the Sudbury River in Massachusetts/Panoramas of polar regions. Through 6/30. Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (966-6170).

Bob Gruen—Photographs of the British punk band The Clash by the famed music photographer; through 6/27. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

BKH Gutman—Large-scale interior photographs, many of abandoned sites, by the German photographer; through 5/15. Gibson, 568 Broadway at Prince St. (925-1192).

Lewis Hine/Steve Lehman—Fifty of the famous black-and-white photographs of the Empire State Building taken by the social documentarian/Photographs of Tibet by the photojournalist who broke the story of the region's unrest in 1987 and 1989. Through 6/5. Newseum, 580 Madison Ave. (317-7596).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Newman's Gift: Sixty Years of Photography," a retrospective that spans Arnold Newman's 60-year career, including his intimate portraits of Picasso, Capote, Cartier-Bresson, others; through 6/6.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Vera Lutter—New camera-obscura photographs by the German-born artist; through 5/22. Horowitz, 160a E. 70th St. (717-9067).

Ray Mortenson—New large-scale landscape photographs of the Rhode Island coast; 5/6–6/4. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Arnold Newman—Vintage and color photographs by the famed "environmental portraitist"; 5/7–6/19. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Hank O'Neal—Portrait, documentary, music, and celebrity photography, including the artist's renowned images of the Farm Securities Administration; through 5/22. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Bill Phelps—Photographs of models posing with machines; 5/6–6/27. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Sam Samore—"Sorcerers," a narrative series of color photographs that develop the artist's fairy tale; through 6/5. Gorney Bravin + Lee, 526 W. 26th St. (352-8372).

Toshio Shibata—Recent black-and-white landscapes; through 5/27. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (397-3930).

John Szarkowski/Dieter Appelt—Recent black-and-white landscape photographs by the artist and critic who directed MoMA's department of photography for three decades/New photographs from which the German artist is conspicuously absent. Through 6/12. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Rörstrand: Swedish Art Nouveau Porcelain From the Schreiber Collection." A rare collection of porcelain produced by Sweden's Rörstrand factory, Europe's second-oldest operating ceramics firm; through 5/23. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The *Endurance:* Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition." More than 150 photographs by ship photographer Frank Hurley documenting Sir Ernest Shackleton's voyage to the Antarctic in 1914; through 10/11. . . . "Epidemic! The World of Infectious Disease." Dioramas, three-dimensional models, videos, films, interactive computer systems, and photographs; through 9/6. Central Park West, at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Bamboo Masterworks: Japanese Baskets From the Lloyd Cotsen Collection"; through 6/27. . . . "Fire Over Earth: Ceramics From the Collection of the Asia Society"; through 8/29. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Life and the Arts in the Baroque Palaces of Rome: Ambiente Barocco." Furniture and decorative works from Roman palaces, on loan from public and private collections; through 6/13. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Mariko Mori: Empty Dream." Multimedia installations that feature large-scale computer-generated photographs of the artist in futuristic scenes; through 8/15. . . . "Working in Brooklyn: Domestic Transformations." Works by the Brooklyn-based artists Ann Agee, Ron Baron, Jean Blackburn, and Andy Yoder; through 6/13. . . . "A Voice of Conscience: The Prints of Jack Levine." Sixty-nine prints by the New York artist that have never been shown together; through 6/20. . . . "The Matthew Scott Sloan Collection of American Furniture"; through 9/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"The Huguenot Legacy: English Silver 1680–1760." Examples of silver designed by Huguenot silversmiths working in London in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, drawn from the collection of Alan and Simone Hartman; through 8/8. . . . "Graphic Design in the Mechanical Age: Selections From the Merrill C. Berman Collection." More than 200 works by such pioneers of the avant-garde as Lester Beall, A. M. Cassandre, Gustav Klutsis, Alexandr Rodchenko, and Jan Tschichold, including posters, books, one-of-a-kind prototypes, collages, and other ephemera; through 5/23. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: Double Vision." New site-specific installations by the Canadian artist Stan Douglas and the Scottish artist Douglas Gordon; through 6/13. . . . "Andy Warhol: Shadows." A work made in 1978 composed of more than 100 silk-screened and hand-painted panels; through 6/13. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3.*" The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Drawn From Artists' Collections." Drawings from the collections of Georg Baselitz, Eric Fischl, Helen Frankenthaler, Helen and Brice Marden, and other artists; through 6/12. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"Drouais's Portrait of Madame de Pompadour From the National Gallery, London." François-Hubert Drouais's celebrated full-length portrait of Madame de Pompadour; through 5/13. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Krizia." An exhibition of the sculptural clothing of Mariuccia Mandelli, the designer behind the Krizia label; through 5/8. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs.–Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Picasso and the War Years: 1937–1945." An exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture, and prints that explores Picasso's artistic response to the events leading from the Spanish Civil War through the Nazi occupation of France and the eventual liberation of France by Allied troops; through 5/9. . . . "Jim Dine: Walking Memory, 1959–1969." The first survey of the artist's early paintings and constructions; through 5/16. . . . "Photography: An Expanded View—Recent Acquisitions." Works from the museum's permanent collection by modern masters and contemporary photographers Barth, Casebere, Coolidge, Demand, Eliasson, Jacobson, and others; through 5/16. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Crosscurrents: Masterpieces of East Asian Art From New York Private Collections." Ceramics, calligraphy, sculpture, ceramics, bronze, and lacquer works from various private New York collections; through 7/11. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Sigmund Freud: Conflict and Culture." An exhibition organized by the library of Congress examining the life and work of the psychoanalyst through vintage photographs, prints, films, manuscripts, letters, and documents from the library's collection; through 9/9. . . . "Bar Mitzvah: A Collaboration by David Mamet and Donald Sultan." Drawings and text from the new book *Bar Mitzvah—Story by David Mamet, Drawings by Donald Sultan* (Bulfinch); through 6/6. . . . "Ikat: Splendid Silks of Central Asia From the Guido Goldman Collection." Rare silk wall hangings, mounted panels, and robes made by master craftsmen in the kingdoms of Bukhara and Samarkand; through 5/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Prayer Book for a Queen: The Hours of Jeanne d'Evreux." A display of the pages from the medieval prayer book, whose depictions of the Christmas and Easter stories and the life of the crusader king Saint Louis are among the most evocative paintings of the Gothic era; 5/11–8/29. . . . "Devotions and Diversions: Prints and Books From the Late Middle Ages in Northern Europe"; 5/11–8/29. . . . "Our New Clothes: Acquisitions of the 1990s." Fashion masterworks by Geoffrey Beene, Calvin Klein, Giorgio Sant'Angelo, and other designers acquired by the museum's Costume Institute over the past decade; through 8/22. . . . "Hans Hofmann at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings by the abstract artist and influential teacher from the museum's collection, including nine paintings of "The Renate Series"; through 10/17. . . . "Guardians of the Longhouse: Art in Borneo." The first American exhibition devoted exclusively to the Kenyah-Kayan art of central Borneo; through 1/16/2000. . . . "Magdalena Abakanowicz on the Roof." A selection of the artist's sculptures on display on the museum's rooftop; through 10/30. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part III: Geometric Patterns." The third exhibition in a four-part series covering designs in Islamic ornamentation; through 7/18. . . . "The Treasury of Saint Francis of Assisi." Approximately 70 masterpieces of medieval and Renaissance panel painting, goldsmiths' works, textiles, and manuscript illuminations from Assisi as well as works from European and American collections; through 6/27. . . . "Mirror of the Medieval World." Jewelry, manuscripts, sculptures, and other works acquired by the museum since 1977; through 7/15. . . . "American Folk Art in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and portrait miniatures by Rufus Hathaway, Edward Hicks, Joshua Johnson, Ammi Phillips, and others working within naïve and provincial traditions in the United States during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; through 9/5. . . . "The Practice of Japanese Art: An August and Accomplished Heritage." Buddhist and decorative painting and calligraphy, along with ceramics, lacquers, metalwork, and woodblock prints; through 1/30/2000. . . . "Picasso: Painter and Sculptor in Clay." A survey of the artist's ceramic sculptures; through 6/6. . . . "Late-16th Century to Early-19th Century Indian Drawings"; through 7/5. . . . "Masterpieces From the Gilman Paper Company Collection." Approximately 45 important nineteenth-century British, American, and French photographs; through 5/23. . . . "Clay Into Art: Selections From the Collection of Contemporary Ceramics"; through 5/30. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"Cinema Kinesis." A life-size motorized pop-up movie theater by Uruguayan artist Marta Chilindrón; through 6/30. . . . "The S-Files." Works by 23 emerging New York–based Latino artists and U.S.-born artists of Latin American descent who have submitted work to the museum; through 6/30. . . . "Puerto Rican Santos de Palo: Sculptures Between Heaven and Earth." Forty-five carved wooden saint and holy figures from the museum's permanent collection; through 6/30. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"A Congo Chronicle: Patrice Lumumba in Urban Art." Paintings from the Congolese Urban Art movement, which began in the early twenties and is still extant, and by one of its best-known members, Tshibumba Kanda-Matulu, whose work depicts the rise and fall of Patrice Lumumba, the hero of Congolese independence who, in 1960, became the nation's first freely elected prime minister; through 8/15. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"France Divided: Impassioned Responses to the Dreyfus Scandal." A selection of posters and lithographs illustrating France's reactions to the wrongful 1894 conviction and imprisonment of Captain Alfred Dreyfus; through 6/13. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–2, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

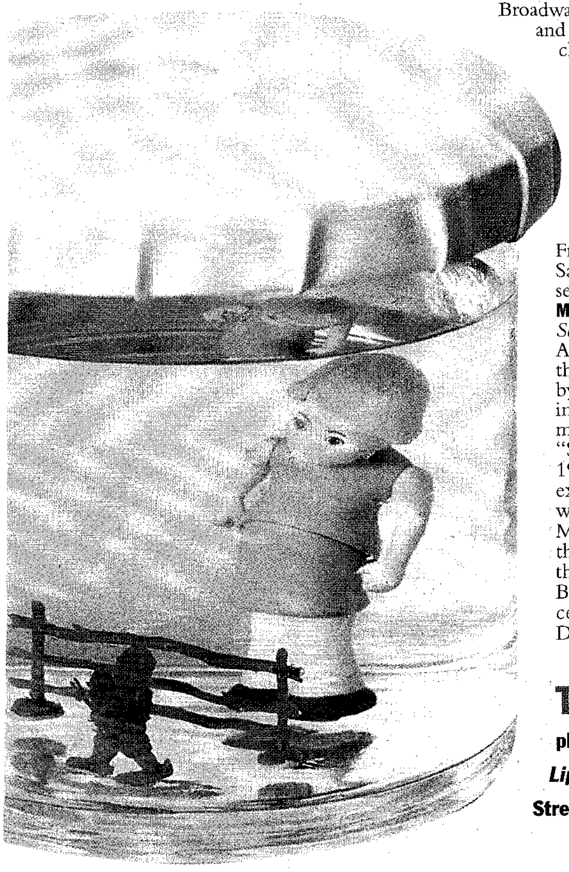
Museum of Modern Art—"Ellsworth Kelly: *Sculpture for a Large Wall* and Other Recent Acquisitions." MoMA's first showing of the artist's monumental sculpture acquired by the museum last fall and of early drawings and paintings recently given to the museum by the artist; through 7/6. . . . "Sigmar Polke: Works on Paper, 1963–1974." The first in-depth American examination of the German artist's early works on paper; through 6/16. . . . "The Museum As Muse: Artists Reflect." Works that address the concept and function of the museum by 60 artists, among them Barbara Bloom, Christian Boltanski, Marcel Broodthaer, Joseph Cornell, Marcel Duchamp, Komar and Melamid, Claes Oldenburg, and Hiroshi Sugimoto; through 6/1. . . . "Projects 68: William Kentridge." The world premiere of the South African filmmaker's most recent film animation, *Stereoscope*; through 6/8. . . . "Pop Impressions Europe/USA: Prints and Multiples From the Museum of Modern Art." Approximately 100 works highlighting printmaking within the Pop aesthetic; through 5/18. . . . "Mary Lucier: Floodsongs." A video and audio installation presenting portraits of residents of Grand Forks, North Dakota, and their reflections on the flood that ravaged their town in the spring of 1997; through 6/20. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"The Astor Place Riot: Looking Back 150 Years." A look at the causes behind the infamous riot that occurred when the English actor William Macready appeared in *Macbeth* at the Astor Place Opera House in 1849; through 10/24. . . . "Gotham Comes of Age: New York Through the Lens of the Byron Company." Photographs documenting New York City life from the late 1890s to 1942 that were donated to the museum after the 1942 closing of New York's preeminent photography studio; through 9/26. . . . "Washington's New York." Paintings, costumes, maps, furniture, documents, and relics relating to George Washington's experiences in New York City as a military commander and political leader; through 7/4. . . . "Landscapes of Hope: Rebuilding New York City's Neighborhoods." Photographs by Larry Racioppo documenting the rebuilding of various New York City neighborhoods; through 6/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $3 students and seniors.

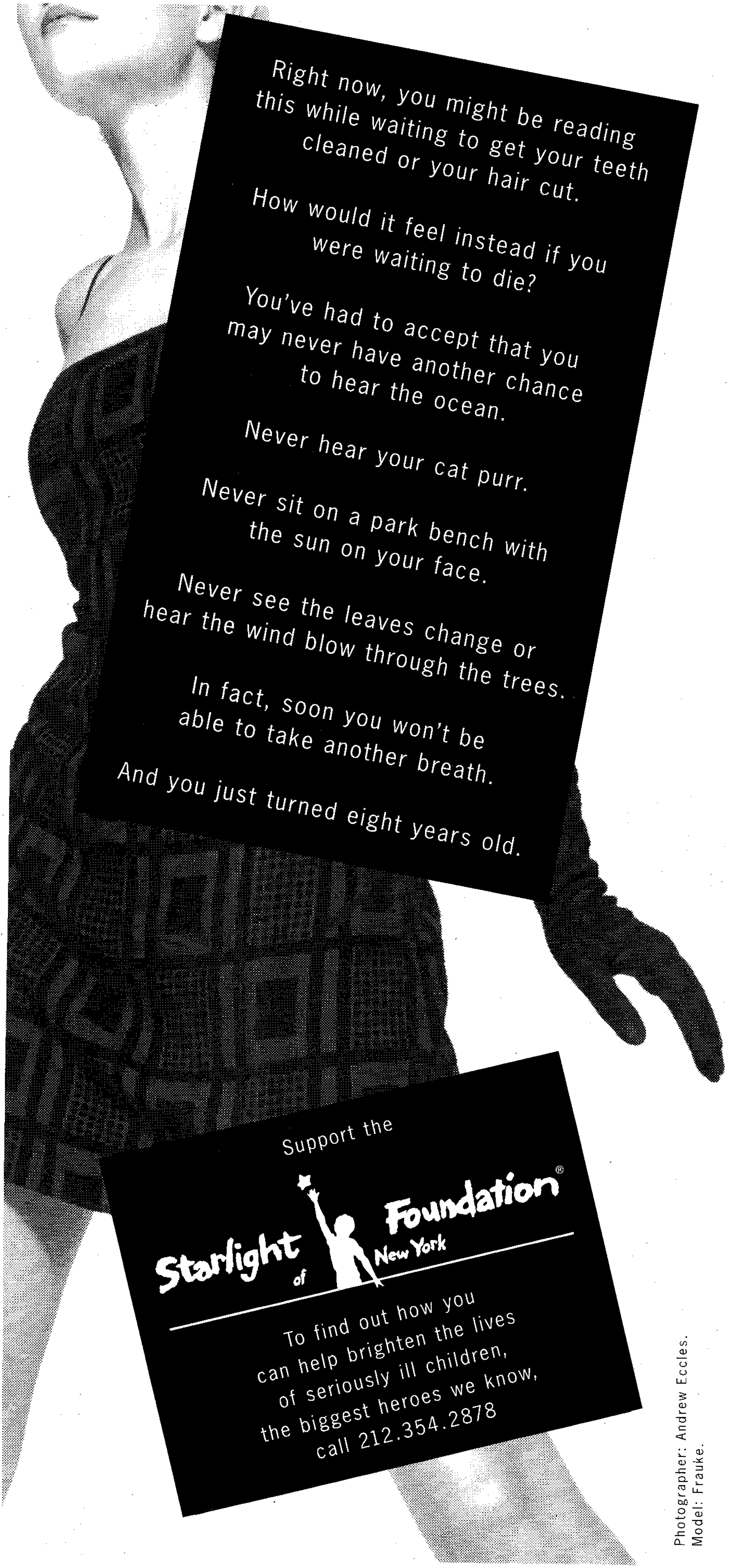
New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Fever: The Art of David Wojnarowicz." The first retrospective of the work of the East Village artist, who died of AIDS in 1992; through 6/20. . . . "Open House: Michael Smith and Joshua White." An installation of a SoHo loft space that belongs to an imaginary middle-aged artist who is using an open house event as an opportunity to show his art to real-estate agents; through 6/27. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New-York Historical Society—"Refuge: The Newest New Yorkers." Photographs by Mel Rosenthal documenting the lives of refugees in communities across New York State; through 6/20. . . . "The Celebrated Hatter." An exhibition of hats, advertisements, newspaper articles, and other objects and ephemera relating to the life of John N. Genin, the nineteenth-century New Yorker whose lower-Broadway store, Genin's Hat Emporium, made him a household name; through 6/13. . . . "Dance for a City: Fifty Years of the New York City Ballet." Costumes, musical scores, handbills, photographs, dancer's scrapbooks, and other ephemera; through 8/15. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Netherlandish Prints From the New York Public Library." Prints and books from the Library's Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints, and Photographs; through 6/26. . . . "Nabokov Under Glass." An exhibition drawn from the Vladimir Nabokov Archive of the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, presented on the occasion of the centennial of the writer's birth; through 8/21. . . . "Inventing the American Past: The Art of F. O. C. Darley." A selection of drawings and sketches by the American illustrator (1821–1888) of such literary classics as *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *The Old Curiosity Shop* drawn



Talent **"I'm the Boss of Myself" gathers the works of 25 grown-up artists who still play with toys—that is, in photography, painting, sculpture (left, Kara Cressman's *Loose Lips*), and other media. At Sara Meltzer's on view . . . , 588 Broadway, near Houston Street; May 5 through June 12.**



Right now, you might be reading this while waiting to get your teeth cleaned or your hair cut.

How would it feel instead if you were waiting to die?

You've had to accept that you may never have another chance to hear the ocean.

Never hear your cat purr.

Never sit on a park bench with the sun on your face.

Never see the leaves change or hear the wind blow through the trees.

In fact, soon you won't be able to take another breath.

And you just turned eight years old.

Support the Starlight Foundation® of New York

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Photographer: Andrew Eccles.
Model: Frauke.

primarily from the library's Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art; through 6/26. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Generation Z." An exhibition of works by emerging artists who transform conditions of conditions of contemporary society through their artistic practice; through 6/6. . . . "Denise Green: Resonating." A survey spanning 25 years of the Australian artist's career, tracing the evolution of her painting from her early "New Image" period to recent explorations in black and white; through 6/6. . . . "100 Drawings." Drawings by young artists; through 6/6. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 8/8. . . . "Poe: The Ardent Imagination." A selection of letters, manuscripts, and rare printed editions; through 5/9. . . . "Detectives, Private Eyes, and Spies." Early editions of works by Ambler, Childers, Poe, and others; through 5/5. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7; $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Global Conceptualism: Points of Origin, 1950s–1980s." The history of conceptual art as seen through the works of more than 135 artists; through 8/29. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"To Conserve a Legacy: American Art From Historically Black Colleges and Universities." Works of art drawn from the collections of Clark Atlanta University, Fisk University, Hampton University, Howard University, North Carolina Central University, and Tuskegee University; through 7/11. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.– Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, 3 seniors and students (free on the first Sat. of every month).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." The first part of a two-part exhibition exploring this century's art and culture, covering the years 1900 to 1950 and comprising works drawn from the museum's collection and from public and private institutions across the country; through 8/22. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of 15 or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 1-877-WHITNEY, or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (636-2000). 5/6 at 10: "Age of Elegance, Including Estate of Robert Isaacson." 5/6–5/7: "Wine: The Millennial Sale." 5/12 at 7: "Impressionist and 19th-Century Art."

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 5/5 at 1: "American Paintings." On view from 5/1. 5/11 at 10 and 2: "The Civil War." On view from 5/7.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 5/5 at 10: "Books, Autographs, and Photographs." On view from 5/1. 5/12 at 10: "Couture and Textiles." On view from 5/8.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 5/11 at 2: "Impressionist, Modern, and Contemporary Art." On view from 5/4.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 5/5 at 10:15 and 2: "Nineteenth-Century Paintings." On view from 5/1. 5/6 at 10:15 and 2: "French Furniture." On view from 4/1. 5/10 at 7: "Whitney Collection." On view from 5/7. 5/11 at 7: "Impressionist Painting and Sculpture." On view from 5/7.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 5/13 at 10:30 and 2: "Works of Art on Paper." On view from 5/8.

restaurants

Something Fishy...Full House...Bellew

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Park—Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. *Opposite 175 State St., Battery Park (809-5508). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare—think homemade pastas, octopus salad, Venetian shellfish soup—served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Deanna's—Owner and recording artist Deanna Kirk sings nightly at her relocated supper club, now on the Lower East Side, where surprise guests drop in for impromptu performances. Silk lampshades and candlelight transform a space built in the twenties as a Yiddish theater, and an alumnus of the kitchens of Le Cirque and Bouley turns out American bistro fare. *107 Rivington St. (420-2258). (I) ($).*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative American bistro fare includes an acclaimed roasted garlic-lemon chicken with spinach and mashed potatoes, barbecued pork ribs, and lobster cakes served with a sweet corn salad. *179 W. Broadway (219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

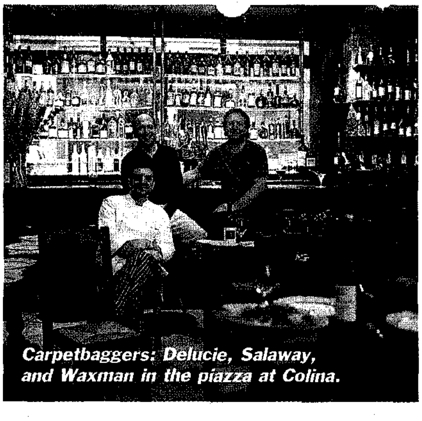
The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St.*

Opening

Food on the Hill

What do you do when you own a furniture store—maybe New York's preeminent furniture store—and you want to turn one of your table-and-chair-crammed showrooms into a restaurant? You probably wouldn't buy an existing restaurant in Brazil, disassemble it, and ship the parts, from ceiling beams and terra-cotta tiles to door frames, to East 18th Street. But that's precisely what ABC Carpet & Home owner Evan Cole has done with the new Colina, opening this week in a space that used to be devoted to American pine reproductions. Still, there is some continuity. "Evan wanted to use a lot of wood," says Jonathan Waxman, the chef and consultant who was enlisted by restaurateur Jeff Salaway of Nick & Toni's to collaborate on the rustic Italian menu. Meant to evoke an ancient European country farmhouse, Colina (a creative misspelling of the Italian word for little hill) has been outfitted with a wood-burning oven, a wood-burning grill, and a rotisserie for cooking whole fish, lamb shanks, and sides of beef that will be carved and served tableside. "We want everyone to try everything," says Salaway. But even if they do, there's no risk of boredom: Each month, chef de cuisine John Delucie will showcase the specialties of a different Italian region, beginning with Liguria. Waxman and Salaway are intent on procuring the best ingredients—Serrano hams, capons, exquisite imported pastas, New England shellfish—and serving them relatively unadorned. (Those who haven't been weaned from squirt-bottle-sauce squiggles—or overdoses of truffle oil and balsamic vinegar—be forewarned.) They've also hired former mad.61 pastry chef Patricia Jackson, whose knack for seasonal-fruit crostatas, granitas, and cookie plates will be reflected in the store's food hall and Parlour Café, which have both been revamped by Salaway and Waxman. And if the Tuscany-via-São Paulo farmhouse ambience gets tired, there's six floors worth of redecorating ideas. (35 East 18th Street; 505-2233.)

Robin Raisfeld



Carpetbaggers: Delucie, Salaway, and Waxman in the piazza at Colina.

Photographs by Robert Wright.

(233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of business-people and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Opening
Irish Fish Are Frying

The owner of Murray Hill's new Bellew named the clubby duplex for his mother's hometown in eastern Galway—reputedly an excellent trout-fishing locale. To celebrate that, and in an attempt to radically change the public perception of Irish cuisine, chef Christopher Daly has composed a seasonal menu heavy on seafood like gratin of oysters with cauliflower, chives, and caviar, and wood-grilled halibut with artichokes, cockles, and white beans (entrées, $20 to $29). That pub staple the basic burger is reinvented with the addition of Irish farmhouse cheeses like Woodford cheddar or Cashel blue. (167 East 33rd Street; 685-1466.)

Photograph by Patrik Rytikangas.

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. Late-night dining too. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre- or post-Film Forum noshing. Live opera performances on Sunday nights. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mono—The chef at this West Village bistro derives intense flavors from herbs, spices, and flavored oils, keeping butter and cream to a minimum. You couldn't tell by the taste of dishes like star-anise-cured salmon tartare with lentil pancake, vanilla-roasted spring vegetables, and chamomile-steamed wild striped bass. Each of three tasting menus—market, vegetarian, and seafood—is paired with appropriate wines. *342 W. 11th St. (645-9009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, de-

ASK GAEL

Is there a relapse into eighties restaurant madness?

How else to explain the frenzy of New Yorkers jousting for space at the bar, prelude to an itsy table and a $75 dinner at Maison? Sure it's cute (painted tile and French-brasserie allusions) and quirky. Patron Antonio Francesco (Ecco-la) is Italian and Venezuelan; manager Heath St. Clair, from Australia. But chef René Lenger has the proper birthright. His sautéed foie gras with pear compote, seared sweetbreads on spinach risotto, and lobster bisque (tepid, alas) are dauntingly huge, the better to justify mostly double-digit prices for starters. The luscious porcini-perfumed skate, rack of lamb with lentils, and venison with onion confit are all a shade too sweet and over-accessorized. (Entrées $16.50 to $24.) But uptown traders and smartly togged Euros seem unwilted by the wait and amused by the madcap scene. (1477 Second Avenue, at 77th Street; 879-6413.)

pendable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lola—Lola's famous fried chicken is one of those dishes whose popularity guarantees it a perpetual place on the menu, but the kitchen has much grander aspirations. Think seared-tuna-and-seaweed salad with black rice and tobiko caviar, and paella de mariscos with grilled garlic flatbread. There's live music Tuesday through Saturday and a justly famous gospel brunch on Saturdays and Sundays. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Shaffer City Oyster Bar & Grill—The aquatic theme is carried out here by the décor (a 300-gallon fish tank), the raw bar (which features up to 25 varieties of oysters daily), and the menu, which includes such seafood exotica as lobster fricasee with truffled potatoes and corn salsa, and walnut-and-herb-crusted brook trout with wild rice and herb beurre blanc. *5 W. 21st St. (255-9827). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

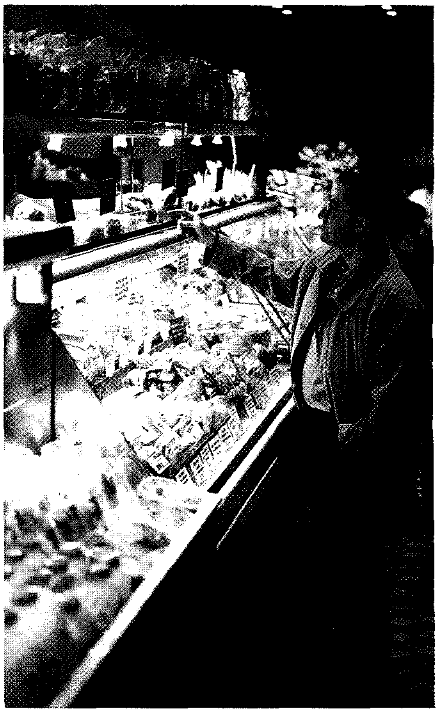
43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and

Photograph by James Baigrie.

Restaurant
Café Society

The new café at Eli's Manhattan is, in its perfectionist owner's words, "evolving." Which means that this week, the sunny storefront with its stylish newsstand and comfy banquettes goes from a cafeteria-style sandwich-and-salad bar to a fully functional breakfast kitchen, serving made-to-order eggs, waffles, and French toast to supplement Zabar's excellent jelly doughnuts. Come fall, there'll be waiter service and a dinner chef. (1411 Third Avenue, at 80th Street; 717-8100.)



good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Il Postino—This elegant midtown Italian restaurant offers an interesting variety of daily specials, focusing on imported and domestic seafood. (Under the same ownership as the much-lauded Scalinatella.) Jacket required. *337 E. 49th St. (688-0033). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Scarabée—Some of the city's best French-Mediterranean food is being served on a nondescript residential block in Turtle Bay, courtesy of chef Joseph Fortunato (formerly of Layla). Owner Karim El Sherif (formerly of Restaurant Daniel) compiled the well-chosen, helpfully categorized wine list, with selections that pair well with dishes like truffle-marinated squab, pomegranate-glazed salmon, and, at lunch, a killer braised-lamb sandwich. No matter how full you are, don't skip dessert. *230 E. 51st St. (758-6633). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neil Becker serves up such sophisticated fare as crispy sea scallops with rock shrimp, lobster, and shellfish cream; rack of lamb with Parmesan bread pudding; and a white-and-dark-chocolate-mousse parfait. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic

Photographs by James Baigrie.

pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of micro-

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by James Baigrie.

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brews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Cigar smokers even have their own designated space in which to unmolestedly exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regional Thai Sa-Woy—The well-spiced, artfully presented food at this two-story Thai restaurant costs a bit more than it would at your run-of-the-mill pad thai parlor, but the peaceful ambience and elegant, antique-strewn décor may very well put you in the mood to splurge. *1479 First Ave., at 77th St. (744-6374). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

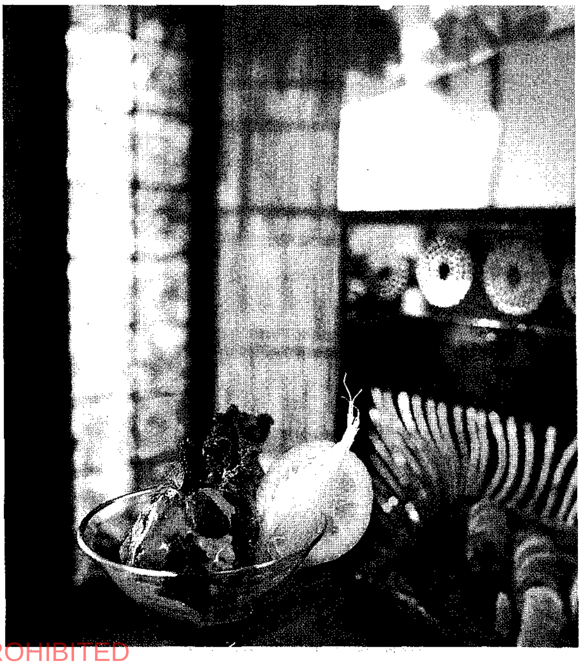
Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Opening

Zutto, Alors

Long before Nobu became shorthand for "TriBeCa sushi," the understated, unassuming Zutto was the burgeoning neighborhood's only source for raw fish. Last month, the downtown pioneer opened an offshoot in Greenwich Village, with slightly higher prices to justify what the management calls slightly "more creative" dishes, like the "cannonball" of tuna tartare with special sauce pictured below. (62 Greenwich Avenue; 229-1796.)



in concert

Richard Einhorn's *Voices of Light*

Classical Music

Tuesday, May 4

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Bach, Schubert, Gubaidulina, and Mendelssohn, with violists Cynthia Phelps and Rebecca Young. Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $14–$73.*

St. Luke's Chamber Orchestra—Performs Bach's Oboe d'Amore Concerto in A major, Harpsichord Concerto in D minor, and Violin Concerto in E major. *Temple Emanu-El, Fifth Ave. at 65th St. (594-6400), at 6:30; free.*

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—Performs works by Beethoven, Fauré, and Prokofiev without a conductor. Violinist Frank Peter Zimmerman joins the ensemble. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (896-1704), at 8; $18–$70.*

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Presents string wizards Edgar Meyer, Joshua Bell, Mike Marshall, and Sam Bush in the New York premiere of their collaboration *In Between*, marking its 2,000th concert. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$35.*

Wednesday, May 5

Little Orchestra Society—Performs *Juditha Triumphans*, which opens its "Vivaldi's Venice" series. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (971-9500), at 7:30; $30–$40.*

Cleveland Orchestra—Performs an all-Ravel program. Pierre Boulez, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Thursday, May 6

New York Philharmonic—Performs R. Strauss's *Burleske* for Piano and Orchestra, Rouse's *Seeing* for Piano and Orchestra, and Sibelius's Symphony No. 5, with pianist Emanuel Ax. Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $14–$73.*

Cleveland Orchestra—Performs works by Ravel and Debussy. Pierre Boulez, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—Performs works by Milhaud and Mozart and premieres a new work by John Carbon. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $19.50.*

Friday, May 7

New York Baroque—Presents "O Primavera: Music of Seventeenth Century Italy," which includes works by Carissimi, Castello, Fontana, and Luzzacchi, among others. *Church of St. Luke in the Field, 487 Hudson Street (718-852-8415), at 8; $15.*

New York Philharmonic—See 5/6, at 2.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Saturday, May 8

Wendy Hoffman, Mezzo—The Richard Taubner/Jarmila Novotna–prizewinner performs Brahms's *Ophelia Lieder*, among other works. *Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St. (866-2086) at 2; $2.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs a "Young People's Concert" of machinery-themed works by Rouse, Schuller, Lang, and others, with pianist Emanuel Ax. Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $17–73.*

New York Philharmonic—See 5/6.

Cleveland Orchestra—Performs Brahms's Symphony No. 3 and Bartok's *Bluebeard's Castle*. Christoph von Dohnányi, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Sunday, May 9

Vladimir Spivakov, Violin, and Kun Woo Paik, Piano—Perform works by Schubert, Beethoven, Pärt, and Strauss. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5030), at 3; $20–40.*

Scott Dunn and Richard Rodney Bennett, Pianos—Perform jazz and American popular songs by Bennett, William Bolcom, Lukas Foss, and duo-piano Gershwin arrangements by Gregory Stone. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $35.*

Monday, May 10

Thomas Studebaker, Tenor—Sings selections from Aaron Copland's "Old American Songs" and lieder by Strauss and Marx, among other works. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448), at 8; $20.*

Cleveland Orchestra—Performs Mahler's Symphony No. 9. Christoph von Dohnányi, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Voices of Light—The Concordia Orchestra, Anonymous 4, New Amsterdam Singers, and soprano Susan Narucki perform Richard Einhorn's masterpiece—inspired by *The Passion of Joan of Arc*—to benefit the Concordia Orchestra. Marin Alsop, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5030), at 8; $16–$50.*

Opera

Amato Opera—Gives the last two performances of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* for the 1999 season, 5/8 at 7:30 and 5/9 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $23.*

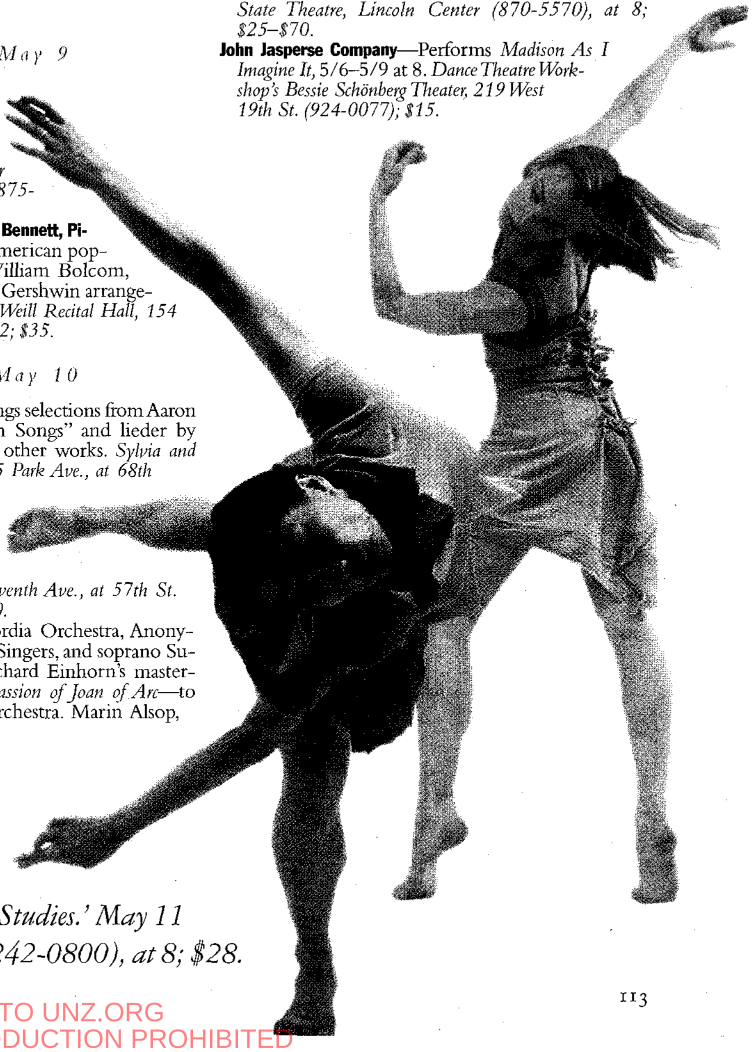
Dance

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Performs *South African Suite;* their signature work, *Firebird;* and *Joplin Dances*, 5/8 at 8 and 5/9 at 2. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center's Prudential Hall, 1 Center St., Newark (888-GO-NJPAC); $15–$64.*

American Ballet Theatre—Performs Drigo's *Le Corsaire*, 5/4 at 8, 5/5 at 2 and 8, and 5/6 at 8; and Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*, 5/7 at 8 and 5/8 at 2 and 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $18–$115.*

New York City Ballet—Performs Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*, 5/4–5/7 at 8 and 5/8 at 2 and 8. *New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center (870-5570), at 8; $25–$70.*

John Jasperse Company—Performs *Madison As I Imagine It*, 5/6–5/9 at 8. *Dance Theatre Workshop's Bessie Schönberg Theater, 219 West 19th St. (924-0077); $15.*



Previews
Brave New Twirl

Bebe Miller Company performs 'Going to the Wall,' with music by Don Byron, Nonchalant, and the Fugees. Miller also gives her first solo performance in a decade when she premieres 'Rhythm Studies.' May 11 through 16 at the Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800), at 8; $28.

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

nightlife

Williams...Cranberries...Marsalis

Concerts

Audra McDonald—The Tony winner's soaring, operatic voice has won her legions of fans and plenty of critical accolades. Her latest CD, *Way Back to Paradise,* is a real stunner and unconventional to boot. Along with theatrical compositions like "You Don't Know This Man," the singer offers inspiring interpretations of Langston Hughes poems like "Dream Variations" and "Daybreak in Alabama." 5/5 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $35–$40.*

"Bang on a Can Festival"—The ever-eclectic Lower East Side festival returns. 5/5: Fred Frith Guitar Quartet. 5/6: "Percussion Music of Iannis Zenakis." All shows at 8. *Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (777-8442). $15.*

The Cranberries—Back for the first time since 1996's downer *To the Faithful Departed,* the Cranberries are no doubt looking to reclaim Irish music from the jaws of pop acts like Boyzone and B*Witched. The typically epic yet cozy folk rock of their latest CD, *Bury The Hatchet,* should help the Cranberries in their mission. 5/5 at 8. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $30.*

Diane Schuur—With Duke Ellington Orchestra. 5/8 at 8. *Center for the Arts at the College of Staten Island, 2800 Victory Blvd. (718-962-ARTS). $30–$35.*

"Music & Dance of Java"—With Sri Susilowati, Wiwin Widjajawati, Joko Waluyo. 5/8 at 8. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $15*

"The Fred Astaire 100th Birthday Celebration" Featuring Mary Cleere Haran and Sir Richard Rodney Bennett. The life of Astaire is celebrated by the vocal duo of Haran and Bennett, who'll take on songs from *Top Hat, Easter Parade, The Bandwagon,* and other Astaire films. 5/10–5/11 at 8:30. *Joe's Pub, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200). $30.*

"Songs of Sinatra"—With Bill Charlap, Jon Gordon, Joel Helleny, Dick Hyman, Byron Stripling, Kenny Washington, Peter Washington, Jon Webber. Ol' Blue Eyes gets reverential treatment from some of the city's finest vocalists. 5/8 at 8. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $30.*

"Third Street Music School Free Music Series"—5/7 at 7:30: David P. Gonzalez. 5/7 at 8:30: Barbara Blanchard and Karen Altman. *Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. (no phone). Free.*

Small Stages

Bottom Line—5/5: Rankin Family. 5/6–5/7: Rockapella; David Buskin; Rob Carlson; George Waurzbach. 5/8: Fast Folk Revue, featuring Hugh Blumenfeld; Jack Hardy; Richard Meyer; Maggie Roche; Frank Tedesso. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—5/4: Robbie Williams. 5/7: Grizzled Irish singer-songwriter Luka Bloom. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—5/5: Filthy Rich. 5/6: Paul Whistler; the Wheels. 5/7–5/8: Hiram Bullock. 5/10: Hell's Kitchen. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—5/6: Mister Airplane Man; Imperial Pints. 5/8: Birthmark; Piranha Brothers; Neurobox. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Irving Plaza—5/6: Angst-ridden industrial rockers Front Line Assembly; Switchblade Symphony. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—5/4: New York-based lo-fi rockers Tower Recordings' oddly titled albums like *Furniture Music for Evening Shuttles* feature enough guitar distortion and speaker hissing to embarrass Sonic Youth; Hall of Fame; Jackie-O Motherfucker. 5/7: Gary Lucas's Gods and Monsters. *74 Leonard St. (219-3055). $*

Maxwell's—5/5: The Groovie Ghoulies. 5/7: Alejandro Escovedo. 5/8: Quirky, They Might Be Giants–inspired Canadian-bred alt-rockers Moxy Fruvous, who have an Internet following so large they might think about filing their own Web-related IPO. 5/8: Super Diamond. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—5/5: Brilliantine. 5/7: Superdiamond. 5/9: Rat Wakes Red. 5/10: For Carnation. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—5/7: Legendary vibes man Roy Ayers (whose seventies groove-inflected classics like "Everybody Loves the Sunshine," "Searchin'," and "We Live in Brooklyn, Baby" are some of the most consistently sampled tunes in the hip-hop pantheon) will no doubt find an ecstatic reception from this venue's eclectic, multi-culti, music-loving crowd of hip-hoppers, salsa fans, reggae aficionados and blues lovers. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—5/7: Burning Airlines; Roads to Space Travel; the Up On In. 5/8: Bouncing Souls; Youth Brigade. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 5/4: Illuminati. 5/5: Blue Rags. 5/7–5/8: Ozric Tentacles. 5/9: Vinyl. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

Clubland

Baktun—A small, way, way west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights, like the bi-weekly deep-house-themed "N'Ice," the friendly, long-running house party "Bang the Party," a nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy," and "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Call ahead for schedules as consistently booked nights are a rarity at this space. *418 W. 14th St. (206-1590 or 741-7437).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

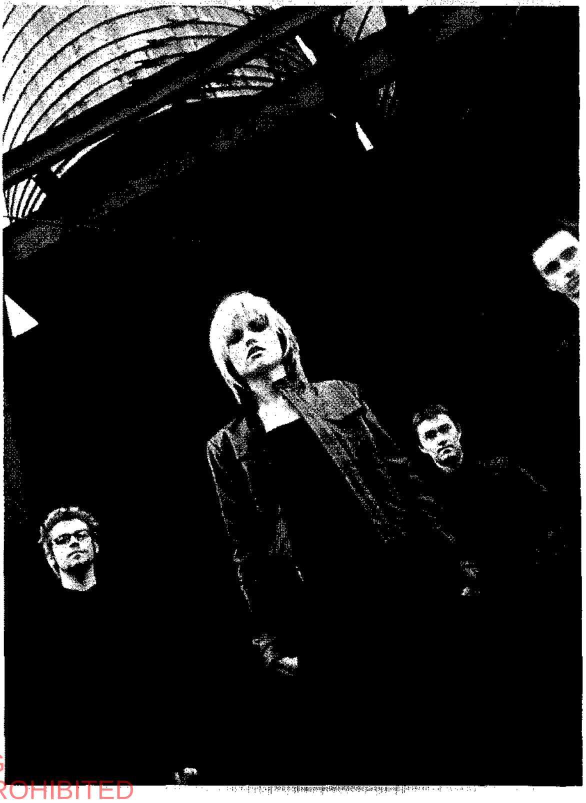
Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultra-hip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendezvous" every Tuesday. It's a strictly "no D.J.'s" party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Saturdays, things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave., at 11th St. (228-0444). $.*

Kit Kat Club—This high-ceilinged, theatrical-looking midtown space is probably best known as the venue where *Cabaret* enjoyed its long run. Now that it's an upscale, fairly run-of-the-mill nightclub (a perfect counterpart for that other impersonal midtown space, Speeed), it's lost a lot of its marquee value. The club manages to pull in some interesting music-industry shindigs (hip-hop act the Roots had their album release party there) and holds down a mildly entertaining Saturday party called "Go" with Hot 97 D.J. Funkmaster Flex. *124 W. 43rd. St. (819-0377).*

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesday night's "On!" offers a mod-influenced, *Austin Powers*–esque mid-week romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends," a soulful house music party hosted by "Body & Soul" mastermind John Davis. Thursday night's "Get a Life!" is a glammy hoot, thanks to D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Hol-

Performance
Sweet Return

After a three-year absence, Irish folk-rock stalwarts The Cranberries re-emerge with a new album called 'Bury the Hatchet.' Find out what the group's been up to when it plays the Hammerstein Ballroom on May 5. (See "Concerts.")



land. "Flash Fridays" belong to none other than legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Limelight—Its club-kid heyday long gone, the new, sobered-up House of Gatien makes a stab at good-neighbor-dom with substantive nights like Alan Sanctuary's fashionista-chocked Wednesday-night party "Heaven or Las Vegas," performance-art-oriented Thursdays and the ever-fabulous Fridays promoted by "Beige" mastermind Erich Conrad, and all-inclusive Saturdays featuring D.J.'s spinning everything from rock to reggae to hip-hop. *660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (677-1717).*

Mother—This meatpacking-district mainstay plays host to some of New York's wildest, weirdest parties. Tuesday's belong to "Jackie 60," the legendary night with brilliantly off-kilter themes like the Kate Moss–inspired, models-in-distress "Pooped Out Party Girls." Thursday's are taken over by the very gothic "Long Black Veil," and Fridays are the strictly-for-girls "Clit Club." *432 W. 14th St. (366-5680).*

Orchard—The futuristic-terrarium theme of the spacious but unaustere lounge is novel without being just another irksome novelty. Orchard hosts some of the city's brainiest, most chin-scratching electronica parties, like "Abstrakt Future Lounge" (a catch-all electronic-music event featuring D.J.'s such as Spooky, Singe, Soulslinger, and Wally) and "Funk on the Levee" (where you can hear everything from acid jazz to hip-hop to house). *200 Orchard St. (673-5350).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night rollerskating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Promoters Marc Berkley and John Blair host the still-thriving (and very, very Chelsea-boy) Saturdays, and "Big Fridays" offer house music for a straitlaced date crowd. *515 W. 18th St. (627-0404). $.*

Shine—Once an important spot for up-and-coming rock and dance acts, this downtown spot is now home to low-key, D.J.-oriented theme nights like the upscale house party "Groove On!," hosted by Limelight impresario Alan Sanctuary. *285 W. Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900).*

Speeed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," Speeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Every Friday, the main floor belongs to Hot 97's D.J. Enuff. Saturdays, D.J.'s Doo Wop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop, while Frank Delour spins house. "Cafe Con Leche," a Latin-house-themed night, takes over every Sunday. *20 W. 39th St. (719-9867).*

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel–dissing crow thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturday is the night to head up to the Warehouse and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro, "Body & Soul" 's Danny Krivit, and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th st. (between Grand Concourse and Walton Ave.) (718-992-5974).*

Tunnel—Drug-bust drama aside, Peter Gatien's massive West Chelsea space hasn't made much of an impact on the New York club scene. Promoters seem to come and go weekly, Danny Tenaglia recently decamped to Vinyl, and Gatien hasn't even bothered to compete with Twilo's marquee Friday nights. If (as Howard Safir promises) the Tunnel is shut down, most clubbers will hardly shed a tear. But if you feel compelled to soldier over to Twelfth Avenue anyway, know that Fridays belong to hard-house D.J. Eddie Baez, Saturdays play host to the progressive-house night "Detour" and the fairly enjoyable gay party "Kurfew," and Funkmaster Flex presides over the thugged-out Sundays. *220 Twelfth Ave., at 27th St. (695-4682).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s such as Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 5/7: Breakbeats from up-and-coming U.K. producer Adam Freeland; U.S. rave mainstay D.J. Dan; Mark Lewis. *530 W. 27th St. (268-1600).*

Vanity—This small, unassuming club stays fairly quiet most of the week, but livens up Thursdays with the drum-'n'-bass party "Physics," Fridays with "GBH" (an acronym for "Great British House"), and Saturdays with "Sticky," a big-beat-oriented night featuring superstar D.J.'s such as Irish collagemeister David Holmes and electro revivalist Deejay Punk Roc. *28 E. 23rd St. (989-1038, ext. 219).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise. Fridays are hosted by deep-house D.J. Danny Tenaglia, Saturdays are taken over by Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," and Sundays, which belong to François K's legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul," provide plenty of musical uplift for the city's groove-hungry denizens. *6 Hubert St. (343-1379).*

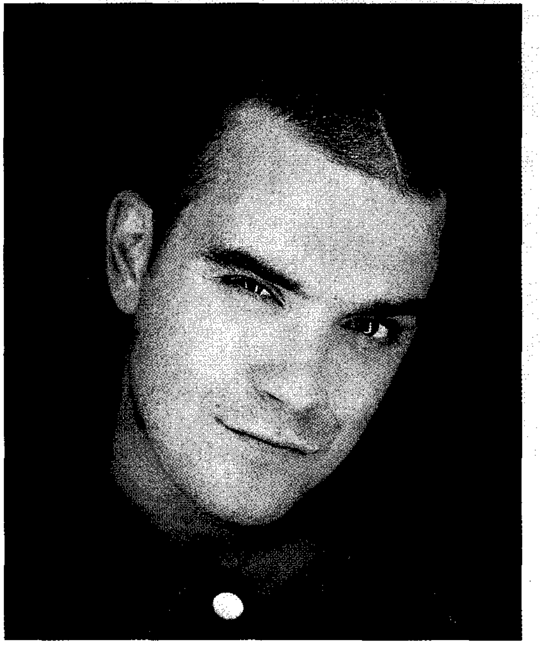
Webster Hall—Every weekend, traffic on East 11th Street is rerouted around Webster Hall, presumably to avoid a snarl of clubgoers and automobiles. But does anyone actually go to this place? Excluding that scene in *To Wong Foo . . .*, Webster Hall hasn't made even the tiniest imprint on the club-world consciousness. Somehow the venue soldiers on with catch-all weekend nights, which offer an eclectic mix of house, Top 40, and R&B. *125 E. 11th St. (353-1600). $20.*

Performance

Ego Trip

Once a recipe for ***Behind the Music*****-style oblivion, membership in a boy band is now almost required experience on the late-nineties pop-star résumé. Consider: The careers of ex–New Kids on the Block Jordan Knight and Joey McIntyre and of Menudo man Ricky Martin are flourishing. Enter Robbie Williams, former member of the phenomenally successful U.K. pop act Take That, whose solo project *The Ego Has Landed* is one of the most anticipated albums of 1999. But the tuxedo-clad, cocktail-lounge-ready Williams (who commonly cites Frank Sinatra as his primary influence) hardly seems like a sure thing in the Top 40, where teenage pop acts who consider New Kids and Tiffany "old school" rule. We'll leave the marketing of this unlikely pop star up to his label, Capitol Records. As for Williams's music, well, it veers somewhat uncomfortably among torchy, Elton John–style piano pop ("Angels"), polished studio rock ("Lazy Days"), and Freddie Mercury–esque bombast ("Let Me Entertain You"). It's clear from Williams's hammy, 007-inspired videos and the pure showmanship of his live performances that the singer has plenty of personality, but personality is in short supply on his surprisingly milquetoast debut. Still, it should be interesting to witness this pop-star-on-the-rise at the Bowery Ballroom; at the very least, you can tell acquaintances across the pond (where Williams regularly plays stadiums) that you caught the singer in a venue no bigger than a large pub. (See "Concerts.")**

Ethan Brown



Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Mingus Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11. 5/4: Sherrie Maricle & Diva, "No Man's Land." 5/5: Aaron Goldberg Trio; Darren Barrett Quartet. 5/6: Don Braden Quartet. 5/7–5/8: "Saxophone Summit," featuring Donald Harrison, Javon Jackson, and Antonio Hart. 5/9: Chico O' Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 5/4–5/9: Jackie McLean Quartet; Stanley Turrentine Quartet. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

"Five Spot Jazz Series"—5/8: George Russell Living Time Orchestra. *TriBeCa Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510). $25–$50.*

Iridium—In the cozily surreal basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 5/4–5/9: Freddie Cole Quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:30

Photograph by Frank W. Ockenfels 3.

P.M. $5 cover. 5/7: Greg Kogan. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 5/5–5/8: Russ Kassoff; Linc Milliman. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. 5/7: Mike LeDonne Trio. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Roulette—A TriBeCa performance space featuring experimental and adventurous music—basically, a miniature Knitting Factory. Shows at 9. 5/5: Ikue Mori; Zeena Parkins; Jim Staley. 5/6: Leslie Ross. 5/7: Blue Gene Tyranny. 5/8: Jaap Blonk; Mats Gustafsson; Michael Zerang. 5/9: Laura Cromwell. *228 W. Broadway (219-8242). $8.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 5/5: Zorn-Medeski-Ribot-Wollesen. 5/6: Zorn-Medeski-Ribot-Wollesen; Slow Poke. 5/7: Zorn-Medeski-Ribot-Wollesen; Sex Mob. 5/8: Burton Greene Trio; Jim Pugliese's Big Beat; Tin Hat Trio. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 5/4–5/9: Branford Marsalis Quartet. Marsalis's latest CD, *Requiem* (a tribute to the late pianist Kenny Kirkland), isn't nearly as dour as its title suggests. Rather, it's an enthralling (if somewhat derivative) be-bop-inspired project with few missteps and plenty of the sax man's soulful work. This freewheeling project should provide the quartet with plenty of room to stretch out live. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—This pretty Italian restaurant has good sight lines from most of the tables (but largely obscured ones from the bar) and enough top-flight players to make it a serious jazz spot. Every Sunday: Jazz Tap Brunch with Barbara Duffy and Bob Kindred Trio. 5/5–5/8: Joanne Brackeen; Cecil McBee. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

"Kundalini Komedy"—Thursdays in May, this improv group takes the stage at the Solo Arts group in preparation for its upcoming full-length show at downtown space HERE. *36 W. 17th St., fifth floor (712-7012).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 5/4–5/9: Wanda Sykes Hall; Dave Attell, Al Lubel; Tom Papa; Modi. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat., $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30; Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. 5/6: Funniest Resident of Brooklyn Contest. 5/7–5/8: Greg Carey; Greg Giraldo; Joe Matarese; Buddy Bolton. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Surf Reality—The Lower East Side's fave spot for sketch and improv, slackerly and otherwise. 5/3–5/15: "The Surf Comedy Festival," featuring the Upright Citizens Brigade; Burn Manhattan; Bob Powers; Nancy Lombardo; the Non Prophets. *172 Allen St., second floor (673-4182). $.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.). Through 5/15: Christine Andreas. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tuesday through Saturday, singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs the work of George Gershwin in "Things Are Looking Up." $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Duplex Cabaret—Fridays at 8: Bridget Ryan in "Go Big Or Go Home." Fridays at 10: "The Grodin/Donohoe Hour." Wednesdays at 7: "Suddenly, Stand-Up!" with Poppi Kramer. *Duplex Theatre, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438). $15.*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9; Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 5/6–5/9: Eileen Fulton. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (929-5410).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays and Wednesdays: Sol Yaged and his Swing Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin Band. Fridays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. Saturdays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers and Bob Cantwell Sextet. Sunday brunch: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. *37 W. 32nd St. (564-3945).*

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards and a little "down-home blues." No cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8, singer/pianist Eric Comstock, a show tunes devotee who'll no doubt be tackling the songbooks of Lorenz Hart and Cole Porter. The Supper Club's house big band swings every night in May. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Performance Tribute

Branford Marsalis's latest CD, *Requiem,* is a solemn reflection on the untimely death of his longtime collaborator, pianist Kenny Kirkland. Its mesmerizing, bebop-influenced sound should be something to behold when Marsalis takes over the Village Vanguard May 4–9. (See "Jazz.")

the mix

Mother's Day Plant Sale... Dr. Katz

John Leonard's TV Notes

Down Will Come Baby (5/4; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) takes a while to tell us that if only Meredith Baxter had stayed home more from her career in Denver to take better care of her husband (Tom Amandes) and her 12-year-old daughter (Evan Rachel Wood), none of them would ever have become so vulnerable to the ulterior agenda of Diana Scarwid, who bugs their unhappy home with a baby monitor. Moderate suspense and an immoderate Scarwid are all this by-the-numbers TV movie has got going for it.

Hetty Wainthropp Investigates (5/6, 5/13, 5/20, 5/27; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) consists of four more *Mystery!* episodes in which Patricia Routledge enjoys herself as the sixtysomething Lancashire housewife turned private eye. While the first of these episodes, "Poison Pen," is unsatisfactorily abrupt, the second, "The Astral Plane," is practically perfect, as Hetty goes undercover at a séance to find out if the afterlife is blackmailing this one.

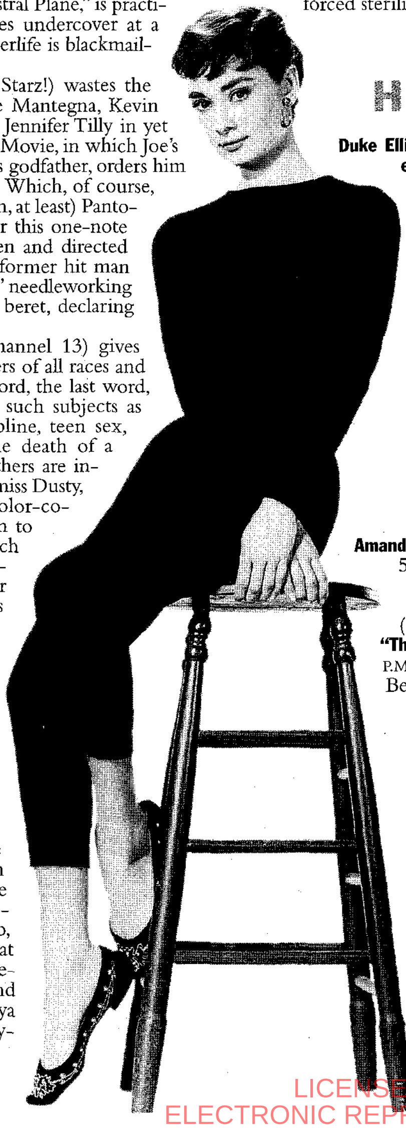
Hoods (5/8; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Starz!) wastes the considerable talents of Joe Mantegna, Kevin Pollak, Joe Pantoliano, and Jennifer Tilly in yet another Laugh Riot Mafia Movie, in which Joe's senile father, who is also his godfather, orders him to waste a 9-year-old boy. Which, of course, he can't. A subdued (for him, at least) Pantoliano is the only excuse for this one-note *Sopranos,* which was written and directed by Mark Malone. See the former hit man who's now into "maiming," needleworking in a loony bin, wearing a beret, declaring war on French cigarettes.

Moms (5/9; 7 to 8 P.M.; Channel 13) gives dozens of American mothers of all races and classes and ages the first word, the last word, and every other word on such subjects as birth control, labor, discipline, teen sex, separation anxiety, and the death of a child. Several of these mothers are interviewed in depth. Don't miss Dusty, the mother of six who color-coordinates all of them down to the toothbrush and the lunch box, for maximum efficiency; who won't let them ever watch any TV; who makes them listen always to classical music; and who hasn't read a book herself in fifteen years. Lively, democratic, and, of course, opinionated.

Locked in Silence (5/9; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime) is affecting docudramatization of a real-life case of "voluntary mutism," in which harassed parents Bonnie Bedelia and Bruce Davison can't make sense of the three-year silence of their 9-year-old son, Marc Donato, who won't speak for fear that a murderous secret will destroy his older brother and their family. Dan Hedaya portrays a sympathetic psychiatrist who will try anything—even a Schubert piano concerto.

Our Guys: Outrage in Glen Ridge (5/10; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) sends Eric Stoltz and Ally Sheedy back to high school in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, to solve the headline-making case of a gang rape, involving a broom and a baseball bat, of a desperate-to-please retarded girl by most of the heroes on the football team. Competently done but not as powerful as the *Law & Order* episode that employed the same appalling material.

Different Moms (5/10; 11 P.M. to midnight; Lifetime), from documentarians Liz Garbus and Rory Kennedy, narrated by Alfre Woodard, is a hard-to-watch look at three families whose retarded parents are raising children who were born without their disabilities. "Why did God make me this way?" asks one of these parents. And what are the rest of us supposed to do with the fact that 120,000 babies are born each year to mentally retarded mothers? Certainly we don't want to go back to the bankrupt master-race policy of forced sterilization.



Photograph from Archive Photos.

Radio Highlights

Duke Ellington Centennial Radio Project—5/2 at 10 P.M.: Rare archival tapes of Ellington, with stories and insights on the man and his music, hosted by Stanley Crouch and Nat Hentoff. WBGO 88.3 FM.

Lewis Burke Frumkes—5/9 at 8 P.M.: Talking with Elizabeth Richards, author of *Rescue.* WPAT 930 AM.

The Written Word

Amanda Filipacchi and John Reed—5/4 at 7 P.M.: Reading from recent work. Posman Books, 1 University Place (533-2665); free.

"Then and Now"—5/5 at 6:30 P.M.: Helen-Jean Arthur reads Bertolt Brecht's "The Monster," Aasif Mandvi reads Jhumpa Lahiri's "A Temporary Matter," and hunky Aidan Quinn reads Richard Doolings's "Bush Pigs." Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $17.

Barbara Gowdy, Randall Kenan, Jan Meissner—5/5 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *The White Bone; Walking on Water: Black American Lives at the Turn of the Twenty-first Century;* and *Placedo Junction,* respectively. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166);$5.

Spread the Word—5/6 at 7 P.M.: For the benefit of the Literacy Campaign, Rudy Crew, *Harper's Magazine,* and *The Paris Review* will present a series of public readings; the first features Lewis Lapham and George Plimpton. Proceeds raised will support the purchase of books for classroom libraries. Housing Works Cafe, 126 Crosby St. (614-6559); $15, or $10 with a new children's book.

Dorothy Allison—5/7 at 2:30: Reading at Barnes & Noble, Park Slope, 267 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn (718-832-9066); free.

Carl Hancock Rux—5/6–5/8 at 8 P.M.: Using the rhythms of language, the percussion of breath technique, movement expression, and gesture dance, Rux performs short stories and poems in his "Pagan Operetta." The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St.(255-5793); $12.

Mother's Day Reading—5/9 at 6:15 P.M.: Original work on mothers by poets D. H. Melhem, Layle Silbert, Terrence Swenson, Anita Dorn, and Frieda Singer. Pen and Brush, 16 E.10th St. (475-3669); free.

A. M. Homes—5/9 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from her latest, *Music for Torching.* Temple Bar, 332 Lafayette St. (925-4242); free.

Louis Auchincloss, Pete Hamill, and Frank McCourt—5/10 at 6:30 P.M.: The trio re-creates the events that led up to the Astor Place riot, which broke out 150 years ago, in "Riot at the Opera House!" Cooper Union's Great Hall, 7 E. 7th St. (534-1672, ext. 257); free; registration required.

Harry Evans—5/10 at 8 P.M.: Discussing *The American Century.* The Algonquin, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800); $25.

Lectures and Panels

Paula Vogel—5/4 at 10 P.M.: The Pulitzer-winning playwright talks with the cast of *Wit* as part of their "Talk Back Tuesday" discussion, which follows the performance. Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (957-1222); $35 and $49.50 for tickets to the play.

"Authors and Auteurs"—5/5 at 6 P.M.: Annette Insdorf on François Truffaut and David Sterritt on Jean-Luc Godard. The Reading Room of the

Happening
Belle of the Ball

Celebrate what would have been the 70th birthday of the gamine glamour queen at a gala to benefit the Audrey Hepburn Children's House at Hackensack University Medical Center. Marina Abramovic, Louise Bourgeois, and Kenny Scharf are among the artists who've made little wooden sculptures of her Ferragamo shoes, which you can buy as party "favors." See "Benefits" for details.

Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. (755-6710); $5.

An Evening With Jonathan Katz—5/6 at 8 P.M.: The star and co-creator of Comedy Central's *Dr. Katz, Professional Therapist* shares thoughts and video clips and answers questions. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3224); $15.

"Reflections on Women and Midlife"—5/6 at 8:15 P.M.: Dorothy Allison, Sara Lawrence-Lightfoot, and Susan Berrin discuss. 92nd St.Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

"Current Directions of Representation"—5/6 at 7 P.M.: Donald Perlis, Kyle Staver, Morgan Taylor, and Audrey Ushenko show slides of their work and discuss their means of working and their understanding of the Abstract project. National Academy of Design, 5 E. 89th St. (369-4880); $3.50–$5.

David Hare—5/7 at 5:30 P.M.: A discussion with the playwright of *The Blue Room, Amy's View,* and *The Judas Kiss.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

"How Freud Changed the Century"—5/7 at 8 P.M.: Members of the NYU faculty discuss the father of shrinks. Main Building, 100 Washington Square S. (998-6848); free.

Tours

Historic Harlem—5/8 at 1 P.M.: Sites include the Abyssinian Baptist Church, Striver's Row, and sites associated with Zora Neale Hurston and Langston Hughes. Meet at the Nathan Hale statue, at the northwest corner of 135th St. and Lenox Ave. (439-1090); $10.

Brooklyn Heights Landmark House and Garden Tour—5/8 at 1 P.M.: Visit the Plymouth Church sanctuary (and snack on pastries and tea), and explore five homes, including a duplex in a grand Italianate house, an 1880s Neo-Grec row house, and an 1860s brownstone in the Second Empire style. 122 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn (718-858-9193); $25.

"The Park in Spring"—5/9 at 11 A.M.: Celebrate Mother's Day with a discussion of the park's landscape design and architecture and the various attempts to alter-restore the area over the years. Meet at the General Sherman monument, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (935-3960); $15.

"Mother's Day Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour"—5/9 at 1: Featuring the historic and gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. (439-1090); $13.

The Tribeca You Never Knew—5/8 and 5/9 at 2:30 P.M.: Discover how the triangle below Canal Street grew and changed from a nineteenth-century commercial area to a twentieth-century artists' enclave. Stops include the Mercantile Exchange, Duane Park, and the original site of Columbia College. For meeting place and reservations, call 465-3331; $12.

Benefits

Audrey Hepburn Children's House Gala—5/4: Hepburn's son Sean Ferrer hosts this benefit for her nonprofit organization dedicated to helping abused children. Ten wooden replicas of Audrey's shoes created by Marina Abramovic, Louise Bourgeois, Christo, Kenny Scharf, and others will be auctioned off. Cipriani, 55 Wall St. (564-6367); $500–$10,000.

Arts at St. Ann's With Jackson Brown—5/5 at 7 P.M.: A solo acoustic performance. Dinner at Le Gamin to follow; transportation provided. St. Ann's Church, Clinton and Montague Sts., Brooklyn (718-834-8794, ext. 17); $125–$1,000.

Ronald McDonald House 20th Anniversary Gala—5/10 at 6:30 P.M.: *Today Show* weather anchor Al Roker will serve as host at this benefit for one of the largest facilities in the world for families of children undergoing cancer treatment at New York City hospitals. Waldorf-Astoria Grand Ballroom, 100 East 50th St. (245-6570); $600–$25,000.

Windows on Long Island—5/5 at 6 P.M.: Long Island Wine Council's exclusive wine tasting of more than 60 wines from twenty award-winning wineries, accompanied by food from restaurants like Lutèce, the Oyster Bar, and Zoë. To benefit the Partnership for the Homeless. Windows on the World, One World Trade Center Plaza, 106th Flr. (645-3444); $65–$165.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
KNICKS	BOS PAX 8PM			MIA PAX 8PM			
NETS	WAS METRO 7PM			MIL METRO 7:30PM			
YANKEES	KC MSG 8PM	MIN MSG 8PM	MIN MSG 8PM	MIN FOX 1PM	SEA MSG 7PM	SEA FOX 1:30PM	SEA MSG 1PM
METS	HOU FSNY 6:30PM	HOU FSNY 6:30PM	HOU FSNY 6:30PM		ARI FSNY 9:30PM	ARI FSNY 3:30PM	ARI WB 4PM
METROSTARS						DC ESPN2 4PM	
	5/3	5/4	5/5	5/6	5/7	5/8	5/9

On Air

No *News* is Bad News

While many actors have boyish charm, Dave Foley actually has a boy's face parked on a man's body. If you take this almost freaky youthfulness and add it to memories of Foley playing about 8 million different guys and nearly as many women as a member of the brilliant Canadian comedy quintet Kids in the Hall, it makes his already funny performance on *NewsRadio* as the buttoned-down boss, Dave, even harder to take seriously. "I'm nostalgic about Kids in the Hall," says Foley (pictured, center). "We may get together and do more stuff if we find we can stand each other again. But wardrobe fittings are much easier now that I'm playing one character, and anyway I'm getting a little too portly to be standing under fluorescent lights in a dress." Unfortunately for *NewsRadio* fans, Foley may not be playing that one character much longer. Jimmy James retired and headed for New Hampshire on last week's episode, and this week's season finale sees him attempting to entice the entire cast into leaving New York to join him in the sticks. Will this urban office drama take a turn toward *Northern Exposure*? Will Lisa and Dave ever get back together? Or is it just plain over? "We have no idea if we're getting picked up again," Foley says. "If it happens, I think New Hampshire could be fun, a good way to bring in some new peripheral characters and force the show to break out of patterns. Or it could just be a huge mistake." If the show doesn't make it, Foley says he'll look for more television roles, maybe some directing. "I really like living in L.A. even though I was raised from infancy to hate it," he says from his cell phone as he drives down Santa Monica Boulevard to the Palm to meet his manager. "There's a huge concentration of really talented people here; I hang out with scientists all the time." Beat. "No." The season finale of *NewsRadio* airs May 4 on NBC. **ARIEL LEVY**

Events

The International Fine Art Fair—5/7–5/12: The sixth annual fair brings together leading dealers offering paintings, drawings, and sculpture from the Renaissance through the Modern Masters. The Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (642-8572); $15.

Mother's Day Plant Sale—5/7–5/9: Choose from thousands of annuals, perennials, trees, shrubs, and tropical plants to give to Mom, and get growing and care advice from the experts. The New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd. in the Bronx (718-817-8700); $1–$3.

Week of Photography—5/10–5/17: The International Center of Photography hosts this week of workshops, tours, demonstrations, and studio visits as a lead-up to the Annual Infinity Awards. Events throughout the city. Call 860-1777, ext.156, for locations and details; admission ranges from free to $30.

Exhibitions

Low Flame—5/8–6/6 from 3 to 6 P.M.: A collaboration between artists Anna Gabriel and Adria Petty (Peter's and Tom's daughters) with musician Howie Statland. Based on a narrative about a New York garbage man, it consists of various enclosures holding audio, visual, and tactile materials that illustrate parts of the character's life. Viewers enter a series of "chemical toilets" that contain time clocks, uniforms, pornography, items salvaged from the garbage, music recordings, and a silent film projected onto mylar screens. P.S. 1, 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084); $2–$5.

"Friendly Witnesses: The Worlds of Warren Sonbert"—Through 5/11: The Estate Project for Artists With AIDS presents his restored films. The Guggenheim

Photograph by Bill Reitzel/NBC Photos.

Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3500); $7–$12.

"Hitchcock by Hitchcock: A Centennial Salute"—Through 6/6: A complete retrospective of the twenty telefilms Hitchcock directed between 1955 and 1962, along with interviews and a documentary. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

"Media Bites: The Cruel History of the Ben Stiller Show"—Through 7/18: Revisit the show that set the tone for hip on-air comedy in the nineties with stars Janeane Garofalo, Andy Dick, Bob Odenkirk, David Cros, and, of course, Ben Stiller. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

"American Color Plate Books in the 19th Century"—Through 7/31: More than 100 books with color plates printed in the Americas during the nineteenth century, when the invention of chromatic halftones transformed the illustration process. The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (838-6690); free.

"Nabokov Under Glass"—Through 8/21: See the writer's meticulously crafted butterfly drawings, along with diaries, notes, manuscripts, and photographs, in celebration of the centennial of his birth. The New York Public Library's Edna Barnes Salomon Room, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (869-8089); free.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: Select the exact flower arrangement you want to send to Mum; get free e-mail reminders of just about anything; meld into the new design at Alloy Online; listen to "postmodern" radio on WABY; and follow the animated adventures of the Available Temping Man. And while you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, stick around and check out all our other great features, like selected articles from the current issue, extensive archives, and an expanded "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives like daily event picks, "First Words" for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and daily New York trivia. Also, don't miss United Digital Artists' Edgewise '99 Conference, where you'll catch up with the latest New Media pioneers. May 5-6 at the Puck Building; $795 for two-day admission. Call 777-7200 or go to www.edgewise.com to register.

Happening On May 13, the New York City Department of Real Estate Services plans to auction off more than 100 community gardens throughout the five boroughs, giving us even less access to the greener things in life than we already have. Explore the disturbingly haphazard process by which these gardens are dismantled at the Municipal Art Society's "No Restrictions: The Community Garden Game." Call 935-3960 for additional information.

Finke *continued from page 61*

seen one piece of paper to demonstrate how these films have performed?"

Katzenberg: "I know this to be a fact."

ONE CAN GO TOO FAR EVEN IN HOLLYwood, and the fact is that this showdown could do permanent damage not just to Eisner and Katzenberg but to the larger entertainment industry as well. Perhaps the most vital fact testified to by Katzenberg is *that he doesn't think he ever even read the* final version of his contract, and that he trusted the contents of a one-page deal memo sent to him by sainted Disney president and COO Frank Wells. Meisinger countered by noting that not only did Katzenberg have four lawyers and as many accountants overseeing his nearly yearlong negotiation in 1988—he micromanaged every aspect of the bargaining. Pointing to a note that Katzenberg sent to one of his attorneys about one bonus, Meisinger quoted Katzenberg: "I suggest that you be an absolute killer on this." When asked about the note, Katzenberg replied, "I wanted him to protect me."

This seemingly minor exchange in court goes to the heart of the way that Hollywood has always conducted its business: This is a handshake town. Movies with $100 million budgets are routinely green-lighted as a result of static-filled, cell-phone-conducted oral agreements, scantily sketched-out deal memos, and personal relationships that began in the William Morris mailroom.

For as long as possible, for the most part, the lawyers were kept at arm's length for no other reason than that they would complicate the process. Sure, they were there to dot the *i*'s and cross the *t*'s. But the real heavy lifting in the negotiations was conducted by moguls and agents. For better or worse, an honor system prevailed. The guy on the other end of the telephone might be a son of a bitch, but he was *your* son of a bitch, a sibling in the dysfunctional Hollywood family.

Even today, when fresh-from-the-bar-exam lawyers and business-affairs bean counters and even a star's best friend turned manager have elbowed their way inside every deal for a cut of the action, this notion of trust remains so integral that movies are shot and TV pilots are cast even though the actual contracts aren't ready for signing until just a few days before the film is sent to theaters or the sitcom is aired.

Edit out the bombast in *Katzenberg* v. *Disney* and you have a tale of betrayal of trust on an epic scale. We may always have known there were no innocents on Dopey Drive, but now even the memory of Wells—Eisner's much-admired field general, whose death in a helicopter crash in 1994 set in motion all the events surrounding the Eisner-Katzenberg split—is being sullied. We in the media weren't quite prepared for Bert Fields's assertions that (a) no one at Disney ever told the truth, (b) everyone was suspect, (c) a plot to swindle Katzenberg swirled around the executive suite without his knowledge, and (d) even a mega-million-dollar, seemingly ironclad employment contract wasn't worth the paper it was printed on. Or for Meisinger's rebuttal—that no one at Disney ever lied, cheated, or stole from Katzenberg, but if they did, it was all spelled out in the infamous "Paragraph 9" of his 22-page contract and perfectly legitimate.

Can an entertainment giant like Disney conduct business as usual in the face of explosive allegations made not by some wannabe outsider hoping to scare up some easy cash but by one of its highest-ranking insiders, who presumably should know? *There are holes and inconsistencies in each* of the stories. Both sides call upon the folklore of Disney's legendary corporate culture—the meanest, toughest mouse who ever lived, teetering on the brink of rathood—to bolster their claims.

Katzenberg argues that Wells was scrupulously honest when it came to negotiating his Disney contract. And yet, his case turns on the premise that Wells helped engineer the "Project Snowball" swindle. Even Meisinger, asking Katzenberg about Paragraph 9, admitted, "So it wasn't slipped by you, was it, even if that was Mr. Wells's intent?"

WHAT'S AT STAKE IN *KATZENBERG* V. *Disney* is not just the disbursement of a few (or a few hundred) million dollars. Even Disney acknowledged at the start of the trial that it was probably going to write a check. Instead, both sides' goal increasingly appears to be the wholesale humiliation and annihilation of the reputations of the principals, who until last Monday's courtroom joust got under way were two of the most respected executives in the business.

Rather than fighting this personal Armageddon, Eisner, a Disney shareholder would hope, might be spending every waking hour and every resource trying to get his screwed-up corporation back on track. And even though DreamWorks is a private partnership funded mostly with other people's money, Katzenberg should be not stewing in trial but turning his nascent studio into an entertainment powerhouse. It's a case of ultimate narcissism, and if both men were truly great executives, or even good ones, they would have gotten past this personal nonsense a long time ago. For once they could have stopped doing something *against* each other and done something *for* Hollywood as a whole—and each of their companies would be better off for it. ■

kids

J u n k m a n . . . T o t o . . . V i d e o

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Fool Moon—The funniest kid in the class, Bill Irwin, shows the rest of us how he transforms himself from normal guy into his clown persona. Kids will be invited to get in on the action, and—through the magic of film—Irwin will share the stage with Charlie Chaplin in the silent comedies *Idle Class* and *Pay Day*. 5/9 at 11 and 1:30. **WALTER READE THEATER**, Lincoln Center (875-5370). Individual tickets are $10, $6 for kids under 17.●

Chinese Circus—In a tradition that's 2,500 years old, the 21 highly bendable members of the New Shanghai Circus do an awful lot of things that the rest of us can't and make it look like fun. For starters, a dozen of them ride a single bike together. Rather than devote the entire book to the troupe, the *Guinness Book of World Records* has given it special mention. An appropriately spectacular note with which to close the **NEW VICTORY THEATER**'s season. Through 5/23. 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.

Mama Mia—Theater Terra, a Dutch ensemble, presents *Princess' Soup*—about how creativity transforms a gift to Mom. Told with a combination of live performers and puppets, it's particularly appropriate for this Mother's Day weekend. 5/8 at 2 and 5/9 at 3. **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**'s Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4111); $10.

Shoe In—Shoes become a lens for looking at different cultures at an interactive exhibit of "Global Shoes" at the **BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**, 145 Brooklyn Ave., near St. Mark's Ave. (718-735-4400). Suggested admission is $3.

Webbed Feet—Kids—ages 14 and up—can get some help creating their own Web page in a two-session workshop given at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE**, 5/6 and 5/13 from 6 to 9. 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows, Corona Park (718-699-0005). Reservations are required; $60.

Earthly Delights—An "Art Feast" offered in conjunction with the exhibition of "Life and the Arts in the Baroque Palaces of Rome" at the **BARD GRADUATE CENTER FOR THE DECORATIVE ARTS** promises to satisfy stomachs, eyes, and brains. Recommended for ages 6 to 12. 5/8 and 5/9, 1-3:30. 18 E. 86th St. (501-3011); $10 includes materials and refreshments. Reservations required.●

Yellow Brick Road—Travel back to Munchkinland in a lavish production of *The Wizard of Oz*, starring Micky Rooney as the Wizard. **THE THEATER AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**. 5/6 through 5/16. Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (265-MSG1); $29–$59.

Blood and Guts—Make Mom an elegant present, then dive in and pick a scab, compare heartbeats, and squirt digestive juices at the food, all at "Body Odyssey," an exhibit that affords visitors a chance to romp through their innards. **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**, 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Admission is $5, $2.50 for seniors.

Outside Interests—The Everett Children's Adventure Garden offers 40 hands-on activities for kids at the **NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN**—and mazes to get lost in; call 718-817-8700 for further information. Fishing poles are on loan throughout the season, and bait is there for the taking at **CHARLES A. DANA CENTER**, Central Park at 110th St. Call 860-1370 for hours and other details.

Mom-fest—No need to even ask her to pack the picnic. Not if you reserve your basket, packed with goodies, and a blanket at a free-wheeling "Artists on the Hudson" Victorian-style picnic in honor of Mother's Day at the **SUNNYSIDE** estate, overlooking the Hudson River. Costumed guides give tours of Washington Irving's onetime house and garden; a musical trio called the Spring Sisters serenades visitors. 5/8 and 5/9 from 10 to 5, with a reception by local artists each day at 4. Tarrytown, N.Y., on West Sunnyside Lane just off Route 9, one mile south of the Tappan Zee Bridge. To reserve a picnic or for directions and other details, call 914-631-8200, ext. 628. Admission (without food and other extras) is $8, $7 for seniors, $4 for children ages 5 to 17.●

Bang on a Can—Bring pots and pans to make wild "Junk Music" with the Junkman himself. Percussionist Donald Knaack, a Vermont native, has performed on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien* and recently returned from Croatia, where he made a requiem for war victims out of the detritus left behind. 5/8 at 2. **THE KITCHEN**, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793); $5.●

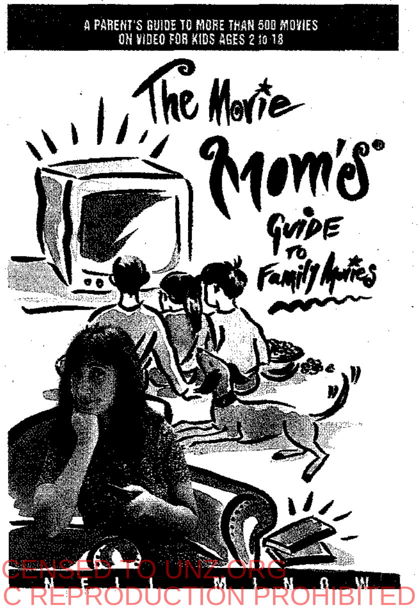
cue

Ethan Brown
Nightlife
Barbara Ensor
Kids
Patricia Falvo
Movies
Sam Grobart
Sports
Nick Meyer
In Concert
Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio
John Leonard
Television
Edith Newhall
Art
Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants
Stephanie Saulmon
Online
Jennifer Senior
Theater

In Print
Beyond *The Parent Trap*

Getting my son to rent *The Black Stallion* when Hollywood's full juggernaut is lined up behind Jim Carrey's latest celluloid assault on the senses is a task I have proved unequal to—particularly with bemused strangers at the video store looking on. It doesn't help that the former movie has the misfortune of a G rating. Now that I am equipped with my own arsenal, *The Movie Mom's Guide to Family Movies* (Avon Books; $15), I expect to hold my ground. The book—a mine of information, particularly on terrific, frequently overlooked videos suitable for kids on up through high school—is written by Nell Minow, a lawyer and former film student who grew up in a household that held the media to a high standard. (Her father, Newt Minow—FCC chairman during the Kennedy administration—described television as a "vast wasteland," which has since earned him cultural notoriety as a Trivial Pursuit answer.) Parents get need-to-know basics, like whether *The Santa Clause*, with Tim Allen, spills the beans on the bearded one's true identity (all but). Subtler questions that can complicate matters are also addressed—as in whether *Babe* and *Charlotte's Web* acknowledge "where bacon and sausages come from." They do. Minow—who can also be turned to on the Web at www.moviemom.com—lives in a real world where kids want to watch *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids* ten times in a row. But she is undeterred, encouraging parents to enhance their youngsters' viewing with follow-up discussions and, if kids are smitten, to move on to related movies and books. One parent's relief that Mom and Dad call off the divorce—toward the end of *The Parent Trap*—may be another one's nightmare. So without telling us what we ought to think, Minow lays the relevant cards on the table, keeping a poker face. An enthusiastic entry about *Fly Away Home*—made three years ago with Anna Paquin—is followed by the nugget (for me) that the one profanity in the movie was "demanded by the studio" so as not to scare away school-age kids with a sissy G rating. Then this land mine to prepare for: Paquin's movie father "permits and even appears to encourage" her to wear a nose ring. Forewarned, as they say, is forearmed. (Covering similar territory, and also new in stores, is *Leonard Maltin's Family Film Guide*, Signet; $6.99.)

BARBARA ENSOR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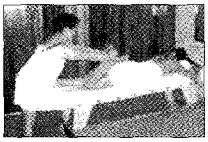

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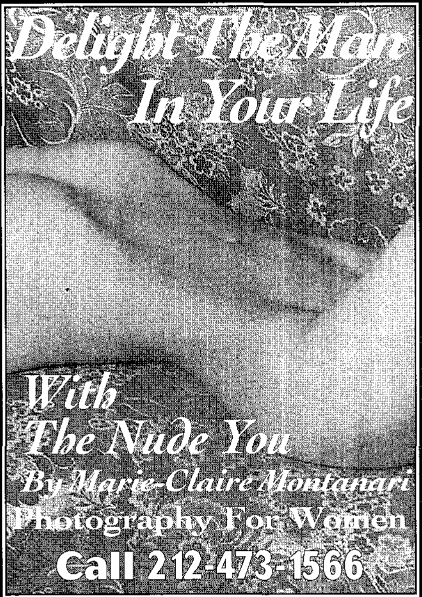

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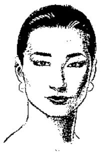

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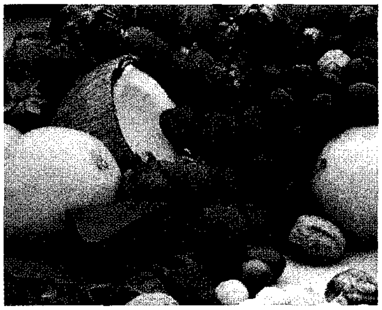

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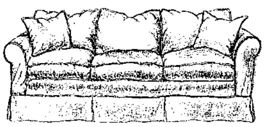

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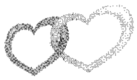

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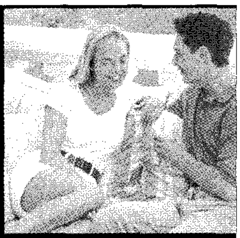

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A To Z—Single white female, 5'10", tall, seeks successful gentleman for serious relationship leading to marriage and children. Affectionate, bright, Cindy Crawford figure, dirty blond hair, extroverted, former model, good-hearted, hazel eyes, independent, junior executive (pharmaceuticals), kind, long legs, monogamous, quick-witted, romantic, sports (skiing, golf, working out...), thirty-six years young, unbelievable, vivacious, worldly, xciting... Your loss if you don't write - zip off a letter and photo! I highly encourage strong, sensitive, empathetic men to respond! 8234 ✉

Great Guy Seeks Incredible Woman—Very successful, Ivy-educated physician, fun, extremely athletic, energetic, passionate, quick-witted, attractive (6'), very fit white male, late 30s, seeks single female, 24-38, for possible long-term romance. Loves world traveling, great food, sports, music and art. Will take you from black ties to black beaches. Must send returnable photograph. 8213 ✉☎

Gay White Man - Cool Guy—What's wrong with this picture? Young (38) corporate exec, masculine, handsome, outgoing, sincere, with a great life. But single! Looking for similar guy. Please send note/photo. I will respond to all. 8188 ✉

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Spiritual, Successful Surgeon—Sensual, communicative, supportive, handsome, really nice guy, affectionate, 5'10", muscular, 43, passion for fitness, travel, fun. Seeks vivacious, bright woman under 38, for an incredible life. Phone/photo necessary. 8259 ✉☎

Will The Dow Break 11,000—Before Y2K? Will at least two single New Yorkers lose their status before 1/1/00? I'm 47, good-looking, comfortable, independent and hoping to be one of the two. What about you? If you're female, independent-thinking, interested in art, a comfortable home and future, you may be the other. Phone/note. 8245 ✉ ☎

"Looking For The Second Set—Of footprints in the sand". 41-year-old, extremely handsome, very romantic, tall, chairman of the board, desires a wonderful woman to call his best friend, partner and confidant. Before you begin reading this lengthy ad, please understand I have a reason for creating this. The woman that I'm seeking would "not" casually respond. She would want to know some qualities about the individual before she would take her valuable time to write; henceforth the following: I'm a self-made Jewish man who is very pleased with both my business and personal accomplishments and, more importantly, how I value and treat other people. To say I love life is a true understatement. Every day one awakens is the opportunity to improve yourself, and hopefully someone smiled because your path has crossed theirs. The ability to laugh at yourself sometimes and not taking life so seriously is very important to me. As the saying goes, "Don't sweat the small stuff, for most of it is all small stuff", is really true. Life is too short. I consider my family and friends as my most valuable assets. Money is nice, however the most important aspect of having money is that it provides one with freedom and the ability to help other people. I am constantly striving to improve every aspect of myself, physically, mentally and emotionally. I need my partner to have the same desire. The person I desire to call my confidant is 28-35, tall, Jewish, and as magnificently beautiful on the inside as she is on the outside; for it's the emotional and intellectual connection that enables the relationship to deepen over time. A woman of class, who possesses a high sense of self and common sense (I have found common sense is not common). She is not afraid to risk, because without risk there is no reward in both love and life. An individual who has a great need to spoil her partner - for I will reciprocate in kind. Please understand, I'm truly happy with the life I've created, and have been blessed in numerous ways, but I have realized that watching a sunset alone and watching one with someone you really love is amazingly different. I would appreciate a letter response with a picture. Once we have a conversation, I will gladly send you mine. P.S. Loving boating in summer, skiing in winter and dancing are "not" looked upon as a negative. 8076✉

One-In-A-Million—Very attractive, 43, successful, educated, cultured, humorous, and I cook. Love the arts, all sports, music, and creating wonderfully romantic evenings. Seek woman, 28-40, with brains and beauty, to share those evenings with. Note/phone/photo. 8243 ✉ ☎

Want Wife - Will Travel—I'm a charming, intelligent, humorous, handsome, trim/fit, Jewish, divorced (no kids yet), extremely wealthy, self-made, unpretentious businessman who now wants to find an incredible woman to share life, success and hopefully a family. Odds are she's in NY, so I'm coming back to find her. If you're 30-38, Jewish, accomplished, attractive, petite, thin (size 4 is perfect), have no kids yet and, most important, are extremely intelligent and witty, then please do what you've probably never done before - respond with a descriptive note and photo. If it all works out, we'll live anywhere we want - even NY. 8222✉☎

Bayside Redhead—Female total package, 55, nice...wants nicer, for fun, adventure sharing and caring. 8224 ✉ ☎

Are You Ready?—Vivacious, warm, smart, successful, fit and very pretty lady lawyer looking for Mr. Right. I'm 37, 5'6", trim and curvy, thick brown hair, twinkling brown eyes, dimples and a sunny smile, Jewish (nonreligious), nonsmoker, never-married, hoping to find my lover and soul mate for marriage, family and a life time of love, laughter and happiness. If you are 35-45, outgoing, bright, caring, accomplished and witty, also looking for your life long partner and best friend, please be in touch. Jewish, nonsmoking city dweller preferred. 8262 ✉ ☎

Are You One In A Million?—If you are dynamic, striking, playful, polished, enlightened, grounded, between 37-50, then you are ready for everything that I am. I am a buffed Michelle Pfeiffer/Cheryl Ladd look-alike. Photo a must! 8227 ✉

Looking For Soul Mate—I'm handsome, Jewish (nonreligious), lover of music (especially classical and jazz), who enjoys ballroom dancing, theater, museums, hiking and sports. Seeking serious relationship with a warm, fun lady, 27-36, for always. Photo appreciated. 8215 ✉☎

Japanese, Model Looks, Funny—Long-haired, 5'4" entrepreneur with great smile, seeks handsome, high-profiled yet cute, Ivy MBA type, 30s-40s, who has humor, style, sophistication. Share my love for cooking, grand piano, Paris, Frick Museum, city lifestyle. 8232 ✉

Nice Guy/Bad Boy—Seeks good girl/bad girl. Handsome, successful ad exec, 45, seeks beauty with brains, 35-40, for fun and committed relationship. Photo a must. 8199 ✉ ☎

Winner: Sexy Lawyer, Super Mom—Seeks prince. Jewish, 35, 5'7", with little boy. Smart, financially secure. You are kind, educated, successful, treat women beautifully and want a family. Single dads especially welcome. Note/photo. 8235 ✉☎

Romantic Needed—Looking for one special woman to share my heart with. She's bright, kindhearted, adventurous, trim and fit, with a preference for jeans. I'm 52, blue-eyed, muscular, trim beard, big heart and well-liked. I look younger and there's plenty of kid left in me. I enjoy many things - travel (loved driving to Alaska), movies (dramas and tearjerkers especially), working out (fitness is important), sports, dancing, Scrabble, ethnic food - but it's who you share them with that is important. Note with photo preferred, but phone option included. 8248 ✉ ☎

Good Guy—Retired professor, 64, Westchester snowbird, seeks that special, happy, 55-64-year-young, local Jewish lady for friendship, fun, travel, hugs, cultural activities and joys of snowbird life. Photo and note, please. 8197 ✉

Blue-Eyed Jewish Attorney—30, attractive, seeks professional Jewish woman, 25-35, with looks, style and self-confidence. Note/photo. 8211 ✉☎

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Lover Boy—Energetic, romantic, handsome, fun Jewish male, 52, kind, communicative, successful, seeking the love of my life. Please write a note today with photo. Maybe we will meet soon! 8257✉☎

Spirit Of A Girl—Wisdom of a woman in an elegant, slender container. Upper East Side widow with active career seeks warm, cultivated, vigorous man, 60 plus, for good talk, the arts, travel, deep friendship and connection, for all of life's pleasures together. 8247 ✉

Adventurous, Fun-Loving—Down-to-earth Jewish female, 45, loves the outdoors, travel, reading, running - looking for attractive, active, secure male, 45 plus, for friend/lover, to explore and enjoy life with. Note/photo/phone. 8219 ✉ ☎

Smart, Sassy, Sultry Lady—Transplanted to NJ from CA, experiencing culture shock. Seek nonsmoking white male, 45-55, to share life, love, changing seasons. 8256 ✉ ☎

Seeking Unique Woman—She is trim, pretty, cultured, 45-55, and enjoys the best of Broadway theater and fine dining. I'm 5'10", youthful 59, slim, divorced, financially secure. Recent photo necessary with note. 8208 ✉

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Attractive, Athletic—Professional woman - petite, slim, with sparkling blue eyes, looking for a kindhearted, accomplished man, mid 40s-60. Nonsmoker. 8202✉☎

Handsome, Tall, Warm—Seeks attractive lady for forever relationship (30-45). Note/photo/phone. 8186 ✉

Highly Motivated—And successful attorney, 60, with boyish good looks, seeks female who possesses great appearance, tastes for art, theater, dancing, etc., with a brain that works (39-55, 5'6" or under). Recent photo a must. 8260 ✉

Male, 44—*Sensitive, intelligent, musical,* seeks a woman to share life's ups and downs with communication and cuddles. 8231 ✉

50s, Widowed Jewish Manhattanite—Woman - seeks best friend/partner to have fun. Avid golf, tennis and opera lover. Grown children. Free to finish traveling the world. 8254 ✉ ☎

Lovely To Look At—Size 10, 5'3", chic, exciting, young 63, secure Jewish widow, businesswoman, looking for terrific, nonsmoking gent, 60-70, on whom to lavish my attention and affection. I believe in chemistry. 8200 ✉ ☎

Looking To See The Mountaintops—With a fit and upbeat Jewish female who is between 26-38 - must have a good sense of humor and enjoy the outdoors. I am a 32-year-old single male who is fit and full of humor. I am looking to travel down the road of life with the right person. Interested? 8236 ✉☎

You Are A Highly Selective—Established, worldly gentleman, 45-60. I am a slim, fun, outgoing, beautiful, sophisticated, sexy, intelligent, athletic executive, 41, seeking a special man committed to a healthy lifestyle, love and intimate conversation, world travel, personal growth. Photo, please. 8252 ✉☎

Handsome, Lonely Man—59, seeks female buddy for Sunday strolls in Central Park. Detailed letter/photo. 8223 ✉

Looking For—A warm, sensitive, caring woman, 28-35, to share white picket fence on the water in the 'burbs. I'm a single, 40-year-old trader, 5'9", 185, never married, looking to share a great life with a great girl. Phone/photo. 8203✉

Best Guy You'll Meet—Handsome, humorous, financially successful, 58, seeks outstanding female. Photo a must. 8258 ✉

It's Just Lunch! For busy professionals. For normal people, by normal people. No pressure. Lunch or a drink after work. We minimize stress and maximize efficiency by sending people out on lunch dates. IJL recently celebrated eight years in the matchmaking business, with thousands of clients from coast to coast. 28 offices. **People who never, ever thought they would use a dating service. They hire us to be picky for them.** Our clientele is made up of well-educated, quality people. From a recent article in the Dallas Morning News: It was the professional approach that drew Ron, a 34 year old Dallas attorney, to the service. "I was meeting most people through work or bars, but I wasn't happy with who I was meeting," Ron says. "I've been on blind dates before and they're just awful." He saw an article about the company in Forbes magazine and decided to call. At first, he worried about privacy, he says, not wanting his friends and co-workers to know he joined a dating service. He was also worried about the type of women he would meet. The company does not show pictures or videos to clients. "...but my first date was with an ex-Dallas Cowboys cheerleader," he says. "We just didn't click." It wasn't until his third lunch date that Ron found Catherine, a 33 year old Dallas doctor. **We're happy that Ron is happy.** After our clients go out on each date, they call us with feedback. Many of our first dates lead to second dates and more. We've had over 2,000 marriages and over 1400 engagements. But we are not promising that our clients will get married, just that they will go out on quality, first dates through us. Then, we really listen to the feedback on each date to make their next date through IJL even better. To begin the process at IJL, you schedule a meeting with us that lasts about an hour. Most people can't believe they actually came in, but by the end of the hour they usually say, ***wow, this was sort of fun. It's because our* clients really begin to feel like friends to us, except they tell us we are much better at fixing them up than their friends. But, then again, you have a certain number of friends and we have thousands.** During the initial interview we talk about the type of person that you've dated in the past, what you liked (or didn't,) what your interests are, what you do professionally and a lot more. At the end, if we have people we think you'd like and you're excited about your dating adventure, the fun begins. We call you a few days later with your first date. While we will tell you much about this person and why we like this match, we never give last names or phone numbers. All you have to do is show up at the restaurant for lunch or a drink after work. **So easy and pain free. It's Just Lunch!** For busy professionals. For normal people, by normal people. No pressure. Lunch or a drink after work. We minimize stress and maximize efficiency by sending people out dates. IJL recently celebrated eight years in the matchmaking business, with tho from coast to coast. 28 offices. **People who never, ever though ing service. They hire us to be picky for them.** of well-educated, quality people. From a recent article in the was the professional approach that drew Ron, a 34 year old vice. "I was meeting most people through work or bars, but was

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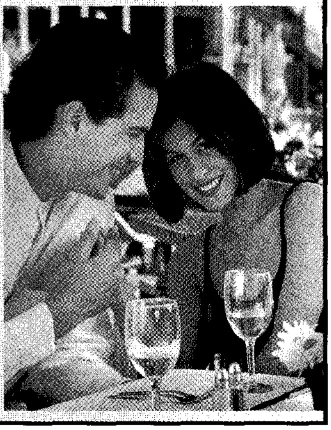

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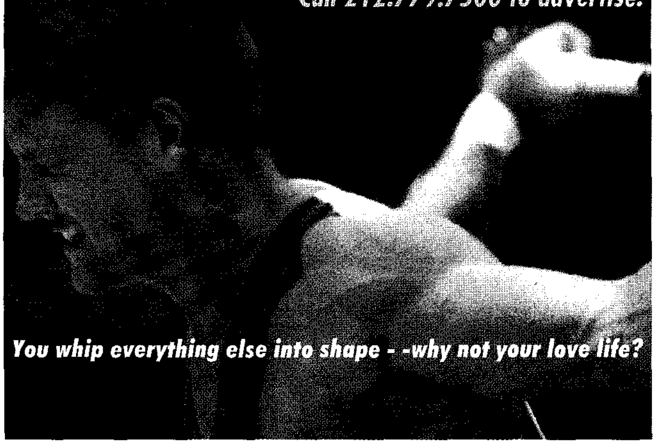

You whip everything else into shape - -why not your love life?

Exotic, Hip Jewish Chick—Long dark hair, blue-eyed, successful, early 30s, sexy woman with a great smile and creative mind. Great body, work out, heart of gold with devilish smile. Seeks handsome, charismatic, exciting, entrepreneurial man, 35-46, who loves to live life. Dress up or down. You must be nurturing and well-balanced. Manhattan-based preferred. Can you rock my world? Photo. 8263 ✉☎

European-Born, Attractive Woman—New to the metro area, seeks a sincere, secure gentleman, 65 plus, for walking, dancing, theater, opera...more. 8189✉

Successful Entrepreneur—44 (looks 30), 5'9", 170 lbs, athletic, sincere, Christian, with interests in sports, music, movies, seeks young woman with style, beauty and charm, to take advantage of all NY has to offer. Photo. 8238 ✉

Manhattan/Hamptons—Extremely pretty, slim and elegant blond woman, very youthful 60, yearns for companionship and passion. Has everything in life except a great guy, 55-62. 8214 ✉ ☎

Handsome World Traveler—Successful psychologist, 40s. Interests include the arts, working out, film. Looking for right woman for friendship, romance and hopefully future. Photo/phone. 8226 ✉☎

Don't Miss Out—On this incredibly sexy, pretty, classy, personable and smart, 40-year-old Jewish professional who loves tennis, skiing, travel, friends, family and all the good things life has to offer. Seeking male, 38-50, professional, nonsmoker, who is passionate, self-confident, spontaneous, with a sense of humor. Photo. 8217 ✉☎

Love Philosophy, Art, Music?—Attractive, petite divorcee, 42, successful business owner and mother of young son, seeks handsome, fun-loving, deep, responsible man, 35-50. 8187 ✉

Start A Fire—This fit, 40ish physician would welcome a warmhearted woman into his life. I am athletic, considered very attractive and possess many fine qualities (references provided upon request). You are that 30-something, warmhearted woman who possesses both physical and inner beauty and is ready to spark a flame in this warmhearted man. Note/photo. 8191 ✉ ☎

Ballerinas Only—With a front row seat at the ballet matinees. you are a classical ballerina, 5'2"-5'7", no strings attached, never married, 26-39. I am 54, but look 34 (really). I own my own business, heterosexual, 6'1", 180, brown hair and eyes. I believe virginity is a virtue not a vice and honesty is truly the best quality one can attain. I know because I have it, with sincerity and a little bit of sensitivity, very good-looking, and I hope you are the same. Picture, please. God bless. 8266 ✉

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New York, New York 10163-4600

Seeking Single Jewish Male—Intelligent and rugged, 33-39, 5'11" plus. I am a woman who savors her mornings with French Vanilla roast, kicks into high gear at the gym in the afternoon and devours all the pleasures of the night...with you. 8195 ✉☎

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 8230 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Bright, In-Shape—Enchanting strawberry blond Manhattanite, verbal, cultured, unencumbered, great sense of humor, seeking handsome, successful, witty, sophisticated, sincere, centered male counterpart, 48-60, 5'7"-6'4". Note/photo/phone. 8212 ✉

Pretty, Feminine Designer—With almond-shape brown eyes and long brown hair. Loves to explore NYC but also enjoys evenings at home. Laughter, music, wine and good conversation are a must. If you are handsome, funny and smart, you are for me! Age doesn't matter - prefer mid 30s to mid 40s. Photo. 8220 ✉ ☎

Incredible Talking Man—I believe in friends, the Tao, modern art, the orgasm, baseball, synchronicity and soul mates. Shy, successful art director, 37, with Southern manners, seeks bright, pretty, petite lady, 27-37, with mischievous smile, for movies, art, jazz and billiards. 8253✉☎

Cute, Petite, European-Born—38, seeks decent, marriage-oriented man, 40s. (212)/(718) area. Photo! 8239 ✉

Slender, Glamorous, Warmhearted—Pretty brunette, single Jewish female. Generous, independent, reliable, unencumbered. Theatrical producer. Bicoastal (LA/NYC), with interesting life. Comfortable in most situations. Loves travel (wish list includes Africa, Turkey, our National Parks). Can't live without sunlight. Enjoys hiking, tennis, Thai food, film, theater, art. Ready to take up golf. Seeks cultured nonsmoker, financially secure, genuinely attractive, intelligent, good conversationalist, 45-59, 5'8" plus, with enough time to travel, laugh and do wonderful things. 8240 ✉ ☎

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Attractive Swedish Blond—Professional female, 43, slim, nonsmoker - enjoys cultural and athletic activities. Seeks attractive, fit professional male, 40-47, 5'10" plus, nonsmoker, for permanent committed relationship. Note/photo. 8196✉

Handsome, Successful Entrepreneur—Humorous, witty, athletic, sincere Renaissance man seeks attractive, fit, smart, sensual female who loves to laugh, up to 5'6", 32-46 or so, for best friend/lover. Note/phone/photo, please. 8233✉☎

A Beautiful Smile—Very pretty, slim, playful, genuine, divorced, Jewish professional female, age 50, 5'4", seeks quality man for everlasting love. 8183✉

Sexy, Smart, Slim—Caring, affluent, petite, (212)/(914), Jewish widow seeks healthy, happy man, 60-70. 8205✉☎

Tall, Single Professional Male—Brown hair, hazel eyes, diverse interests, seeks traditional, sincere single lady, 30-50, for serious relationship. Photo/note. 8180✉☎

Dad, 44 - Daughter, 4—Seeks pretty, marriage-minded woman to complete our family. Your note with interests, age and photo is appreciated. Single moms welcome. 8198 ✉

Attractive, Sweet—Single Jewish female - slim, trim, vivacious, good-hearted, outgoing personality, 39-year-old fashion industry executive, 5'10". Enjoys tennis, music, skiing, traveling, cuddling in front of a fireplace. Seeks taller Jewish male, 37-53, who is honest, successful, fit, slim, who is looking for a gal like me. Interested in a serious relationship leading to something permanent. I live in Gramercy Park and work in Midtown. Let's meet for coffee and get acquainted. Will answer all inquiries. Note/phone/photo, please. 8192 ✉

Black-Tie, No Tie—This savvy, sexy, sensuous, slim, 57-year-old, North Shore Jewish widow would like totally cool counterpart to come out and play. 8190 ✉☎

Meet An Exceptional Woman—Sophisticated and successful by day, sensuous and seductive by night, wholesome and fun-loving in-between. Seeks male for long-term relationship, age 50-65. 8249 ✉☎

Warm And Beautiful—Blond, 45, 5'9", professional, seeks single dad to share happiness with me and my son. 8184✉☎

Double Your Pleasure—With this very romantic, attractive, mellow, divorced Jewish exec. Golf, tennis, boating, opera, movies, etc...from my NYC apartment and Hamptons waterfront home. Looking to meet an available, attractive, mid 50s-60s, slim, affectionate, sensual nonsmoker. I'll enrich your life. Reply only with current photo and short bio. 8265✉☎

Sapient Asian Cover Girl Sought—By well-bred, accomplished investment banker, 39, great shape/looks, with traditional values. You are erudite, attractive, 25-34, and enjoy being spoiled by life's finer things. Note/recent photo. 8210 ✉

Roses Are Red, Violets Are Blue—This pretty/nice, athletic Park Avenue Miss desires you (Jewish male, 49ish). 8228✉☎

Tall, Thin, Attractive Man—48, warm, witty, professional, seeks lady with artistic soul. 8218 ✉

Radiant Writer—Pretty, slim, romantic woman of substance - loves Bach, travel and the arts. Seeks smart, spirited professional man, 48-60. Photo. 8206 ✉

Extremely Pretty Jewish Woman—Slim, living in NYC, involved in own business, music, etc... Would like to meet attractive man (self-employed), 52-60, for fun, friendship/romance. 8193 ✉☎

Very Attractive—Very young 65, academic female, no family attachments, nonsmoker, with wide intellectual horizons and no religious preferences. Financially independent, confident and considerate, vivacious conversationalist. Interested in most things cultural, in tasteful and comfortable way of life. For companionship, she seeks a professional man, widowed or divorced, with manageable family obligations, comparable qualities and position, within compatible age range, preferably a Manhattanite. Bio and recent photo appreciated. 8237 ✉

Upbeat, Affectionate, Successful—Jewish businessman, 36, lives in North Shore Nassau County. Handsome, muscular golfer with a sense of humor and a zest for life. Seeking career-oriented, fit, attractive, passionate woman, 33-47. You have a sense of humor to match mine. Animal lover and nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone. 8194 ✉☎

Lovely Lady—5'7", slim, seeks successful, attractive, family-oriented man, 30-40. Photo. 8244 ✉☎

Wants World Peace—Good-looking, white, NYC-born lawyer, 50, prime of life, rollerblader, bicycler, 5'8", likes city, travel. Seeks companion (wife?), 35-47. Photo. 8251 ✉

Petite, Perky, Professional—Divorced woman, 58, seeks charming, cultured, accomplished man. 8216 ✉

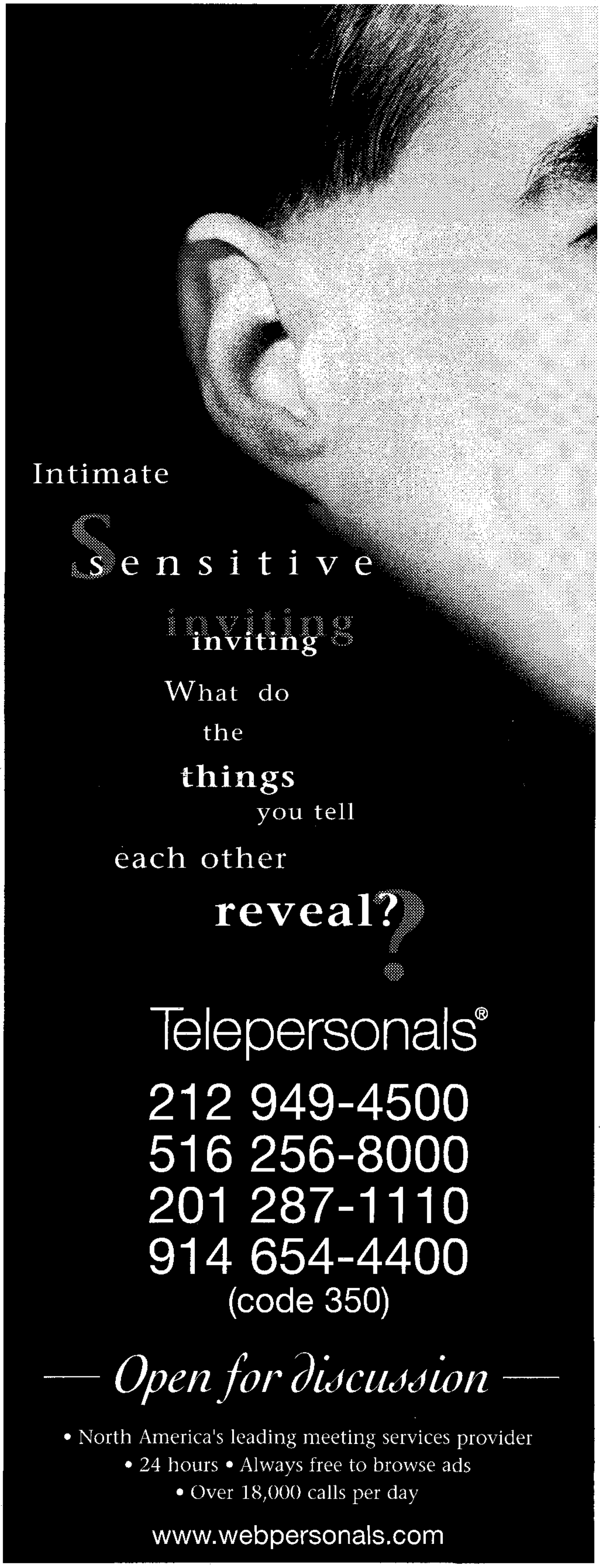
Pretty Multiracial Woman—Ivy educated PhD, Christian, 44, trim, 5'5", with stunning smile, financially secure, enjoying life but missing that one special guy. Seeking kind, educated, successful man to share love and life. 8264 ✉

Just A Nice Guy—Down-to-earth, funny, tall, handsome, Jewish, 40s, successful real estate investor, seeks 30s, marriage-minded woman. Photo essential. 8255✉

Attractive, Elegant, Full Of Life—South American woman with European style, well-educated, multilingual, classy, independent, looking for cultured, prominent, financially secure, fun, loving man, 55 plus. Recent photo/note. 8209 ✉

It's The Real Thing—Naturally sweet, slender, petite female professional seeks 50s male, kind and sincere. 8225 ✉☎

Peanut Butter Seeks Jelly—Cool guy, 32, seeks open-minded, educated, liberal, lean and sexy white female, 20s-30s, for match made in heaven. Photo/note. 8221✉



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TELL ME FOR THE FIRST TIME

Above, summer movies. Competitors are invited to devise one likely ad. No sequels this time, thanks.

Results of Competition 938, in which you were asked to invent an urban or non-urban legend of the alligator-in-the-sewer variety.

Report: Tragedy. Death unnatural. Mummies. Twins separated at birth. The ring in the fish. Runaway pets. Whimsical etymology. Switched endings. The tough-to-believe (balanced-budget) legend. Cautionary tales. Aliens. You make these up or what? You can tell us. Or . . . perhaps they're true? Naaah. But delicious. Thanks.

First prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Shortly before the Oscars, Roberto Benigni and his agent went into a Hollywood restaurant for lunch. Their waiter was astonished to overhear Benigni speaking in perfect English, with no accent.
Michael J. Hammer, Arlington, Va.

If you aim an E-ZPass transponder at an ATM in just the right way, it'll go haywire and start spitting out twenties.
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.
also prize to: Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

Baby cobras coiled in the pockets of leather coats imported from India poison dozens of shoppers in American malls.
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Arcade games have been designed by aliens to determine who has the best of those skills they need for slave-labor tasks.
Jessica Lynne Mathews, Arlington, Va.

Most computer viruses are created secretly by the companies who market virus-protection software. This practice ensures continued demand for their products and earns them kudos for their ability to respond so quickly to new virus threats.
Bill Strider, Gaithersburg, Md.

The tiny septuagenarian, herself never married, hovers in the stairwell of the New York City Marriage Bureau and witnesses the departure of newly wedded couples. She wistfully recalls her fiancé, long dead in the War, and bestows her gift on the bride and groom . . . a shower of rose petals in their wake.
Fran Manne, Mahwah, N.J.

And Honorable Mention to:

Members of the R&B band Earth, Wind and Fire were afraid of the sea, which explains why the element water was left off the group's name. They wouldn't take ships or fly over oceans. Play the 1978 hit "September" backwards, and that "bah-dee-ah" clearly says "I'm drowning."
Skip Card, Tacoma, Wash.

A woman invites her boyfriend for dinner, and he surprises her with some really fresh caviar. Two months later, they both go to the hospital with agonizing pains, and the doctors remove hundreds of tiny fish from their stomachs.
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

Ten years ago, a woman's monogrammed *Angry Housewives* show jacket was stolen during a break-in, along with her air conditioner, TV, and VCR. She finds it in the closet of a man she has just begun dating.
Margay Whitlock, N.Y.C.

During World War II, the torch of the Statue of Liberty was used as a lookout for possible invasion. Due to the weight of the personnel and communications equipment, the arm became structurally weak. It was then closed to the public until repairs were made during the centennial restoration.
Alan Zewan, Jersey City, N.J.

An employee at a well-known natural-history museum kills his mother in a drunken rage and mummifies her body using techniques he learned on the job. He surreptitiously places the body in a museum diorama where it is displayed for years until his recent confession.
Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring, Md.

A man's wealthy father is murdered. Though fingerprints, hair samples, and DNA implicate the man, he's innocent. The murderer was his bitter identical twin, given up for adoption at birth. (Film rights available.)
Mike Reiss, Los Angeles, Calif.
sp. ment.: A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

For every copy of *Snow White* sold, Disney will donate 50 cents to provide human-growth-factor therapy to a child who can't afford it.
Sarah W. Gaymon, Mitchellville, Md.

The aerial view of this city from ten miles to the south at flight level 990, all lit up fifteen minutes after sunset, spells out the word for "harmless" in a commonly used alien language. This is no accident.
Mike Volkman, Albany, N.Y.

A group of squatters has taken up residence in the abandoned tunnels of New York's unfinished Second Avenue subway line. They have their own society complete with a makeshift mini-mall and a multiplex cinema. Children of third-generation occupants are said to be born with night vision.
Peter De Filippis, N.Y.C.

A Barnard freshman, entering the West End bar for the first time, meets a shaggy-haired writer, working on a screenplay. Twenty-five years later, her daughter, a Barnard freshman, enters the West End for the first time and meets the same writer, still working on the same screenplay.
Carol Nissenson, Washington, D.C.

A Georgian man makes his yearly trek into Tblisi. He is so impressed with the new billboards of the Marlboro Man that he goes out and buys a horse.
Frederick Poe, Little Rock, Ark.

Since the 1890s, Broadway producers categorized each performance's tickets: "sittin's," which they could always sell, no matter the price; and "kittens," which they had trouble even giving away. The Theatre Development Fund strove "Turn Kittens to Sittin's": thus, the half-price TKTS booth.
David Eisner, N.Y.C.

After a five-star-hotel dinner, a couple from Toledo asks the maître d' for a recipe. The next morning there is an additional $100 on their bill. Back home, they ask their lawyer and friend if they should pay. The friend says no, and the following week he sends them a bill for $300.
Martin Cristopher, Springside, Sask.

A caterer is hired for an important dinner party. One guest gets sick and dies, so the host refuses to pay the bill. The caterer sues and wins, and his menu becomes a weekly tradition for generations to come.
Mike Olton, Long Beach, Calif.

After grocery shopping, a woman in Miami is stuck in 100-degree heat on the interstate for four hours. Arriving home, she opens her trunk to remove her groceries and discovers two newly hatched chicks hopping around.
Norma Bensley-Jaffe, Norfolk, Va.

Current productions of the Metropolitan Opera are actually lip-synched to remastered recordings of the forties.
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

Years ago, a child suffering from head pain was X-rayed. A spot on her brain was seen and surgery followed, but no lesion was found. Years later, a technician studying old X-rays identifies the spot: the wedding ring of her

mother, who had held the child's head still.
Elaine Stallworth, New Port Richey, Fla.

A young man repeats the words "You talkin' to me?" in the mirror for ten minutes. His only income for the next ten years is from waiting tables. It is believed that there is a correlation between minutes of embarrassing private acting moments and years depending on a day job.
D. C. Capps, N.Y.C.

A groundskeeper finds a driver's license in the end zone of Giants Stadium. It belongs to Jimmy Hoffa. The groundskeeper is never seen again.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

A piece of mail postmarked February 1949 is delivered: a belated Valentine's Day marriage proposal to Sadie Bromberg of Brooklyn. The 81-year old widow telephones her long-ago beau, whose wife died two years ago. They plan a June wedding.
Larry Mitchell, Dahlonega, Ga.

Those computer-generated parallel lines on the bottom of processed pieces of mail contain a secret code denoting the precise hour of the recipient's death, as determined by the Social Security Administration to meet budgetary requirements.
Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.

In the late seventies, following tests by the EPA, barbers and hairdressers throughout Nevada learned that the discarded hair they'd been selling to throw-pillow manufacturers since the fifties was radioactive and therefore liable to ignite spontaneously.
C. R. Roberts, Tacoma, Wash.

The fully preserved figure of a teenager, throat slit as result of slicing a bagel with the knife pointed toward his neck, is discovered when pouring the foundations for a housing development in Massapequa, Long Island.
Barry S. Gillman, East Brunswick, N.J.

Medicaid will reimburse a person for an appendix transplant.
David Rose, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Large prehistoric lizards, asleep for millions of years beneath the streets of Manhattan, are being roused by vibrations from Irish step-dancing troupes.
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

A well-known and nationally distributed magazine recently published 32 urban legends submitted by readers. Within a week, 28 of them were circulating as e-mail on the Internet—citing Bill Gates, CNN, or both as sources. And a study by an IBM research scientist proved that the other four were really true.
Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.C.
similarly: Bob Salias, Naples, N.Y.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 941, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by May 14. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the June 14 issue.

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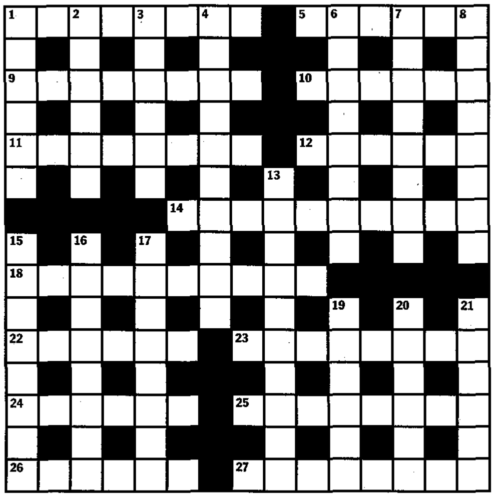
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Daniel's associate in need of hard cash. (8)
5 A large number put inside aren't hot-blooded. (6)
9 Stopped a leftist restraining others. (8)
10 Note the conductor appears a most effusive individual. (6)
11 He'd kill to get a boat with dope in! (8)
12 Has a hankering for stories about the Orient. (6)
14 A real trier can be reduced to a grim state. (10)
18 Make the connection clear. (10)
22 Disheartened after skinhead made a hit. (6)
23 Sue landed one, given an opening. (8)
24 Large flag representing deity in ancient Egypt. (6)
25 Thinks perhaps American money could split parties. (8)
26 Useful device affording debtor a certain advantage. (6)
27 Copier salesman facing consumer. (8)



DOWN

1 The main course. (6)
2 A bad-tempered over. (6)
3 Don't yield when Sister turns awkward. (6)
4 Strong line taken about colour—it is praiseworthy. (10)
6 Concerned with restricting new outlet for game. (8)
7 Heavenly present for use inside and elsewhere. (8)
8 The pointless charges brought by wingers. (8)
13 Underworld boss offering deal. (10)
15 Just what a man wants to hear from a friend! (8)
16 Mutated rat—have a hunch this is due to poison. (8)
17 Give voice about the company found to be twisting. (8)
19 It's easy for those with faith in natural healing. (6)
20 Lucky thing—married to a Northerner! (6)
21 The person letting losers go to the dogs. (6)

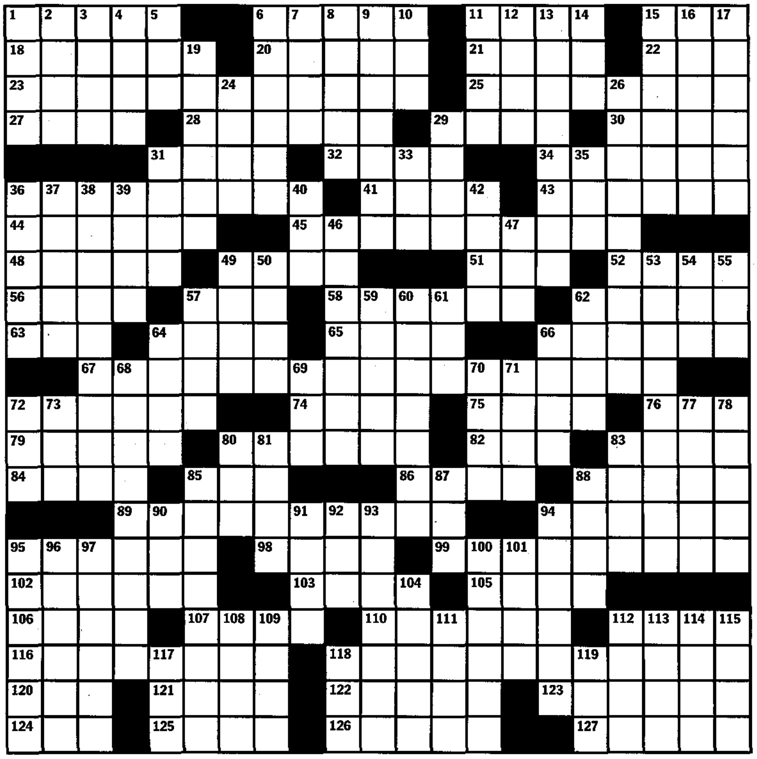
'Historic Moms': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

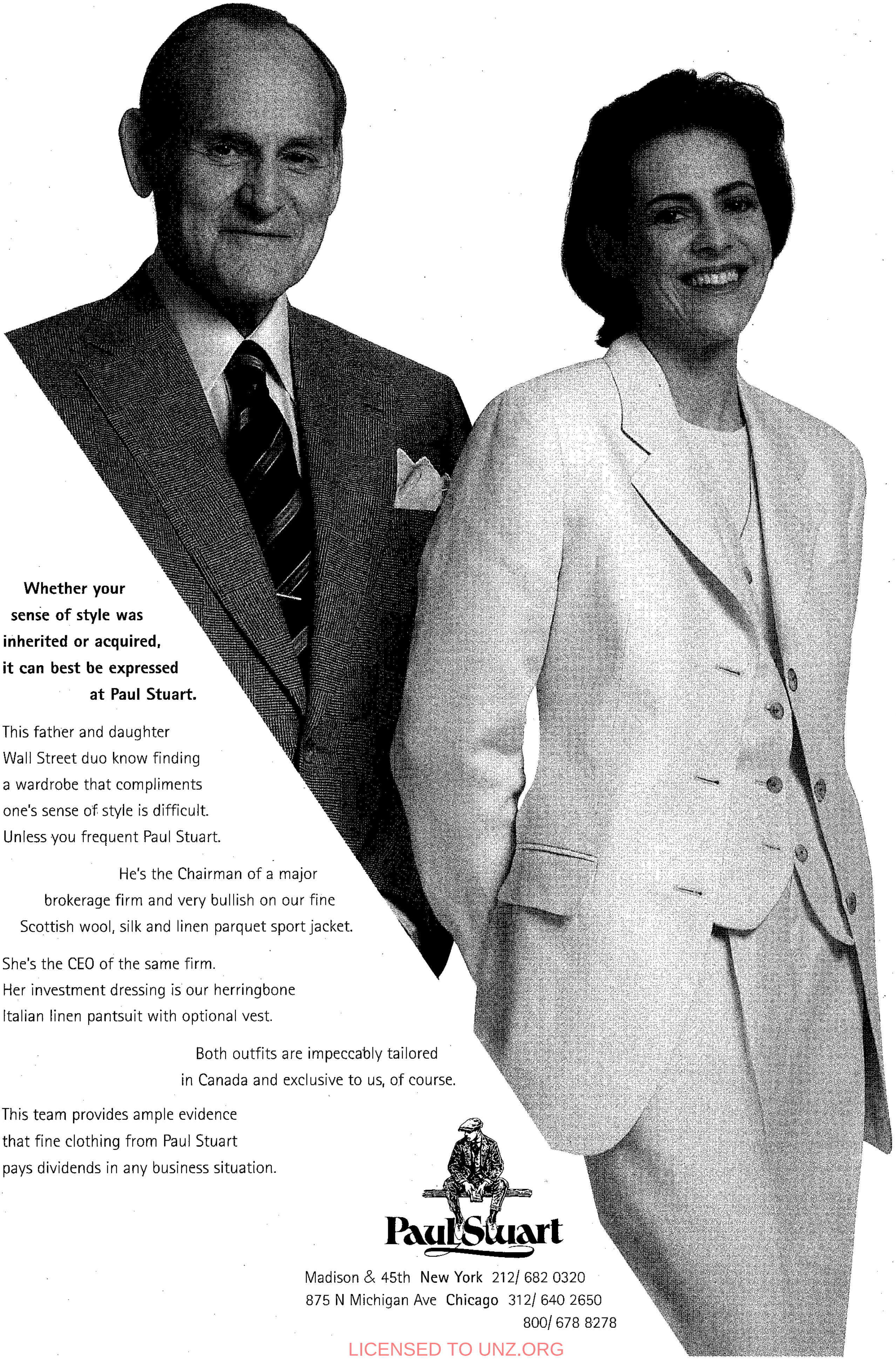
1 Up till now
6 "Is that ——?"
11 Broadway's first "Salesman"
15 Prefix prefix
18 President of France
20 Madrid mister
21 Gumbo ingredient
22 Stimpy's canine pal
23 Susanna Shakespeare's mom
25 Wind-borne vessel
27 Sub —— (secretly)
28 Juice for Zeus
29 Utters
30 "—— Love Her," Beatles song
31 F.D.R.'s mom
32 Invitation notation
34 Cake, before baking
36 Nero's mom
41 Otologists' concerns
43 On land
44 Advance showing, familiarly
45 Lincoln's mom
48 Indy driver
49 Chunk
51 Dedicatory poem
52 Fifty percent
56 Altar replies
57 Put some speed on
58 Neither gases nor liquids
62 Prevent entrance
63 Sportscaster Berman
64 Leak out slowly
65 Hall-of-Famer Slaughter
66 Trinidad's neighbor
67 Paul I's mom
72 Pucci of fashion
74 Caledonian
75 Country of Indochina
76 High priest who taught Samuel
79 Acting jobs
80 She's a Dahl
82 —— port in a storm
83 Fed.
84 Zenith
85 "My turn!"
86 Ladder step
88 Hospitality recipient
89 Elizabeth I's mom
94 Pennant
95 Kind of ring
98 Reared
99 Caesarion's mom
102 Less refined
103 Aretha's music
105 "Famous" cookie maker
106 Coiffeur's focus
107 "No One —— Blame," 1985 hit
110 Perpetrate, as murder
112 Traveler's tote
116 Expose to risk
118 Marie Antoinette's mom
120 Polygraph finding
121 Common Market money
122 Belle of the Wild West
123 Communist biggie
124 Psychedelic acid
125 Garden undesirable
126 Highest male voice
127 Bottomless pit

DOWN

1 Vaccination evidence
2 Cry of disbelief
3 Fish features
4 Square footage
5 Cheerleader's word
6 Depth charge, slangily
7 Remarkable performance
8 Sadat of Egypt
9 Roughen the texture of
10 Attempt
11 —— Nostra
12 All right
13 Capital of Queensland
14 Chateau gala
15 PDQ!
16 Library habitué
17 Whole
19 Cocktail-party tidbit
24 Before yaki, in Japanese cuisine
26 Solomon's mom
29 Full of ginger
31 Cowboy-boot appendage
33 Carpet cleaner, for short
35 Start of a J.F.K. quote
36 Eliot's "cruelest month"
37 Report-card information
38 Bring back into agreement
39 Burl who played Big Daddy
40 Santa ——, California
42 Not barefoot
46 Non-attendance
47 Classifieds
49 Clothing marking
50 Look from Groucho
53 Letup
54 Jet-flyer's hangover
55 To's opposite
57 "Yo-—— and a bottle of rum!"
59 Tie —— (go on a binge)
60 State raffle
61 Somewhat: suffix
62 Stags' mates
64 Basketball's Birdsong
66 Ancient besieged city
68 Anastasia's mom
69 Staten or Long: abbr.
70 Panache
71 Capone's crew
72 Failed lib amendment
73 Do a floor chore
77 Concentrated beam
78 Prefix for venous or mural
80 Vital statistic
81 Virginia senator
83 Mackerel's kin
85 Spy-story plot
87 Cousin's pop
88 Blank spaces
90 Named before marriage
91 Approximately
92 Summer zodiac sign
93 Impart knowledge
94 Phoners' enclosures
95 Oscar-winner Maximilian
96 Modern Persians
97 Showed the way
100 Boyer's "Algiers" co-star
101 Give off
104 Navigation-system acronym
108 Parched
109 Walked on
111 Colleague of Dalí
112 Snatch
113 Depend (on)
114 Consort of Osiris
115 Swings the movie camera
117 Just out
118 Rockies time zone: abbr.
119 Flight-board letters



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 135.



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